41

Thesis P. Furber

to Dr Phelps

1915

THE

# PSALMS

OF

# DAVID,

Imitated in the Language of the

## NEW-TESTAMENT,

And applied to the

## Christian State and Worship.

By I. WATTS, D. D.

LUKE xxiv. All Things must be fulfilled which were written in——the PSALMS concerning me.

HEB. xi. 32. DAVID, SAMUEL, and the Prophets ——Ver. 40. That they without us should not be made perfect.

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1804.

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*N. B. The flats and sharps at the beginning of the Psalms and Hymns, in this edition, are placed agreeably to the tunes in* "The Columbian Repository of Sacred Harmony," *by Mr. Holyoke.*

THE

# PSALMS OF DAVID,

IMITATED IN THE LANGUAGE

OF THE

## *NEW TESTAMENT.*

---

PSALM I. Common Metre. [*]

*The way and end of the righteous and the wicked.*

1 BLEST is the man who shuns the place
Where sinners love to meet;
Who fears to tread their wicked ways,
And hates the scoffer's seat:

2 But in the statutes of the Lord
Has plac'd his chief delight;
By day he reads or hears the word,
And meditates by night.

3 [He, like a plant of generous kind,
By living waters set,
Safe from the storms and blasting wind,
Enjoys a peaceful state.]

4 Green as the leaf, and ever fair
Shall his profession shine;
While fruits of holiness appear
Like clusters on the vine.

5 Not so the impious and unjust;
What vain designs they form!
Their hopes are blown away, like dust,
Or chaff before the storm.

6 Sinners in judgment shall not stand
Amongst the sons of grace,
When Christ the Judge at his right hand
Appoints his saints a place.

7 His eye beholds the path they tread;
His heart approves it well;
But crooked ways of sinners lead
Down to the gates of hell.

PSALM 1. Short Metre. [※]

*The saint happy, the sinner miserable.*

1 THE man is ever blest
Who shuns the sinners' ways,
Amongst their councils never stands,
Nor takes the scorner's place:

2 But makes the law of God
His study and delight,
Amidst the labours of the day
And watches of the night.

3 He, like a tree, shall thrive,
With waters near the root:
Fresh as the leaf his name shall live;
His works are heavenly fruit.

4 Not so th' ungodly race,
They no such blessings find:
Their hopes shall flee like empty chaff
Before the driving wind.

5 How will they bear to stand
Before that judgment seat,
Where all the saints at Christ's right hand
In full assembly meet?

6 He knows and he approves
The way the righteous go;
But sinners and their works shall meet
A dreadful overthrow.

---

PSALM 1. Long Metre. [※]

*The difference between the righteous and the wicked.*

1 HAPPY the man, whose cautious feet
Shun the broad way which sinners go,
Who hates the place where atheists meet,
And fears to talk as scoffers do.

2 He loves t' employ his morning light
Amongst the statutes of the Lord;
And spends the wakeful hours of night
With pleasure, pond'ring o'er his word.

3 He, like a plant, by gentle streams,
Shall flourish in immortal green;
And heav'n will shine with kindest beams
On ev'ry work his hands begin.

4 But ſinners find their counſels croſt:
As chaff before the tempeſt flies;
So ſhall their hopes be blown and loſt,
When the laſt trumpet ſhakes the ſkies.

5 In vain the rebel ſeeks to ſtand
In judgment with the pious race;
The dreadful Judge, with ſtern command,
Divides him to a diff'rent place.

6 "Straight is the way my ſaints have trod;
"I bleſs'd the path, and drew it plain;
"But you would chooſe the crooked road,
"And down it leads to endleſs pain."

---

PSALM II Short Metre. [※]
Tranſlated according to the divine pattern.
*Acts* iv. 24, &c.
*Chriſt dying, riſing, interceding, and reigning.*

1 [MAKER and ſov'reign Lord
Of heaven, and earth, and ſeas,
Thy providence confirms thy word,
And anſwers thy decrees.

2 The things ſo long foretold
By David, are fulfill'd,
When Jews and Gentiles join to ſlay
Jeſus, thine holy child.]

3 Why did the Gentiles rage,
And Jews with one accord,
Bend all their counſels to deſtroy
Th' Anointed of the Lord?

4 Rulers and kings agree
To form a vain deſign;
Againſt the Lord their pow'rs unite,
Againſt his Chriſt they join.

5 The Lord derides their rage,
And will ſupport his throne:
He who hath rais'd him from the dead
Hath own'd him for his Son.

PAUSE.

6 Now he's aſcended high,
And aſks to rule the earth;
The merit of his blood he pleads,
And pleads his heav'nly birth.

7 He asks, and God bestows
A large inheritance;
Far as the earth's remotest ends
His kingdom shall advance.

8 The nations that rebel
Must feel his iron rod;
He'll vindicate those honours well
Which he receiv'd from God.

[Be wise, ye rulers, now,
And worship at his throne;
With trembling joy, ye people, bow
To God's exalted Son.

10 If once his wrath arise,
Ye perish on the place;
Then blessed is the soul that flies
For refuge to his grace.]

---

PSALM II. Common Metre. [b]

1 WHY did the nations join to slay
The Lord's anointed Son?
Why did they cast his laws away,
And tread his gospel down?

2 The Lord, who sits above the skies,
Derides their rage below,
He speaks with vengeance in his eyes,
And strikes their spirits through.

3 "I call him my eternal Son,
"And raise him from the dead;
"I make my holy hill his throne,
"And wide his kingdom spread.

4 "Ask me my Son, and then enjoy
"The utmost Heathen lands:
"Thy rod of iron shall destroy
"The rebel who withstands."

5 Be wise, ye rulers of the earth,
Obey the anointed Lord;
Adore the King of heavenly birth,
And tremble at his word.

6 With humble love address his throne:
For, if he frown, ye die.
Those are accursed, and those alone,
Who on his grace rely.

## PSALM II. Long Metre. [b]

*Christ's death, resurrection and ascension.*

1 WHY did the Jews proclaim their rage?
The Romans, why their swords employ?
Against the Lord their pow'rs engage,
His dear Anointed to destroy.

2 "Come, let us break his bands," they say,
"This man shall never give us laws:"
And thus they cast his yoke away,
And nail'd the Monarch to the cross.

3 But God, who high in glory reigns,
Laughs at their pride, their rage controls,
He'll vex their hearts with inward pains,
And speak in thunder to their souls.

4 "I will maintain the King I made,
"On Zion's everlasting hill;
"My hand shall bring him from the dead,
"And he shall stand your Sov'reign still."

5 [His wondrous rising from the earth
Makes his eternal Godhead known:
The Lord declares his heav'nly birth,
"This day have I begot my Son.

6 "Ascend, my Son, to my right hand,
"There thou shalt ask, and I bestow
"The utmost bounds of Heathen land,
"To thee the Northern isles shall bow."]

7 But nations, that resist his grace,
Shall fall beneath his iron stroke;
His rod shall crush his foes with ease,
As potter's earthen work is broke.

PAUSE.

8 Now ye who sit on earthly thrones,
Be wise, and serve the Lord the Lamb;
Now at his feet submit your crowns,
Rejoice and tremble at his name.

9 With humble love address the Son,
Lest he grow angry, and ye die;
His wrath will burn to worlds unknown,
If ye provoke his jealousy.

10 His storms shall drive you quick to hell!
He is a God, and ye but dust;
Happy the souls that know him well,
And make his grace their only trust.

PSALM III. Common Metre. [b]

*Doubts and fears suppress'd; or, God our defence from sin and Satan.*

1 MY God, how many are my fears!
How fast my foes increase!
Conspiring my eternal death,
They break my present peace.

2 The lying tempter would persuade
There's no relief in heav'n;
And all my swelling sins appear
Too big to be forgiv'n.

3 But thou, my glory and my strength,
Shalt on the tempter tread;
Shalt silence all my threat'ning guilt,
And raise my drooping head.

4 [I cry'd, and from his holy hill
He bow'd a list'ning ear;
I call'd my Father and my God,
And he subdu'd my fear.

5 He shed soft slumbers on mine eyes,
In spite of all my foes;
I 'woke, and wonder'd at the grace
Which guarded my repose.]

6 What though the hosts of death and hell
All arm'd against me stood!
Terrors no more shall shake my soul;
My refuge is my God.

7 Arise, O Lord, fulfil thy grace,
While I thy glory sing:
My God has broke the serpent's teeth,
And death has lost his sting.

8 Salvation to the Lord belongs;
His arm alone can save:
Blessings attend thy people here,
And reach beyond the grave.

---

PSALM III 1–5 Long Metre. [b]

*A Morning Psalm.*

1 O LORD, how many are my foes,
In this weak state of flesh and blood!
My peace they daily discompose,
But my defence and hope is God.

2 Tir'd with the burdens of the day,
To thee I rais'd an ev'ning cry:

Thou heard'ſt when I began to pray,
And thine almighty help was nigh.

3 Supported by thine heav'nly aid,
I laid me down and ſlept ſecure:
Not death ſhould make my heart afraid,
Though I ſhould wake and riſe no more.

4 But God ſuſtain'd me all the night;
Salvation doth to God belong:
He rais'd my head to ſee the light,
And makes his praiſe my morning ſong.

---

PSALM IV. 1,2,3,5,6,7. Long Metre. [b]
*Hearing of Prayer; or, God our portion, and Chriſt our hope.*

1 O GOD of grace and right'ouſneſs,
Hear and attend when I complain:
Thou haſt enlarg'd me in diſtreſs,
Bow down a gracious ear again.

2 Ye ſons of men, in vain ye try
To turn my glory into ſhame:
How long will ſcoffers love to lie,
And dare reproach my Saviour's name?

3 Know that the Lord divides his ſaints
From all the tribes of men beſide;
He hears the cry of penitents
For the dear ſake of Chriſt who dy'd.

4 When our obed'ent hands have done
A thouſand works of right'ouſneſs,
We put our truſt in God alone,
And glory in his pard'ning grace.

5 Let the unthinking many ſay,
*Who will beſtow ſome earthly good?*
But, Lord, thy light and love we pray;
Our ſouls deſire this heav'nly food.

6 Then ſhall my cheerful pow'rs rejoice
At grace and favour ſo divine:
Nor will I change my happy choice
For all their corn and all their wine.

---

PSALM IV. 3,4,5,8. Common Metre. [*
*An Evening Prayer.*

1 LORD, thou wilt hear me when I pray;
I am forever thine,

I fear before thee all the day,
Nor would I dare to sin.

2 And while I rest my weary head,
From cares and businefs free,
'Tis sweet conversing on my bed
With my own heart and thee.

3 I pay this ev'ning sacrifice;
And when my work is done,
Great God, my faith and hope relies
Upon thy grace alone.

4 Thus, with my thoughts compos'd to peace,
I'll give mine eyes to sleep;
Thy hand in safety keeps my days,
And will my slumbers keep.

---

PSALM V. Common Meter [*]
*For the Lord's-day morning.*

1 LORD, in the morning thou shalt hear
My voice ascending high:
To thee will I direct my pray'r,
To thee lift up mine eye.

2 Up to the hills, where Christ is gone,
To plead for all his saints,
Presenting at his Father's throne
Our songs and our complaints.

3 Thou art a God, before whose sight
The wicked shall not stand:
Sinners shall ne'er be thy delight,
Nor dwell at thy right hand.

4 But to thy house will I resort,
To taste thy mercies there;
I will frequent thine holy court,
And worship in thy fear.

5 O may thy Spirit guide my feet
In ways of righteousness!
Make every path of duty straight
And plain before my face.

PAUSE.

6 My watchful enemies combine
To tempt me to forsake thee;
Their flatt'ring words would be my sin,
Should I but hear them speak.

7 Lord, cruſh the ſerpent in the duſt,
And all his plots deſtroy;
While thoſe who in thy mercy truſt,
For ever ſhout for joy.

8 The men, who love and fear thy name,
ſhall ſee their hopes fulfil'd;
The mighty God will compaſs them
With favour as a ſhield.

---

PSALM VI. Common Metre. [b]

*Complaint in ſickneſs; or, diſeaſes healed.*

1 IN anger, Lord, rebuke me not,
Withdraw the dreadful ſtorm;
Nor let thy fury grow ſo hot
Againſt a feeble worm.

2 My ſoul's bow'd down with heavy cares,
My fleſh with pain oppreſs'd;
My couch is witneſs to my tears,
My tears forbid my reſt.

3 Sorrow and pain wear out my days;
I waſte the night with cries,
Counting the minutes as they paſs,
Till the ſlow morning riſe.

4 Shall I be ſtill tormented more?
Mine eye's conſum'd with grief?
How long, my God, how long before
Thy hand affords relief?

5 He hears when duſt and aſhes ſpeak;
He pities all our groans;
He ſaves us for his mercy's ſake,
And heals our broken bones.

6 The virtue of his ſov'reign word
Reſtores our fainting breath;
But ſilent graves praiſe not the Lord,
Nor is he known in death.

---

PSALM VI. Long Metre. [b]

*Temptations in ſickneſs overcome.*

1 LORD, I can ſuffer thy rebukes
When thou with kindneſs doſt chaſtiſe;
But thy fierce wrath I cannot bear;
O let it not againſt me riſe!

2 Pity my languiſhing eſtate,
And eaſe the ſorrows which I feel;
The wounds thine heavy hand hath made,
O let thy gentler touches heal!

3 See how I paſs my weary days
In ſighs and groans; and when 'tis night,
My bed is water'd with my tears;
My grief conſumes and dims my ſight.

4 Look how the pow'rs of nature mourn!
How long, Almighty God, how long?
When ſhall thine hour of grace return?
When ſhall I make thy grace my ſong?

5 I feel my fleſh ſo near the grave,
My thoughts are tempted to deſpair:
But graves can never praiſe the Lord,
For all is duſt and ſilence there.

6 Depart, ye tempters, from my ſoul;
And all deſpairing thoughts depart;
My God, who hears my humble moan,
Will eaſe my fleſh and cheer my heart.

## PSALM VII. Common Metre. [6]

*God's care of his people, and puniſhment of perſecutors.*

1 MY truſt is in my heav'nly Friend,
My hope in thee, my God;
Riſe, and my helpleſs life defend
From thoſe who ſeek my blood.

2 With inſolence and fury they
My ſoul in pieces tear,
As hungry lions rend the prey
When no deliv'rer's near.

3 If I had e'er provok'd them firſt,
Or once abus'd my foe,
Then let him tread my life to duſt,
And lay mine honour low.

4 If there be malice hid in me,
I know thy piercing eyes;
I ſhould not dare appeal to thee,
Nor aſk my God to riſe.

5 Ariſe, my God, lift up thy hand,
Their pride and pow'r control;
Awake to judgment, and command
Deliv'rance for my ſoul.

PAUSE.

6 Let ſinners and their wicked rage
Be humbled to the duſt:
Shall not the God of truth engage
To vindicate the juſt?

7 He knows the heart, he tries the reins,
He will defend th' upright:
His ſharpeſt arrows he ordains
Againſt the ſons of ſpite.

8 For me their malice digg'd a pit,
But there themſelves are caſt.
My God makes all their miſchief light
On their own heads at laſt.

9 That cruel, perſecuting race
Muſt feel his dreadful ſword;
Awake, my ſoul, and praiſe the grace
And juſtice of the Lord.

---

## PSALM VIII. Short Metre. [※]

*God's ſovreignty and goodneſs; and man's dominion over the creatures.*

1 O LORD, our heav'nly King,
Thy name is all divine;
Thy glories round the earth are ſpread,
And o'er the heav'ns they ſhine:

2 When to thy works on high
I raiſe my wond'ring eyes,
And ſee the moon complete in light
Adorn the darkſome ſkies:

3 When I ſurvey the ſtars,
And all their ſhining forms,
Lord, what is man, that worthleſs thing,
A-kin to duſt and worms!

4 Lord, what is worthleſs man,
That thou ſhoul'dſt love him ſo!
Next to thine angels is he plac'd
And lord of all below.

5 Thine honours crown his head,
While beaſts like ſlaves obey,
And birds that cut the air with wings,
And fiſh that cleave the ſea.

6 How rich thy bounties are!
And wondrous are thy ways:

Of dust and worms thy pow'r can frame
A monument of praise.

7 [Out of the mouths of babes
And sucklings, thou canst draw
Surprising honours to thy name!
And strike the world with awe.

8 O Lord, our heav'nly King,
Thy name is all divine;
Thy glories round the earth are spread,
And o'er the heavens they shine.]

---

PSALM VIII. Common Metre. [✻]

*Christ's condescension and glorification; or, God made man.*

1 O LORD, our Lord, how wondrous great
Is thine exalted name!
The glories of thy heav'nly state
Let men and babes proclaim.

2 When I behold thy works on high,
The moon which rules the night,
And stars that well adorn the sky,
Those moving worlds of light:

3 Lord, what is man or all his race,
Who dwells so far below,
Thou should'st visit him with grace,
And love his nature so!

4 That thine eternal Son should bear
To take a mortal form,
Made lower than his angels are,
To save a dying worm!

5 [Yet while he liv'd on earth unknown,
And men would not adore,
Th' obedient seas and fishes own
His Godhead and his pow'r.

6 The waves lay spread beneath his feet;
And fish, at his command,
Bring their large shoals to Peter's net,
Bring tribute to his hand.

7 These lesser glories of the Son
Shone through the fleshy cloud:
Now we behold him on his throne,
And men confess him God.]

8 Let him be crown'd with majesty
Who bow'd his head to death;
And be his honours founded high,
By all things that have breath.

9 Jesus, our Lord, how wondrous great
Is thine exalted name;
The glories of thy heav'nly state
Let the whole earth proclaim.

---

PSALM VIII. ver. 1, 2. *Paraphrased.*
*First Part.* Long Metre. [a]

*The hosanna of the children; or, infants praising God.*

1 ALMIGHTY Ruler of the skies,
Thro' the wide earth thy name is spread;
And thine eternal glories rise
O'er all the heav'ns thy hands have made.

2 To thee the voices of the young
A monument of honour raise;
And babes, with uninstructed tongue,
Declare the wonders of thy praise.

3 Thy pow'r assists their tender age
To bring proud rebels to the ground;
To still the bold blasphemer's rage,
And all their policies confound.

4 Children amidst thy temple throng
To see their great redeemer's face;
The son of David is their song,
And young hosannas fill the place.

5 The frowning scribes and angry priests
In vain their impious cavils bring;
Revenge sits silent in their breasts
While Jewish babes proclaim their king.

---

PSALM VIII. ver. 3, &c. *Paraphrased.*
*Second Part.* Long Metre. [b]

*Adam and Christ, lords of the old and new creation.*

1 LORD, what was man when made at first?
Adam the offspring of the dust!
That thou should'st set him and his race
But just below an angel's place!

2 That thou should'st raise his nature so,
And make him lord of all below;
Make every beast and bird submit,
And lay the fishes at his feet!

3 But O! what brighter glories wait
To crown the second Adam's state!
What honours shall thy Son adorn,
Who condescended to be born!

4 See him below his angels made!
See him in dust among the dead,
To save a ruin'd world from sin:
But he shall reign with pow'r divine!

5 The world to come, redeem'd from all
The mis'ries which attend the fall,
New made, and glorious, shall submit
At our exalted Saviour's feet.

PSALM IX. *First Part.* Common Metre. [※]
*Wrath and mercy from the judgment-seat.*

1 WITH my whole heart I'll raise my song,
Thy wonders I'll proclaim;
Thou sov'reign Judge of right and wrong
Wilt put my foes to shame.

2 I'll sing thy majesty and grace;
My God prepares his throne
To judge the world in righteousness,
And make his vengeance known.

3 Then shall the Lord a refuge prove
For all the poor oppress'd?
To save the people of his love,
And give the weary rest.

4 The men, who know thy name, will trust
In thy abundant grace;
For thou hast ne'er forsook the just,
Who humbly sought thy face.

5 Sing praises to the righteous Lord,
Who dwells on Zion's hill,
Who executes his threat'ning word,
And doth his grace fulfil.

PSALM IX. ver. 12 *Second Part* Com. Metre. [b]
*The wisdom and equity of Providence.*

1 WHEN the great Judge, supreme and just,
Shall once inquire for blood:
The humble souls, who mourn in dust,
Shall find a faithful God.

2 He from the dreadful gates of death
Does his own children raise;

In Zion's gates, with cheerful breath,
They ſing their Father's praiſe.

3 His foes ſhall fall, with heedleſs feet,
Into the pit they made;
And ſinners periſh in the net
Which their own hands had ſpread.

4 Thus by thy judgments, mighty God,
Are thy deep counſels known:
When men of miſchief are deſtroy'd,
The ſnare muſt be their own.

PAUSE.

5 The wicked ſhall ſink down to hell;
Thy wrath devour the lands
That dare forget thee, or rebel
Againſt thy known commands.

6 Though ſaints to ſore diſtreſs are brought,
And wait, and long complain,
Their cries ſhall never be forgot,
Nor ſhall their hopes be vain.

7 [Riſe, great Redeemer, from thy ſeat,
To judge and ſave the poor;
Let nations tremble at thy feet,
And man prevail no more.

8 Thy thunder ſhall affright the proud,
And put their hearts to pain,
Make them confeſs that thou art God,
And they but feeble men.]

---

PSALM X. Common Metre [b]

*Prayers heard, and ſaints ſaved; or, pride, atheiſm, and oppreſſion puniſhed.*

For a humiliation-day.

1 WHY doth the Lord ſtand off ſo far?
And why conceal his face,
When great calamities appear,
And times of deep diſtreſs?

2 Lord, ſhall the wicked ſtill deride
Thy juſtice and thy pow'r?
Shall they advance their heads in pride,
And ſtill thy ſaints devour?

3 They put thy judgments from their ſight,
And then inſult the poor;
They boaſt in their exalted height,
That they ſhall fall no more.

4 Arise, O God, lift up thine hand;
Attend our humble cry;
No enemy shall dare to stand
When God ascends on high.

PAUSE.

5 Why do the men of malice rage,
And say, with foolish pride,
*The God of heav'n will ne'er engage*
*To fight on Zion's side?*

6 But thou forever art our Lord;
And pow'rful is thine hand,
As when the Heathens felt thy sword,
And perish'd from thy land.

7 Thou wilt prepare our hearts to pray,
And cause thine ear to hear,
Hearken to what thy children say,
And put the world in fear.

8 Proud tyrants shall no more oppress;
No more despise the just,
And mighty sinners shall confess
They are but earth and dust.

---

PSALM XI. Long Metre. (*)

*God loves the righteous, and hates the wicked.*

1 MY refuge is the God of love;
Why do my foes insult and cry,
*Fly, like a timorous, trembling dove,*
*To distant woods or mountains fly?*

2 If government be all destroy'd,
(That firm foundation of our peace)
And violence make justice void,
Where shall the righteous seek redress?

3 The Lord in heav'n has fix'd his throne;
His eyes survey the world below;
To him all mortal things are known;
His eyelids search our spirits through.

4 If he affects his saints so far,
To prove their love and try their grace,
What may the bold transgressors fear!
His very soul abhors their ways.

5 On impious wretches he shall rain
Tempests of brimstone, fire and death,

Such as he kindled on the plain
Of Sodom, with his angry breath.

6 The righteous Lord loves righteous souls,
Whose thoughts and actions are sincere,
And with a gracious eye beholds
The men who his own image bear.

---

PSALM XII. Long Metre. [b]

*The saints' safety and hope in evil times; or, sins of the tongue complained of,* viz. *blasphemy, flattery, &c.*

1 LORD, if thou dost not soon appear,
Virtue and truth will flee away;
A faithful man among us here
Will scarce be found, if thou delay.

2 The whole discourse, when neighbours meet,
Is fill'd with trifles loose and vain;
Their lips are flatt'ry and deceit,
And their proud language is profane.

3 But lips that with deceit abound
Shall not maintain their triumph long:
The God of vengeance will confound
The flatt'ring and blasphemning tongue.

4 *Yet shall our words be free,* they cry,
*Our tongues shall be controul'd by none:*
*Where is the Lord will ask us why?*
*Or say our lips are not our own?*

5 The Lord, who sees the poor oppress'd,
And hears th' oppressor's haughty strain,
Will rise to give his children rest,
Nor shall they trust his word in vain.

6 Thy word, O Lord, though often try'd,
Void of deceit shall still appear;
Not silver, sev'n times purify'd
From dross and mixture, shines so clear.

7 Thy grace shall, in the darkest hour,
Defend the holy soul from harm;
Though when the vilest men have pow'r,
On ev'ry side will sinners swarm.

---

PSALM XII. Common Metre. [b]

*Complaint of a general corruption of manners, or, the promise and signs of Christ's coming to judgment.*

1 HELP, Lord, for men of virtue fail;
Religion loses ground!

The sons of violence prevail,
And treacheries abound

2 Their oaths and promises they break,
Yet act the flatt'rer's part;
With fair record'd lips they speak,
And with a double heart.

3 If we reprove some hateful lie,
How is their fury stirr'd!
*Are we not our own lips our own*, they cry,
*And who shall be our Lord?*

4 Scoffers appear on ev'ry side,
Where a vile race of men
Is rais'd to seats of pow'r and pride,
And bear the sword in vain.

PAUSE.

5 Lord, when iniquities abound,
And boasting wrong grows bold,
When truth is hardly to be found,
And love is waxing cold;

6 Is not thy chariot hast'ning on?
Hast thou not giv'n the sign?
May we not trust and live upon
A promise so divine?

7 "Yes, saith the Lord, now will I rise,
"And make oppressors flee;
"I shall appear to thy surprise,
"And set my servants free."

8 Thy word, like silver fev'n times try'd,
Through ages shall endure:
The men who in thy truth confide
Shall find thy promise sure.

---

PSALM XIII. Long Metre. [X]

*Pleading with God in his dejection; or, hope in darkness*

1 HOW long, O Lord, shall I complain,
Like one who seeks his God in vain?
Canst thou thy face forever hide,
And I still pray and be deny'd?

2 Shall I forever be forgot,
As one whom thou regardest not?
Still shall my soul thy absence mourn?
And find despair of thy return?

3 How long ſhall my poor troubled breaſt
Be with theſe anxious thoughts oppreſs'd?
And Satan, my malicious foe,
Rejoice to ſee me ſunk ſo low?

4 Hear, Lord, and grant me quick relief,
Before my death concludes my grief;
If thou withhold'ſt thy heav'nly light,
I ſleep in everlaſting night.

5 How will the pow'rs of darkneſs boaſt,
If but one praying ſoul be loſt!
But I have truſted in thy grace,
And ſhall again behold thy face.

6 Whate'er my fears or foes ſuggeſt,
Thou art my hope, my joy, my reſt;
My heart ſhall feel thy love, and raiſe
My cheerful voice to ſongs of praiſe.

---

PSALM XIII. Common Metre. [b]
*Complaint under temptations of the devil.*

1 HOW long wilt thou conceal thy face?
My God, how long delay?
When ſhall I feel thoſe heav'nly rays
Which chaſe my fears away?

2 How long ſhall my poor lab'ring ſoul
Wreſtle and toil in vain?
Thy word can all my foes control,
And eaſe my raging pain.

3 See how the prince of darkneſs tries
All his malicious arts;
He ſpreads a miſt around my eyes,
And throws his fiery darts.

4 Be thou my ſun, be thou my ſhield;
My ſoul in ſafety keep;
Make haſte, before mine eyes are ſeal'd
In death's eternal ſleep.

5 How would the tempter boaſt aloud
If I become his prey?
Behold the ſons of hell grow proud
At thy ſo long delay!

6 But they ſhall fly at thy rebuke,
And Satan hide his head:
He knows the terrors of thy look,
And hears thy voice with dread.

7 Thou wilt display that sov'reign grace
Where all my hopes have hung;
I shall employ my lips in praise,
And vict'ry shall be sung.

PSALM XIV. *First Part.* Common Metre. [b]
*B, nature all men are sinners*

1 FOOLS in their hearts believe and say,
"That all religion's vain;
"There is no God that reigns on high,
"Or minds th' affairs of men"

2 From thoughts so dreadful and profane,
Corrupt discourse proceeds;
And in their impious hands are found
Abominable deeds.

3 The Lord, from his celestial throne,
Look'd down on things below,
To find the man that fought his grace,
Or did his justice know

4 By nature all are gone astray;
Their practice all the same:
There's none that fears his Maker's hand,
There's none that loves his name.

5 Their tongues are us'd to speak deceit;
Their slanders never cease;
How swift to mischief are their feet!
Nor know the paths of peace.

6 Such seeds of sin (that bitter root)
In ev'ry heart are found;
Nor can they bear divincr fruit,
Till grace refine the ground.

PSALM XIV. *2d Part.* Common Metre. [b]
*The folly of persecutors.*

1 ARE sinners now so senseless grown,
That they the saints devour;
And never worship at thy throne,
Nor fear thine awful pow'r?

2 Great God! appear to their surprise,
Reveal thy dreadful name!
Let them no more thy wrath despise,
Nor turn our hope to shame.

3 Dost thou not dwell among the just?
And yet our foes deride,

That we ſhould make thy name our truſt :
Great God! confound their pride.

4 O that the joyful day were come,
To finiſh our diſtreſs!
When God ſhall bring his children home,
Our ſongs ſhall never ceaſe.

---

PSALM XV. Common Metre. [*]
*Characters of a ſaint; or a citizen of Zion; or, the qualifications of a Chriſtian.*

1 WHO ſhall inhabit in thy hill,
O God of holineſs?
Whom will the Lord admit to dwell
So near his throne of grace?

2 The man that walks in pious ways,
And works with righteous hands,
That truſts his Maker's promiſes,
And follows his commands.

3 He ſpeaks the meaning of his heart,
Nor ſlanders with his tongue;
Will ſcarce believe an ill report,
Nor do his neighbour wrong.

4 The wealthy ſinner he contemns,
Loves all that fear the Lord;
And though to his own hurt he ſwears,
Still he performs his word.

5 His hands diſdain a golden bribe,
And never gripe the poor:
This man ſhall dwell with God on earth,
And find his heav'n ſecure.

---

PSALM XV. Long Metre. [*]
*Religion and juſtice, goodneſs and truth; or, duties to God and man; or, the qualifications of a Chriſtian.*

1 WHO ſhall aſcend thy heav'nly place,
Great God, and dwell before thy face?
The man that minds religion now,
And humbly walks with God below:

2 Whoſe hands are pure, whoſe heart is clean,
Whoſe lips ſtill ſpeak the thing they mean;
No ſlanders dwell upon his tongue;
He hates to do his neighbour wrong.

3 [Scarce will he truſt an ill report,
Nor vent it to his neighbour's hurt:

inners of ſtate he can deſpiſe,
t ſaints are honour'd in his eyes.]

4 Firm to his word he ever ſtood,
ad always makes his promiſe good;
or dares to change the thing he ſwears,
hatever pain or loſs he bears.]

5 e never deals in bribing gold,
ad mourns that juſtice ſhould be ſold:
While others gripe and grind the poor,
weet charity attends his door.]

6 e loves his enemies, and prays
For thoſe tha curſe him to his face:
An doth to all men ſtill the ſame,
That he would hope or wiſh from them.

7 Yet, when his holieſt works are done,
His ſoul depends on grace alone:
Thus is the man thy face ſhall ſee,
And dwell forever, Lord, with thee.

---

PSALM XVI. *1ſt Part* Long Metre. [b]

*Confeſſion of our poverty, and ſaints the beſt company; or, good works profit men, not God.*

1 PRE-ſERVE me, Lord, in time of need,
For ſuccour to thy throne I flee,
Ha have no merits there to plead;
Bu oodneſs cannot reach to thee.

2 Ch e my heart and tongue confeſt,
Ho poverty and how poor I am;
Ne can never make thee bleſt,
No new glories to thy name.

3 Th thy ſaints on earth may reap
Some profit by the good we do;
Th are the company I keep,
Th the choiceſt friends I know.

4 Th s chooſe the ſons of mirth,
To a relief o their wine;
Th men of heav'nly birth,
Wh ſouls, hts and language are divine.

---

PSALM XVI. *2d Part* Long Metre. [b]

*Chriſt's All-Sufficiency.*

1 VIOW faſt their guilt and ſorrows riſe,
Who haſte to ſeek ſome idol god!

I will not taſte their ſacrifice,
Their off'rings of forbidden blood.

2 My God provides a richer cup,
And nobler food to live upon;
He for my life has offer'd up
Jeſus, his beſt beloved ſon.

3 His love is my perpetual feaſt;
By day his counſels guide me right;
And, be his name forever bleſt,
Who gives me ſweet advice by night.

4 I ſet him ſtill before mine eyes;
At my right hand he ſtands prepar'd
To keep my ſoul from all ſurpriſe,
And be my everlaſting guard.

---

PSALM XVI. 3*d Part.* Long Metre. [※]
*Courage in death, and hope of the reſurrection.*

1 WHEN God is nigh, my faith is ſtrong,
His arm is my almighty prop:
Be glad my heart, rejoice my tongue,
My dying fleſh ſhall reſt in hope.

2 Though in the duſt I lay my head,
Yet, gracious God, thou wilt not leave
My ſoul forever with the dead,
Nor loſe thy children in the grave.

3 My fleſh ſhall thy firſt call obey,
Shake off the duſt and riſe on high;
Then ſhalt thou lead the wondrous way
Up to thy throne above the ſky.

4 There ſtreams of endleſs pleaſure flow,
And full diſcov'ries of thy grace,
(Which we but taſted here below)
Spread heav'nly joys through all the place.

---

PSALM XVI. 1--8. 1*ſt Part.* Common Metre [※]
*Support and counſel from God, without merit.*

1 SAVE me, O Lord, from ev'ry foe:
In thee my truſt I place,
Though all the good, that I can do,
Can ne'er deſerve thy grace.

2 Yet if my God prolong my breath,
The ſaints may profit by't;
The ſaints, the glory of the earth,
The men of my delight.

3 Let Heathens to their idols haſte,
And worſhip wood or ſtone;
But my delightful lot is caſt
Where the true God is known.

4 His hand provides my conſtant food;
He fills my daily cup;
Much am I pleas'd with preſent good,
But more rejoice in hope.

5 God is my portion and my joy!
His counſels are my light:
He gives me ſweet advice by day,
And gentle hints by night.

6 My ſoul would all her thoughts approve
To his all-ſeeing eye:
Nor death nor hell my hopes ſhall move,
While ſuch a friend is nigh.

---

PSALM XVI. 2d Part. Common Meetre. [2]

*The death and reſurrection of Chriſt.*

1 "I SET the Lord before my face,
"He bears my courage up;
"My heart and tongue their joys expreſs,
"My fleſh ſhall reſt in hope.

2 "My ſpirit, Lord thou wilt not leave,
"Where ſouls departed are;
"Nor quit my body to the grave,
"To ſee corruption there.

3 "Thou wilt reveal the path of life,
"And raiſe me to thy throne:
"Thy courts immortal pleaſure give;
"Thy preſence, joys unknown."

4 [Thus, in the name of Chriſt the Lord,
The holy David ſung,
And Providence fulfils the word
Of his prophetic tongue.

5 Jeſus, whom ev'ry ſaint adores,
Was crucify'd and ſlain;
Behold the tomb its prey reſtores!
Behold, he lives again!

6 When ſhall my feet arrive and ſtand
On heaven's eternal hills?
There ſits the Lord at God's right hand,
And there the Father ſmiles.]

PSALM XVII. ver. 13, &c. Short Metre. [※]
*Portion of saints and sinners; or, hope and despair in death.*

1 ARISE, my gracious God,
And make the wicked flee;
They are but thy chastising rod
To drive thy saints to thee.

2 Behold, the sinner dies,
His haughty words are vain:
Here in this life his pleasure lies,
And all beyond is pain.

3 Then let his pride advance,
And boast of all his store;
The Lord is my inheritance,
My soul can wish no more.

4 I shall behold the face
Of my forgiving God;
And stand complete in righteousness,
Wash'd in my Saviour's blood.

5 There's a new heav'n begun
When I awake from death,
Drest in the likeness of thy Son,
And draw immortal breath!

---

PSALM XVII. Long Metre. [※]
*The sinner's portion and the saint's hope; or, the heaven of separate souls, and the resurrection.*

1 LORD, I am thine; but thou wilt prove
My faith, my patience, and my love;
When men of spite against me join,
They are the sword, the hand is thine.

2 Their hope and portion lie below;
'Tis all the happiness they know;
'Tis all they seek: they take their shares,
And leave the rest among their heirs.

3 What sinners value, I resign;
Lord, 'tis enough that thou art mine;
I shall behold thy blissful face,
And stand complete in righteousness.

4 This life's a dream, an empty show;
But the bright world to which I go
Hath joys substantial and sincere;
When shall I wake and find me there?

5 O glorious hour! O bleſt abode!
I ſhall be near and like my God;
And fleſh and ſin no more control
The ſacred pleaſures of the ſoul.

6 My fleſh ſhall ſlumber in the ground,
Till the laſt trumpet's joyful ſound:
Then burſt the chains with ſweet ſurpriſe,
And in my Saviour's image riſe.

---

PSALM XVIII. *1ſt Part.* Long Metre. [※]
Ver. 1–6, 15–18.

*Deliverance from deſpair; or, temptations overcome*

1 THEE will I love, O Lord, my ſtrength,
My rock, my tower, my high defence;
Thy mighty arm ſhall be my truſt,
For I have found ſalvation thence.

2 Death and the terrors of the grave
Stood round me with their diſmal ſhade;
While floods of high temptations roſe,
And made my ſinking ſoul afraid.

3 I ſaw the op'ning gates of hell,
With endleſs pains and ſorrows there,
Which none but they that feel can tell,
While I was hûrry'd to deſpair.

4 In my diſtreſs, I call'd my God,
When I could ſcarce believe him mine;
He bow'd his ear to my complaint;
Then did his grace appear divine.

5 [With ſpeed he flew to my relief,
As on a cherub's wing he rode;
Awful and bright as lightning ſhone
The face of my deliv'rer, God.

6 Temptations fled at his rebuke,
The blaſt of his almighty breath;
He ſent ſalvation from on high,
And drew me from the deeps of death.]

7 Great were my fears, my foes were great;
Much was their ſtrength, and more their rage:
But Chriſt my Lord, is conqu'ror ſtill,
In all the wars that devils wage.

8 My ſong forever ſhall record
That terrible, that joyful hour;
And give the glory to the Lord,
Due to his mercy and his pow'r.

PSALM XVIII. 20—26. *2d Part.* Long Met. [※]

*Sincerity proved and rewarded.*

1 LORD, thou haſt ſeen my ſoul ſincere,
Haſt made thy truth and love appear;
Before mine eyes I ſet thy laws,
And thou haſt owned my righteous cauſe.

Since I have learned thy holy ways,
I've walk'd upright before thy face:
Or, if my feet did e'er depart,
'Twas never with a wicked heart.

3 What ſore temptations broke my reſt!
What wars and ſtrugglings in my breaſt!
But through thy grace that reigns within,
I guard againſt my darling ſin:

4 That ſin that cloſe beſets me ſtill,
That works and ſtrives againſt my will;
When ſhall thy Spirit's ſov'reign pow'r
Deſtroy it, that it riſe no more?

5 [With an impartial hand, the Lord
Deals out to mortals their reward:
The kind and faithful ſoul ſhall find
A God as faithful and as kind.

6 The juſt and pure ſhall ever ſay,
Thou art more pure, more juſt than they:
And men that love revenge ſhall know,
God hath an arm of vengeance too.]

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PSALM XVIII. *3d Part.* Long Metre. [※]

Ver. 30, 31, 32, 46, &c.

*Rejoicing in God; or, ſalvation and triumph.*

1 JUST are thy ways, and true thy word,
Great rock of my ſecure abode:
Who is a God, beſide the Lord?
Or, where's a refuge like our God?

2 'Tis he that girds me with his might,
Gives me his holy ſword to wield;
And, while with ſin and hell I fight,
Spreads his ſalvation for my ſhield.

3 He lives (and bleſſed be my rock)
The God of my ſalvation lives:
The dark deſigns of hell are broke;
Sweet is the peace my Father gives.

4 Before the scoffers of the age
I will exalt my Father's name;
Nor tremble at their mighty rage,
But meet reproach, and bear the shame.

5 To David and his royal seed
Thy grace forever shall extend;
Thy love to saints, in Christ their head,
Knows not a limit, nor an end.

---

PSALM XVIII. *1st Part.* Common Metre. [*]
*Victory and triumph over temporal enemies.*

1 WE love thee, Lord, and we adore;
Now is thine arm revealed:
Thou art our strength, our heav'nly tow'r,
Our bulwark and our shield.

2 We fly to our eternal Rock,
And find a sure defence:
His holy name our lips invoke,
And draw salvation thence.

3 When God, our leader, shines in arms,
What mortal heart can bear
The thunder of his loud alarms,
The lightning of his spear?

4 He rides upon the winged wind,
And angels, in array,
In all his counsels wait, to know his mind,
And swift as flames obey.

5 He speaks, and at his fierce rebuke
Whole armies are dismay'd;
His voice, his frown, his angry look
Strikes all their courage dead.

6 He forms our gen'rals for the field,
With all their dreadful skill,
Gives them his awful sword to wield,
And makes their hearts of steel.

7 [He arms our captains to the fight,
Though there his name's forgot;
(He girded Cyrus with his might,
But Cyrus knew him not.)

8 Oft has the Lord whole nations blest,
For his own church's sake;
The pow'rs, that give his people rest,
Shall of his care partake.]

## PSALM XVIII. 2d Part. Common Metre. [※]

*The conqueror's song.*

1 TO thine almighty arm we owe
The triumph's of the day;
Thy terrors, Lord, confound the foe,
And melt their ſtrength away.

2 'Tis by thine aid our troops prevail,
And break united pow'rs;
Or burn their boaſted fleets, or ſcale
The proudeſt of their tow'rs.

3 How have we chas'd them through the field,
And trod them to the ground,
While thy ſalvation was our ſhield;
But they no ſhelter found!

4 In vain to idol ſaints they cry,
And periſh in their blood:
Where is a rock ſo great, ſo high,
So powerful as our God?

5 The Rock of Iſr'el ever lives;
His name be ever bleſt;
'Tis his own arm the vict'ry gives,
And gives his people reſt.

6 On kings that reign as David did,
He pours his bleſſings down;
Secures their honours to their ſeed,
And well ſupports their crown.

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## PSALM XIX. 1ſt Part. Short Metre. [※]

*The books of nature and ſcripture.*

For a Lord's-Day morning.

1 BEHOLD the lofty ſky
Declares its maker, God,
And all his ſtarry works on high
Proclaim his pow'r abroad.

2 The darkneſs and the light
Still keep their courſe the ſame;
While night to day, and day to night
Divinely teach his name.

3 In ev'ry diff'rent land
Their gen'ral voice is known;
They ſhew the wonders of his hand,
And orders of his throne.

4 Ye Christian lands, rejoice!
Here he reveals his word;
We are not left to nature's voice
To bid us know the Lord.

5 His statutes and commands
Are set before our eyes;
He puts his gospel in our hands,
Where our salvation lies.

6 His laws are just and pure;
His truth without deceit:
His promises forever sure,
And his rewards are great.

7 [Not honey to the taste
Affords so much delight;
Nor gold, that has the furnace pass'd,
So much allures the sight.

8 While of thy works I sing,
Thy glory to proclaim,
Accept the praise, my God, my King.
In my Redeemer's name.]

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PSALM XIX. *2d Part.* Short Metre. [※]

*God's word most excellent; or, sincerity and watchfulness.*

1 BEHOLD the morning sun
Begins his glorious way!
His beams through all the nations run,
And life and light convey.

2 But where the gospel comes,
It spreads diviner light;
It calls dead sinners from their tombs,
And gives the blind their sight.

3 How perfect is thy word!
And all thy judgments just:
Forever sure thy promise, Lord,
And men securely trust.

4 My gracious God, how plain
Are thy directions giv'n!
O may I never read in vain,
But find the path to heav'n.

PAUSE.

5 I hear thy word with love,
And I would fain obey;

Send thy good Spirit from above
To guide me, leſt I ſtray.

6 O who can ever find
The errors of his ways?
Yet with a bold preſumptuous mind
I would not dare tranſgreſs.

7 Warn me of every ſin;
Forgive my ſecret faults,
And cleanſe this guilty ſoul of mine,
Whoſe crimes exceed my thoughts.

8 While with my heart and tongue
I ſpread thy praiſe abroad,
Accept the worſhip and the ſong,
My Saviour and my God.

---

## PSALM XIX. Long Metre. [※]

*The books of nature and of ſcripture compared; or, the glory and ſucceſs of the goſpel.*

1 THE heav'ns declare thy glory, Lord;
In ev'ry ſtar thy wiſdom ſhines:
But, when our eyes behold thy word,
We read thy name in fairer lines.

2 The rolling ſun, the changing light,
And nights, and days, thy pow'r confeſs;
But the bleſt volume thou haſt writ
Reveals thy juſtice and thy grace.

3 Sun, moon and ſtars convey thy praiſe
Round the whole earth, and never ſtand:
So when thy truth began its race,
It touch'd and glanc'd on ev'ry land.

4 Nor ſhall thy ſpreading goſpel reſt
Till through the world thy truth has run;
Till Chriſt has all the nations bleſt,
That ſee the light, or feel the ſun.

5 Great Sun of Righteouſneſs, ariſe,
Bleſs the dark world with heav'nly light:
Thy goſpel makes the ſimple wiſe;
Thy laws are pure, thy judgments right.

6 Thy nobleſt wonders here we view,
In ſouls renew'd, and ſins forgiv'n:
Lord, cleanſe my ſins, my ſoul renew,
And make thy word my guide to heav'n.

## PSALM XIX. Particular Metre. [✻]

*The books of nature and scripture.*

1 GREAT God, the heav'n's well-order'd frame
Declares the glories of thy name:
There thy rich works of wonder shine:
A thousand starry beauties there,
A thousand radiant marks appear
Of boundless pow'r and skill divine!

2 From night to day, from day to night,
The dawning and the dying light
Lectures of heav'nly wisdom read,
With silent eloquence they raise
Our thoughts to our Creator's praise,
And neither sound nor language need.

3 Yet their divine instructions run
Far as the journies of the sun,
And ev'ry nation knows their voice;
The sun, like some young bridegroom dress,
Breaks from the chambers of the east,
Rolls round, and makes the earth rejoice.

4 Where'er he spreads his beams abroad,
He smiles, and speaks his maker, God;
All nature joins to shew thy praise.
Thus God in ev'ry creature shines;
Fair is the book of nature's lines,
But fairer is thy book of grace.

## PAUSE. [b]

5 I love the volumes of thy word;
What light and joy those leaves afford
To souls benighted and distrest!
Thy precepts guide my doubtful way;
Thy fear forbids my feet to stray;
Thy promise leads my heart to rest.

6 From the discov'ries of thy law
The perfect rules of life I draw:
These are my study and delight;
Not honey so invites the taste,
Nor gold, that has the furnace past,
Appears so pleasing to the sight.

7 Thy threat'nings wake my slumb'ring eyes,
And warn me where my danger lies;
But 'tis thy blessed gospel, Lord,

That makes my guilty conſcience clean,
Converts my ſoul, ſubdues my ſin,
And gives a free, but large reward.

Who knows the errors of his thoughts?
My God, forgive my ſecret faults.
And from preſumptuous ſins reſtrain;
Accept my poor attempts of praiſe,
That I have read thy book of grace,
And book of nature, not in vain.

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## PSALM XX. Long Metre. [x]

*Prayer and hope of victory.*

For a day of prayer in time of war.

1 NOW may the God of pow'r and grace
Attend his people's humble cry!
Jehovah hears when Iſr'el prays,
And brings deliv'rance from on high.

2 The name of Jacob's God defends
Better than ſhields or brazen walls;
He from his ſanctuary ſends
Succour and ſtrength, when Zion calls.

3 Well he remembers all our ſighs;
His love exceeds our beſt deſerts;
His love accepts the ſacrifice
Of humble groans and broken hearts.

4 In his ſalvation is our hope,
And in the name of Iſr'el's God
Our troops ſhall lift their banners up,
Our navies ſpread their flags abroad.

5 Some truſt in horſes train'd for war,
And ſome of chariots make their boaſts;
Our ſureſt expectations are
From thee, the Lord of heav'nly hoſts.

6 [O may the mem'ry of thy name
Inſpire our armies for the fight!
Our foes ſhall fail and die with ſhame,
Or quit the field with ſhameful flight.]

7 Now ſave us, Lord, from ſlaviſh fear;
Now let our hope be firm and ſtrong,
Till thy ſalvation ſhall appear,
And joy and triumph raiſe the ſong.

PSALM XXI. Common Metre. *Altered.* [※]

*Our country the care of Heaven.*

1 OUR land, O Lord, with songs of praise
Shall in thy strength rejoice;
And, blest with thy salvation, raise
To heav'n their cheerful voice.

2 Thy sure defence, through nations round,
Has spread our wondrous name;
And our successful actions crown'd
With dignity and fame.

3 Then let our land on God alone
For timely aid rely;
His mercy, which adorns his throne,
Shall all our wants supply.

4 But, righteous Lord, thy stubborn foes
Shall feel thy dreadful hand;
Thy vengeful arm shall find out those
Who hate all just command.

5 When thou against them dost engage,
Thy just, but dreadful doom
Shall, like a fiery oven's rage,
Their hopes and them consume.

6 Thus, Lord, thy wondrous pow'r declare,
And thus exalt thy fame;
Whilst we glad songs of praise prepare,
For thine almighty name.

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PSALM XXI. ver. 1—9. Long Metre. [※]

*Christ exalted to the kingdom.*

1 DAVID rejoic'd in God his strength,
Rais'd to the throne by special grace;
But Christ the Son appears at length,
Fulfils the triumph and the praise.

2 How great is the Messiah's joy
In the salvation of thy hand!
Lord, thou hast rais'd his kingdom high,
And giv'n the world to his command.

3 Thy goodness grants whate'er he will,
Nor doth the least request withhold;
Blessings of love prevent him still,
And crowns of glory, not of gold.

4 Honour and majesty divine
Around his sacred temples shine;

Bleſt with the favour of thy face,
And length of everlaſting days.

5 Thine hand ſhall find out all his foes;
And as a fiery oven glows
With raging heat and living coals,
So ſhall thy wrath devour their ſouls.

---

PSALM XXII. *1ſt Part.* Common Metre. [b]
Ver. 1—16.

*The ſufferings and death of Chriſt.*

1 "WHY has my God my ſoul forſook,
"Nor will a ſmile afford?"
(Thus David once in anguiſh ſpoke,
And thus our dying Lord.)

2 Though 'tis thy chief delight to dwell
Among thy praiſing ſaints,
Yet thou canſt hear a groan as well,
And pity our complaints.

3 Our fathers truſted in thy name,
And great deliv'rance found;
But I'm a worm, deſpis'd of men,
And trodden to the ground.

4 Shaking the head, they paſs me by,
And laugh my ſoul to ſcorn;
"*In vain he truſts in God,*" they cry,
"*Neglected and forlorn.*"

5 But thou art he who form'd my fleſh,
By thine almighty word:
And ſince I hung upon the breaſt,
My hope is in the Lord.

6 Why will my Father hide his face
When foes ſtand threat'ning round,
In the dark hour of deep diſtreſs,
And not a helper found?

PAUSE.

7 Behold thy darling left among
The cruel and the proud,
As bulls of Baſhan, fierce and ſtrong,
As lions roaring loud.

8 From earth and hell my ſorrows meet,
To multiply the ſmart;
They nail my hands, they pierce my feet,
And try to vex my heart.

9 Yet if thy sov'reign hand let loose
The rage of earth and hell,
Why will my heav'nly Father bruise
The Son he loves so well?

10 My God, if possible it be,
Withhold this bitter cup:
But I resign my will to thee,
And drink the sorrows up.

11 My heart dissolves with pangs unknown;
In groans I waste my breath;
Thy heavy hand hath brought me down
Low as the dust of death.

12 Father, I give my spirit up,
And trust it in thy hand:
My dying flesh shall rest in hope,
And rise at thy command.

---

PSALM XXII. 2d Part. Common Metre. [b]
Ver. 20, 21, 27—31.

*Christ's sufferings and kingdom*

1 "NOW from the roaring lion's rage,
"O Lord, protect thy Son;
"Nor leave thy darling to engage
"The pow'rs of hell alone."

2 Thus did our suff'ring Saviour pray,
With mighty cries and tears:
God heard him in that dreadful day,
And chas'd away his fears.

3 Great was the victory of his death,
His throne exalted high;
And all the kindreds of the earth
Shall worship, or shall die.

4 A num'rous offspring must arise
From his expiring groans;
They shall be reckon'd in his eyes
For daughters and for sons.

5 The meek and humble souls shall see
His table richly spread;
And all, that seek the Lord, shall be
With joys immortal fed.

6 The isles shall know the righteousness
Of our incarnate God;
And nations yet unborn, profess
Salvation in his blood.

## PSALM XXII. Long Metre. [b]

*Christ's sufferings and exaltation.*

1 NOW let our mournful songs record
The dying sorrows of our Lord,
When he complain'd in tears and blood,
As one forsaken of his God.

2 The Jews beheld him thus forlorn,
And shook their heads, and laugh'd in scorn;
"He rescu'd others from the grave,
"Now let him try himself to save.

3 "This is the man did once pretend
"God was his Father and his Friend;
"If God the blessed lov'd him so,
"Why doth he fail to help him now?"

4 Barbarous people! cruel priests!
How they stood round like savage beasts,
Like lions gaping to devour,
When God had left him in their pow'r.

5 They wound his head, his hands, his feet,
Till streams of blood each other meet;
By lot his garments they divide,
And mock the pangs in which he dy'd.

6 But God his Father heard his cry;
Rais'd from the dead, he reigns on high;
The nations learn his righteousness,
And humble sinners taste his grace.

---

## PSALM XXIII. Long Metre. [※]

*God our shepherd.*

1 MY shepherd is the living Lord;
Now shall my wants be well supply'd:
His providence and holy word,
Become my safety and my guide.

2 In pastures where salvation grows
He makes me feed, he makes me rest;
There living water gently flows,
And all the food's divinely blest.

3 My wand'ring feet his ways mistake,
But he restores my soul to peace,
And leads me, for his mercy's sake,
In the fair paths of righteousness

4 Though I walk through the gloomy vale,
Where death and all its terrors are,

My heart and hope shall never fail,
For God my shepherd's with me there.

5 Amidst the darkness and the deeps,
Thou art my comfort, thou my stay;
Thy staff supports my feeble steps,
Thy rod directs my doubtful way.

6 The sons of earth and sons of hell
Gaze at thy goodness, and repine
To see my table spread so well,
With living bread, and cheerful wine.

7 How I rejoice, when on my head
Thy Spirit condescends to rest!
'Tis a divine anointing, shed
Like oil of gladness at a feast.

8 Surely the mercies of the Lord
Attend his household all their days;
There will I dwell to hear his word,
To seek his face and sing his praise.

---

PSALM XXIII. Common Metre. [*]

1 MY shepherd will supply my need,
Jehovah is his name;
In pastures fresh he makes me feed,
Beside the living stream.

2 He brings my wand'ring spirit back,
When I forsake his ways;
And leads me, for his mercy's sake,
In paths of truth and grace.

3 When I walk through the shades of death,
Thy presence is my stay;
A word of thy supporting breath
Drives all my fears away.

4 Thy hand, in sight of all my foes,
Doth still my table spread;
My cup with blessings overflows,
Thine oil anoints my head.

5 The sure provisions of my God
Attend me all my days;
O may thine house be mine abode,
And all my work be praise.
There would I find a settled rest,
(While others go and come)
No more a stranger or a guest,
But like a child at home.

PSALM XXIII. Short Metre. [※]

1 THE Lord my ſhepherd is,
I ſhall be well ſupply'd:
Since he is mine, and I am his,
What can I want beſide?

2 He leads me to the place,
Where heav'nly paſture grows,
Where living waters gently paſs,
And full ſalvation flows.

3 If e'er I go aſtray,
He doth my ſoul reclaim,
And guides me, in his own right way,
For his moſt holy name.

4 While he affords his aid,
I cannot yield to fear;
Though I ſhould walk thro' death's dark ſhade,
My ſhepherd's with me there.

5 In ſight of all my foes
Thou doſt my table ſpread,
My cup with bleſſings overflows,
And joy exalts my head.

6 The bounties of thy love
Shall crown my following days;
Nor from thy houſe will I remove,
Nor ceaſe to ſpeak thy praiſe

---

PSALM XXIV. Common Metre. [※]

*Dwelling with God.*

1 THE earth forever is the Lord's,
With Adam's num'rous race;
He rais'd its arches o'er the floods,
And built it on the ſeas.

2 But who among the ſons of men
May viſit thine abode?
He that has hands from miſchief clean,
Whoſe heart is right with God.

3 This is the man may riſe, and take
The bleſſings of his grace;
This is the lot of thoſe that ſeek
The God of Jacob's face.

4 Now let our ſouls' immortal pow'rs
To meet the Lord prepare;
Lift up their everlaſting doors,
The King of Glory's near.

5 The King of Glory! who can tell
The wonders of his might?
He rules the nations; but to dwell
With saints is his delight.

PSALM XXIV. Long Metre. [a]
*Saints dwell in heaven: or, Christ's ascension.*

1 THIS spacious earth is all the Lord's,
And men, and worms, and beasts, and birds;
He rais'd the building on the seas,
And gave it for their dwelling-place.

2 But there's a brighter world on high,
Thy palace, Lord, above the sky:
Who shall ascend that blest abode,
And dwell so near his maker, God?

3 He that abhors and fears to sin,
Whose heart is pure, whose hands are clean;
Him shall the Lord the Saviour bless,
And clothe his soul with righteousness.

4 These are the men, the pious race,
That seek the God of Jacob's face;
These shall enjoy the blissful sight,
And dwell in everlasting light.

PAUSE.

5 Rejoice, ye shining worlds on high,
Behold the King of Glory nigh!
Who can this King of Glory be?
The mighty Lord the Saviour's he.

6 Ye heav'nly gates, your leaves display,
To make the Lord the Saviour way:
Laden with spoils from earth and hell,
The conqu'ror comes with God to dwell.

7 Rais'd from the dead, he goes before,
He opens heav'n's eternal door,
To give his saints a blest abode
Near their Redeemer and their God.

PSALM XXV. 1*st Part.* Short Metre. [b]
*Ver.* 1—11.
*Waiting for pardon and direction.*

1 I LIFT my soul to God,
My trust is in his name:
Let not my foes that seek my blood
Still triumph in my shame.

2 Sin and the pow'rs of hell
Perſuade me to deſpair;
Lord, make me know thy cov'nant well,
That I may 'ſcape the ſnare.

3 From the firſt dawning light
Till the dark ev'ning riſe,
For thy ſalvation, Lord, I wait
With ever longing eyes.

4 Remember all thy grace,
And lead me in thy truth;
Forgive the ſins of riper days,
And follies of my youth.

5 The Lord is juſt and kind;
The meek ſhall learn his ways;
And ev'ry humble ſinner find
The methods of his grace.

6 For his own goodneſs' ſake
He ſaves my ſoul from ſhame:
He pardons (though my guilt be great),
Through my Redeemer's name.

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PSALM XXV. *2d Part.* Short Metre. [※]

*Ver.* 12, 14, 10, 13.

*Divine Inſtruction.*

1 WHERE ſhall the man be found,
That fears t' offend his God;
That loves the goſpel's joyful ſound,
And trembles at the rod?

2 The Lord ſhall make him know
The ſecrets of his heart,
The wonders of his cov'nant ſhow,
And all his love impart.

3 The dealings of his hand
Are truth and mercy ſtill,
With ſuch as to his cov'nant ſtand,
And love to do his will.

4 Their ſouls ſhall dwell at eaſe
Before their Maker's face:
Their ſeed ſhall taſte the promiſes
In their extenſive grace.

PSALM XXV. 3d Part. Short Metre. [b]
Ver. 15—22.

*Distress of soul; or, backsliding and desertion.*

1 MINE eyes and my desire
Are ever to the Lord;
I love to plead his promises,
And rest upon his word.

2 Turn, turn thee to my soul,
Bring thy salvation near;
When will thy hand release my feet
Out of the deadly snare?

3 When shall the sov'reign grace
Of my forgiving God,
Restore me from those dang'rous ways
My wand'ring feet have trod!

4 The tumult of my thoughts
Doth but enlarge my woe:
My spirit languishes, my heart
Is desolate and low.

5 With ev'ry morning light
My sorrow new begins;
Look on my anguish and my pain,
And pardon all my sins.

PAUSE.

6 Behold the hosts of hell;
How cruel is their hate!
Against my life they rise, and join
Their fury with deceit.

7 O! keep my soul from death,
Nor put my hope to shame,
For I have plac'd my only trust
In my Redeemer's name.

8 With humble faith I wait
To see thy face again;
Of Isr'el it shall ne'er be said,
"He sought the Lord in vain."

---

PSALM XXVI. Long Metre [※]

*Self-examination; or, evidences of grace.*

1 JUDGE me, O Lord, and prove my ways,
And try my heart;
My faith upon thy promise stays,
Nor from thy law my feet depart.

2 I hate to walk, I hate to ſit
With men of vanity and lies;
The ſcoffer and the hypocrite
Are the abhorrence of mine eyes.

3 Amongſt thy ſaints will I appear
With hands well waſh'd in innocence;
But when I ſtand before thy bar,
The blood of Chriſt is my defence.

4 I love thy habitation, Lord,
The temple where thine honours dwell;
There ſhall I hear thy holy word,
And there thy works of wonder tell.

5 Let not my ſoul be join'd at laſt
With men of treachery and blood,
Since I my days on earth have paſt
Among the ſaints, and near my God.

PSALM XXVII. 1ſt Part. Common Metre. [※]

*Ver.* 1—6.

*The church is our delight and ſafety.*

1 THE Lord of glory is my light,
And my ſalvation too:
God is my ſtrength, nor will I fear
What all my foes can do

2 One privilege my heart deſires:
O! grant me an abode
Among the churches of thy ſaints,
The temples of my God.

3 There ſhall I offer my requeſts,
And ſee thy beauty ſtill;
Shall hear thy meſſages of love,
And there inquire thy will.

4 When troubles riſe and ſtorms appear,
There may his children hide;
God has a ſtrong pavilion, where
He makes my ſoul abide.

5 Now ſhall my head be lifted high
Above my foes around,
And ſongs of joy and victory
Within thy temple ſound.

PSALM XXVII. 2d *Part.* Com. Met. [※]

*Ver.* 8, 9, 13, 14 — *Prayer and hope.*

1 SOON as I heard my Father ſay,
"Ye children, ſeek my grace;"

My heart reply'd without delay,
"I'll seek my Father's face."

2 Let not thy face be hid from me,
Nor frown my soul away;
God of my life, I fly to thee
In a distressing day.

3 Should friends and kindred near and dear
Leave me to want or die,
My God would make my life his care,
And all my need supply.

4 My fainting flesh had dy'd with grief,
Had not my soul believ'd
To see thy grace provide relief;
Nor was my hope deceiv'd.

5 Wait on the Lord, ye trembling saints,
And keep your courage up;
He'll raise your spirit when it faints,
And far exceed your hope.

---

PSALM XXIX. Long Metre. [※]
*Storm and thunder.*

1 GIVE to the Lord, ye sons of fame,
Give to the Lord renown and pow'r;
Ascribe due honours to his name,
And his eternal might adore.

2 The Lord proclaims his pow'r aloud,
Over the ocean and the land;
His voice divides the wat'ry cloud,
And lightnings blaze at his command.

3 He speaks, and tempest, hail, and wind
Lay the wide forest bare around;
The fearful hart, and frighted hind,
Leap at the terror of the sound.

4 To Lebanon he turns his voice,
And lo, the stately cedars break;
The mountains tremble at the noise,
The vallies roar, the deserts quake.

5 The Lord sits sov'reign o'er the flood;
The Thund'rer reigns forever king:
But makes his church his blest abode,
Where we his awful glories sing.

6 In gentler language there, the Lord
The counsels of his grace imparts;

Amidſt the raging ſtorm, his word
Speaks peace and courage to our hearts.

---

PSALM XXX. *1ſt Part.* Long Metre. [※]

*Sickneſs healed, and ſorrow removed.*

1 I WILL extol thee, Lord, on high,
At thy command diſeaſes fly;
Who but a God can ſpeak and ſave
From the dark borders of the grave?

2 Sing to the Lord, ye ſaints of his,
And tell how large his goodneſs is:
Let all your pow'rs rejoice and bleſs,
While you record his holineſs.

3 His anger but a moment ſtays;
His love is life and length of days;
Though grief and tears the night employ,
The morning-ſtar reſtores the joy.

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PSALM XXX. *2d Part.* Long Metre. [b]

*Ver.* 6.

*Health, ſickneſs, and recovery.*

1 FIRM was my health, my day was bright,
And I preſum'd 'twould ne'er be night:
Fondly I ſaid within my heart,
"Pleaſure and peace ſhall ne'er depart."

2 But I forgot thine arm was ſtrong,
Which made my mountain ſtand ſo long;
Soon as thy face began to hide,
My health was gone, my comforts dy'd.

3 I cry'd aloud to thee, my God,
"What canſt thou profit by my blood?
"Deep in the duſt, can I declare
"Thy truth, or ſing thy goodneſs there?

4 "Hear me, O God of grace, I ſaid,
"And bring me from among the dead:"
Thy word rebuk'd the pains I felt,
Thy pard'ning love remov'd my guilt.

5 My groans, and tears, and forms of woe,
Are turn'd to joy and praiſes now;
I throw my ſackcloth on the ground,
And eaſe and gladneſs gird me round.

6 My tongue, the glory of my frame,
Shall ne'er be ſilent of thy name;

Thy praise shall sound thro' earth and heav'n,
For sickness heal'd, and sins forgiv'n.

PSALM XXXI. *1st Part.* Common Metre. [*]
Ver. 5, 13—19, 22, 23.
*Deliverance from death.*

1 INTO thine hand, O God of truth,
My spirit I commit;
Thou hast redeem'd my soul from death,
And sav'd me from the pit.

2 The passions of my hope and fear
Maintain'd a doubtful strife,
While sorrow, pain, and sin conspir'd
To take away my life.

3 "My times are in thy hand," I cry'd,
"Though I draw near the dust;"
Thou art the refuge where I hide,
The God in whom I trust.

4 O make thy reconciled face
Upon thy servant shine,
And save me for thy mercy's sake,
For I'm entirely thine.

PAUSE.

5 ['Twas in my haste my spirit said,
"I must despair and die,
"I am cut off before thine eyes;"
But thou hast heard my cry.]

6 Thy goodness, how divinely free!
How wond'rous is thy grace,
To those that fear thy majesty,
And trust thy promises!

7 O love the Lord, all ye his saints,
And sing his praises loud;
He'll bend his ear to your complaints,
And recompense the proud.

PSALM XXXI. *2d Part.* Common Metre. [*]
Ver. 7—13, 18—21.
*Deliverance from slander and reproach.*

1 MY heart rejoices in thy name,
My God, my help, my trust:
Thou hast preserv'd my face from shame,
Mine honour from the dust.

2 "My life is ſpent with grief," I cry'd;
"My years conſum'd in groans;
"My ſtrength decays, mine eyes are dry'd,
"And ſorrow waſtes my bones."

3 Among mine enemies, my name
Was a mere proverb grown:
While to my neighbours I became
Forgotten and unknown.

4 Slander and fear on ev'ry ſide
Seiz'd and beſet me round;
I to the throne of grace apply'd,
And ſpeedy reſcue found.

PAUSE.

5 How great deliv'rance thou haſt wrought
Before the ſons of men!
The lying lips to ſilence brought,
And made their boaſtings vain!

6 Thy children from the ſtrife of tongues
Shall thy pavilion hide;
Guard them from infamy and wrongs;
And cruſh the ſons of pride.

7 Within thy ſecret preſence, Lord,
Let me forever dwell,
No fenced city, wall'd and barr'd,
Secures a ſaint ſo well.

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## PSALM XXXII. Short Metre. [b]

*Forgiveneſs of ſin upon confeſſion.*

1 O BLESSED ſouls are they,
Whoſe ſins are cover'd o'er!
Divinely bleſt, to whom the Lord
Imputes their guilt no more!

2 They mourn their follies paſt,
And keep their hearts with care;
Their lips and lives, without deceit,
Shall prove their faith ſincere.

3 While I conceal'd my guilt,
I felt the feſt'ring wound;
Till I confeſs'd my ſins to thee,
And ready pardon found.

4 Let ſinners learn to pray,
Let ſaints keep near the throne;

Our help in times of deep distreſs
Is found in God alone.

---

PSALM XXXII. Common Metre. [※]
*Free pardon and ſincere obedience; or, confeſſion and forgiveneſs.*

1 HAPPY the man to whom his God
No more imputes his ſin;
But waſh'd in the Redeemer's blood,
Hath made his garments clean!

2 Happy, beyond expreſſion, he
Whoſe debts are thus diſcharg'd;
And from the guilty bondage free,
He feels his ſoul enlarg'd!

3 His ſpirit hates deceit and lies,
His words are all ſincere,
He guards his heart, he guards his eyes,
To keep his conſcience clear.

4 While I my inward guilt ſuppreſt,
No quiet could I find:
Thy wrath lay burning in my breaſt,
And rack'd my tortur'd mind.

5 Then I confeſs'd my troubled thoughts,
My ſecret ſins reveal'd;
Thy pard'ning grace forgave my faults,
Thy grace my pardon ſeal'd.

6 This ſhall invite thy ſaints to pray;
When like a raging flood
Temptations riſe, our ſtrength and ſtay
Is a forgiving God.

---

PSALM XXXII. *1ſt Part.* Long Metre. [※]
*Repentance and free pardon; or, juſtification and ſanctification.*

1 BLEST is the man, forever bleſt,
Whoſe guilt is pardon'd by his God,
Whoſe ſins with ſorrow are confeſs'd,
And cover'd with his Saviour's blood.

2 Bleſt is the man, to whom the Lord
Imputes not his iniquities;
He pleads no merit of reward,
And not on works, but grace relies.

3 From guile his heart and lips are free;
His humble joy, his holy fear,

With deep repentance well agree,
And join to prove his faith ſincere.

4 How glorious is that righteouſneſs
That hides and cancels all his ſins!
While a bright evidence of grace
Through his whole life appears and ſhines.

---

PSALM XXXII. 2*d Part.* Long Metre. [b]

*A guilty conſcience eaſed by confeſſion and pardon*

1 WHILE I keep ſilence, and conceal
My heavy guilt within my heart,
What torments doth my conſcience feel!
What agonies of inward ſmart!

2 I ſpread my ſins before the Lord,
And all my ſecret faults confeſs;
Thy goſpel ſpeaks a pard'ning word,
Thy Holy Spirit ſeals the grace.

3 For this ſhall ev'ry humble ſoul
Make ſwift addreſſes to thy ſeat:
When floods of huge temptations roll,
There ſhall they find a bleſt retreat.

4 How ſafe beneath thy wings I lie,
When days grow dark, and ſtorms appear!
And when I walk, thy watchful eye
Shall guide me ſafe from ev'ry ſnare.

---

PSALM XXXIII. 1*ſt Part.* Common Metre. [※]

*Works of creation and providence.*

1 REJOICE, ye righteous, in the Lord,
This work belongs to you:
Sing of his name, his ways, his word,
How holy, juſt, and true!

2 His mercy and his righteouſneſs
Let heav'n and earth proclaim;
His works of nature and of grace
Reveal his wondrous name.

3 His wiſdom and almighty word
The heav'nly arches ſpread:
And by the Spirit of the Lord
Their ſhining hoſts were made.

4 He bade the liquid waters flow
To their appointed deep:
The flowing ſeas their limits know
And their own ſtation keep.

5 Ye tenants of the ſpacious earth,
With fear before him ſtand:
He ſpake and nature took its birth,
And reſts on his command.

6 He ſcorns the angry nations' rage,
And breaks their vain deſigns:
His counſel ſtands through ev'ry age,
And in full glory ſhines.

PSALM XXXIII. 2d Part. Common Metre. [*]
*Creatures vain, and God all-ſufficient.*

1 BLEST is the nation, where the Lord
Hath fix'd his gracious throne;
Where he reveals his heav'nly word,
And calls their tribes his own.

2 His eye with infinite ſurvey
Does the whole world behold;
He form'd us all of equal clay,
And knows our feeble mould.

3 Kings are not reſcu'd by the force
Of armies from the grave;
Nor ſpeed, nor courage of an horſe
Can the bold rider ſave.

4 Vain is the ſtrength of beaſts or men,
To hope for ſafety thence:
But holy ſouls from God obtain
A ſtrong and ſure defence.

5 God is their fear and God their truſt,
When plagues or famine ſpread;
His watchful eye ſecures the juſt,
Amongſt ten thouſand dead.

6 Lord, let our hearts in thee rejoice,
And bleſs us from thy throne;
For we have made thy word our choice,
And truſt thy grace alone.

PSALM XXXIII. 1ſt Part. Particular Metre. [*]
*Works of creation and providence.*

1 YE holy ſouls in God rejoice,
Your Maker's praiſe becomes your voice;
Great is your theme, your ſongs be new:
Sing of his name, his word, his ways,
His works of nature, and of grace,
How wiſe and holy, juſt and true!

2 Juſtice and truth he ever loves,
And the whole earth his goodneſs proves:
His word the heav'nly arches ſpread;
How wide they ſhine from north to ſouth;
And by the ſpirit of his mouth
Were all the ſtarry armies made.

3 He gathers the wide-flowing ſeas,
(Whose wat'ry treaſures know their place)
In the vaſt ſtorehouſe of the deep:
He ſpake, and gave all nature birth,
And fires and ſeas, and heav'n and earth
His everlaſting orders keep.

4 Let mortals tremble, and adore
A God of ſuch reſiſtleſs pow'r,
Nor dare indulge their feeble rage:
Vain are your thoughts, and weak your hands,
But his eternal counſel ſtands,
And rules the world from age to age.

---

PSALM XXXIII. 2d *Part.* Particular metre. [*]
*Creatures vain, and God all-ſufficient.*

1 O HAPPY nation, where the Lord
Reveals the treaſure of his word,
And builds his church, his earthly throne!
His eye the heathen world ſurveys,
He form'd their hearts, he knows their ways;
But God their Maker is unknown.

2 Let kings rely upon their hoſt,
And of his ſtrength the champion boaſt;
Vain is the boaſt, in vain they rely:
In vain we truſt the brutal force,
Or ſpeed, or courage of an horſe
To guard his rider, or to fly.

3 The eye of thy compaſſion, Lord,
Doth more ſecure defence afford,
When deathful dangers ſtreat'ning ſtand:
Thy watchful eye preſerves the juſt,
Who make thy name their fear and truſt,
When wars or famine waſte the land.

4 In ſickneſs or the bloody field,
Thou our phyſician, thou our ſhield,
Send us ſalvation from thy throne:
We wait to ſee thy goodneſs ſhine;
Let us rejoice in help divine,
For all our hope is God alone.

PSALM XXXIV. *1st Part.* Long Metre. [*]

*God's care of the saints; or, deliverance by prayer.*

1 LORD, I will bless thee all my days,
Thy praise shall dwell upon my tongue;
My soul shall glory in thy grace,
While saints rejoice to hear the song.

2 Come, magnify the Lord with me;
Come, let us all exalt his name:
I sought th' eternal God, and he
Has not expos'd my hope to shame.

3 I told him all my secret grief,
My secret groaning reach'd his ears;
He gave my inward pains relief,
And calm'd the tumult of my fears.

4 To him the poor lift up their eyes,
Their faces feel the heav'nly flame;
A beam of mercy from the skies
Fills them with light and joy divine.

5 His holy angels pitch their tents
Around the men that serve the Lord:
O fear and love him, all ye saints,
Taste of his grace, and trust his word!

6 The wild young lions, pinch'd with pain
And hunger, roar through all the wood;
But none shall seek the Lord in vain,
Nor want supplies of real good.

---

PSALM XXXIV. *2d Part.* Long Metre. [b]

Ver. 11—22.

*Religious education; or, instructions of piety.*

1 CHILDREN, in years and knowledge young,
Your parents' hope, your parents' joy,
Attend the counsels of my tongue;
Let pious thoughts your minds employ.

2 If you desire a length of days,
And peace to crown your mortal state,
Restrain your feet from impious ways,
Your lips from slander and deceit.

3 The eyes of God regard his saints,
His ears are open to their cries;
He sets his frowning face against
The sons of violence and lies.

4 To humble ſouls and broken hearts,
God with his grace is ever nigh;
Pardon and hope his love imparts,
When men in deep contrition lie.

5 He tells their tears, he counts their groans,
His ſon redeems their ſouls from death;
His Spirit heals their broken bones:
They in his praiſe employ their breath.

PSALM XXXIV. *1ſt Part* Common Metre. [※]

Ver. 1—10.

*Prayers, and praiſe for eminent deliverance.*

1 I'LL bleſs the Lord from day to day:
How good are all his ways!
Ye humble ſouls that uſe to pray,
Come, help my lips to praiſe.

2 Sing to the honour of his name,
How a poor ſinner cry'd;
Nor was his hope expos'd to ſhame,
Nor was his ſuit deny'd.

3 When threat'ning ſorrows round me ſtood,
And endleſs fears aroſe,
Like the loud billows of a flood,
Redoubling all my woes;

4 I told the Lord my ſore diſtreſs,
With heavy groans and tears;
He gave my ſharpeſt torments eaſe,
And ſilenc'd all my fears.

PAUSE.

5 [O ſinners! come and taſte his love,
Come, learn his pleaſant ways;
And let your own experience prove
The ſweetneſs of his grace.

6 He bids his angels pitch their tents
Round where his children dwell;
What ills their heav'nly care prevents
No earthly tongue can tell.]

7 [O love the Lord, ye ſaints of his!
His eye regards the juſt:
How richly bleſs'd their portion is,
Who make the Lord their truſt!

8 Young lions, pin'd with hunger, roar,
And famiſh in the wood;

But God supplies his holy poor
With ev'ry needful good.

PSALM XXXIV. 2d *Part.* Common Metre. [b]
Ver. 11—22.

*Exhortations to peace and holiness*

1 COME, children, learn to fear the Lord;
And, that your days be long,
Let not a false or spiteful word
Be found upon your tongue.

2 Depart from mischief, practise love,
Pursue the works of peace;
So shall the Lord your ways approve,
And set your souls at ease.

3 His eyes awake to guard the just,
His ears attend their cry;
When broken spirits dwell in dust,
The God of grace is nigh.

4 What though the sorrows here they taste
Are sharp and tedious too,
The Lord, who saves them all at last,
Is their supporter now.

5 Evil shall smite the wicked dead,
But God secures his own,
Prevents the mischief when they slide,
Or heals the broken bone.

6 When desolation, like a flood,
O'er the proud sinner rolls,
Saints find a refuge in their God,
For he redeem'd their souls.

PSALM XXXV. 1*st Part.* Com. Met. [b]
Ver. 1—19.

*Prayer and faith of persecuted saints; or, imprecations mixed with charity*

1 NOW plead my cause, Almighty God,
With all the sons of strife;
And fight against the men of blood,
Who fight against my life.

2 Draw out thy spear, and stop their way,
Lift thy avenging rod;
But to my soul in mercy say,
"I am thy Saviour God."

3 They plant their snares to catch my feet,
And nets of mischief spread;

Plunge the deſtroyers in the pit
That their own hands have made.

4 Let fogs and darkneſs hide their way,
And ſlipp'ry be their ground;
Thy wrath ſhall make their lives a prey,
And all their rage confound

5 They fly like chaff before the wind,
Before thine angry breath;
The angel of the Lord behind
Purſues them down to death.

6 They love the road that leads to hell;
Then let the rebels die,
Whoſe malice is implacable
Againſt the Lord on high.

7 But if thou haſt a choſen few
Amongſt that impious race,
Divide them from the bloody crew,
By thy ſurpaſſing grace.

8 Then will I raiſe my tuneful voice,
To make thy wonders known:
In their ſalvation I'll rejoice,
And bleſs thee for my own.

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PSALM XXXV. *2d Part.* Com. Met. [※]
Ver. 12--14.

*Love to enemies; or, the love of Chriſt to ſinners typified in David.*

1 BEHOLD! the love, the gen'rous love,
That holy David ſhows;
Hark, how his ſounding bowels move,
To his afflicted foes!

2 When they are ſick, his ſoul complains,
And ſeems to feel the ſmart;
The ſpirit of the goſpel reigns,
And melts his pious heart.

3 How did his flowing tears condole,
As for a brother dead!
And faſting mortify'd his ſoul,
While for their life he pray'd.

4 They groan'd, and curs'd him on their bed,
Yet ſtill he pleads and mourns;
And double bleſſings on his head
The righteous God returns.

5 O glorious type of heav'nly grace!
Thus Christ the Lord appears:
While sinners curse, the Saviour prays,
And pities them with tears.

6 He, the true David, Isr'el's king,
Blest and belov'd of God,
To save us rebels, dead in sin,
Paid his own dearest blood.

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PSALM XXXVI. 5--9. Long Met. [※]
*The perfections and providence of God; or, general providence and special grace.*

1 HIGH in the heav'ns, eternal God!
Thy goodness in full glory shines;
Thy truth shall break through ev'ry cloud
That veils and darkens thy designs.

2 For ever firm thy justice stands,
As mountains their foundations keep;
Wise are the wonders of thy hands;
Thy judgments are a mighty deep.

3 Thy providence is kind and large,
Both man and beast thy bounty share;
The whole creation is thy charge,
But saints are thy peculiar care.

4 My God! how excellent thy grace,
Whence all our hope and comfort springs!
The sons of Adam in distress
Fly to the shadow of thy wings.

5 From the provisions of thy house
We shall be fed with sweet repast;
There mercy, like a river, flows,
And brings salvation to our taste.

6 Life, like a fountain, rich and free,
Springs from the presence of my Lord;
And in thy light our souls shall see
The glories promis'd in thy word.

---

PSALM XXXVI. Common Metre [※]
*Ver.* 1, 2, 5, 6, 7, 9. *Practical atheism exposed*; *or, the being and attributes of God asserted.*

1 WHILE men grow bold in wicked ways,
And yet a God they own,
My heart within me often says,
"Their thoughts believe there's none."

2 Their thoughts and ways at once declare,
(Whate'er their lips profess,
"God hath no wrath for them to fear,
"Nor will they seek his grace."

3 What strange self-flatt'ry blinds their eyes!
But there's a hast'ning hour,
When they shall see, with sore surprise,
The terrors of thy pow'r.

4 Thy justice shall maintain its throne,
Though mountains melt away;
Thy judgments are a world unknown,
A deep unfathom'd sea.

5 Above these heav'ns' created rounds,
Thy mercies, Lord, extend;
Thy truth outlives the narrow bounds,
Where time and nature end.

6 Safety to man thy goodness brings,
Nor overlooks the beast:
Beneath the shadow of thy wings
Thy children choose to rest.

7 [From thee, when creature streams run low,
And mortal comforts die,
Perpetual springs of life shall flow,
And raise our pleasures high.

8 Though all created light decay,
And death close up our eyes,
Thy presence makes eternal day,
Where clouds can never rise.]

---

PSALM XXXVI. 1–7. Short Metre. [U]

*The wickedness of man, and the majesty of God; or, practical atheism exposed.*

1 WHEN man grows bold in sin,
My heart within me cries,
"He hath no faith of God within,
"Nor fear before his eyes."

2 [He walks a while conceal'd
In a self-flatt'ring dream,
Till his dark crimes, at once reveal'd,
Expose his hateful name.]

3 His heart is false and foul,
His words are smooth and fair;
Wisdom is banish'd from his soul,
And leaves no goodness there.

4 He plots upon his bed,
New mischiefs to fulfil;
He sets his heart, and hands, and head,
To practice all that's ill.

5 But there's a dreadful God,
Though men renounce his fear;
His justice hid behind the cloud,
Shall one great day appear.

6 His truth transcends the sky;
In heav'n his mercies dwell:
Deep as the sea his judgments lie,
His anger burns to hell.

7 How excellent his love!
Whence all our safety springs:
O never let my soul remove
From underneath his wings!

---

PSALM XXXVII. *1st P. rr.* Com. Metre. [b]
Ver. 1--15.

*The cure of envy, fretfulness and unbelief: or, the rewards of the righteous, and the wicked: or, the world's hatred, and the saint's patience.*

1 WHY should I vex my soul, and fret
To see the wicked rise?
Or envy sinners, waxing great
By violence and lies?

2 As flow'ry grass cut down at noon,
Before the ev'ning fades,
So shall their glories vanish soon
In everlasting shades.

3 Then let me make the Lord my trust,
And practise all that's good;
So shall I dwell among the just,
And he'll provide me food.

4 I to my God my ways commit,
And cheerful wait his will;
Thy hand, which guides my doubtful feet
Shall my desires fulfil.

5 Mine innocence shalt thou display,
And make thy judgments known,
Fair as the light of dawning day,
And glorious as the noon.

6 The meek, at last, the earth possess,
And are the heirs of heav'n:

True riches, with abundant peace,
To humble ſouls are giv'n.

PAUSE.

7 Reſt in the Lord, and keep his way,
Nor let your anger riſe,
Though Providence ſhould long delay
To puniſh haughty vice.

8 Let ſinners join to break your peace,
And plot, and rage, and foam;
The Lord derides them, for he ſees
Their day of vengeance come.

9 They have drawn out the threat'ning ſword,
Have bent the murd'rous bow,
To ſlay the men that fear the Lord,
And bring the righteous low.

10 My God ſhall break their bows, and burn
Their perſecuting darts;
Shall their own ſwords againſt them turn,
And pain ſurpriſe their hearts.

---

PSALM XXXVII. *2d Part.* Com. Metre. [b]
Ver. 16, 21, 26—31.

*Charity to the poor; or, religion in words and deeds.*

1 WHY do the wealthy wicked boaſt,
And grow profanely bold?
The meaneſt portion of the juſt
Excels the ſinner's gold.

2 The wicked borrows of his friends;
But ne'er deſigns to pay;
The ſaint is merciful, and lends,
Nor turns the poor away.

3 His alms, with lib'ral heart, he gives
Amongſt the ſons of need;
His mem'ry to long ages lives,
And bleſſed is his ſeed.

4 His lips abhor to talk profane,
To ſlander or defraud;
His ready tongue declares to men
What he has learn'd of God.

5 The law and goſpel of the Lord
Deep in his heart abide;
Led by the Spirit and the word,
His feet ſhall never ſlide.

6 When sinners fall, the righteous stand,
Preserv'd from ev'ry snare:
They shall possess the promis'd land,
And dwell forever there.

PSALM XXXVII. 3d *Part.* Com. Metre. [※]
Ver. 23—37.

*The way and end of the righteous and the wicked.*

1 MY God, the steps of pious men
Are order'd by thy will:
Though they should fall, they rise again;
Thy hand supports them still.

2 The Lord delights to see their ways,
Their virtue he approves:
He'll ne'er deprive them of his grace,
Nor leave the men he loves.

3 The heav'nly heritage is theirs,
Their portion and their home;
He feeds them now, and makes them heirs
Of blessings long to come.

4 Wait on the Lord, ye sons of men,
Nor fear when tyrants frown;
Ye shall confess their pride was vain,
When justice casts them down.

PAUSE.

5 The haughty sinner have I seen,
Not fearing man nor God,
Like a tall bay tree, fair and green,
Spreading his arms abroad.

6 And lo, he vanish'd from the ground,
Destroy'd by hands unseen;
Nor root nor branch, nor leaf was found,
Where all that pride had been.

7 But mark the man of righteousness,
His sev'ral steps attend;
True pleasure runs through all his ways,
And peaceful is his end.

PSALM XXXVIII. Common Metre. [b]

*Guilt of conscience and relief; or, repentance and prayer for pardon and health.*

1 AMIDST thy wrath remember love,
Restore thy servant, Lord,
Nor let a father's chastening prove
Like an avenger's sword.

2 Thine arrows ſtick within my heart,
My fleſh is ſorely preſs'd;
Between the ſorrow and the ſmart,
My ſpirit finds no reſt.

3 My ſins a heavy load appear,
And o'er my head are gone;
Too heavy they for me to bear,
Too hard for me t' atone.

4 My thoughts are like a troubled ſea,
My head ſtill bending down;
And I go mourning all the day
Beneath my Father's frown.

5 Lord, I am weak and broken ſore,
None of my pow'rs are whole;
The inward anguiſh makes me roar,
The anguiſh of my ſoul.

6 All my deſire to thee is known,
Thine eye counts ev'ry tear,
And ev'ry ſigh and ev'ry groan
Is notic'd by thine ear.

7 Thou art my God, my only hope,
My God will hear my cry,
My God will bear my ſpirit up
When Satan bids me die.

8 [My foot is ever apt to ſlide,
My foes rejoice to ſee't;
They raiſe their pleaſure and their pride,
When they ſupplant my feet.

9 But I'll confeſs my guilt to thee,
And grieve for all my ſin;
I'll mourn how weak my graces be,
And beg ſupport divine.

10 My God, forgive my follies paſt,
And be forever nigh;
O Lord of my ſalvation, haſte,
Before thy ſervant die.]

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PSALM XXXIX. *1ſt Part.* Com. Metre. [※]

**Ver. 1, 2, 3.**

*Watchfulneſs over the tongue; or, prudence and zeal.*

1 THUS I reſolv'd before the Lord,
"Now will I watch my tongue,
"Leſt I let ſlip one ſinful word,
"Or do my neighbour wrong."

2 And if I'm e'er constrain'd to stay
With men of lives profane,
I'll set a double guard that day,
Nor let my talk be vain.

3 I'll scarce allow my lips to speak
The pious thoughts I feel,
Lest scoffers should th' occasion take
To mock my holy zeal.

4 Yet if some proper hour appear,
I'll not be over-aw'd,
But let the scoffing sinners hear
That I can speak for God.

PSALM XXXIX. *2d Part.* Common Metre. [b]
*Ver.* 4—7. *The vanity of man as mortal.*

TEACH me the measure of my days,
Thou Maker of my frame!
I would survey life's narrow space,
And learn how frail I am.

2 A span is all that we can boast,
An inch or two of time;
Man is but vanity and dust,
In all his flow'r and prime.

3 See the vain race of mortals move
Like shadows o'er the plain;
They rage and strive, desire and love,
But all their noise is vain.

4 Some walk in honour's gaudy show,
Some dig for golden ore;
They toil for heirs, they not who,
And straight are seen no more.

5 What should I wish, or wait for then,
From creatures, earth, and dust?
They make our expectations vain,
And disappoint our trust.

6 Now I forbid my carnal hope,
My fond desires recal;
I give my mortal int'rest up,
And make my God my all.

PSALM XXXIX. *3d Part.* Common Metre. [b]
Ver. 9—13.
*Sick-bed devotion; or, pleading without repining.*

1 GOD of my life, look gently down,
Behold the pains I feel;

But I am dumb before thy throne,
Nor dare diſpute thy will.

2 Diſeaſes are thy ſervants, Lord;
They come at thy command;
I'll not attempt a murm'ring word,
Againſt thy chaſt'ning hand.

3 Yet may I plead with humble cries,
"Remove thy ſharp rebukes;"
My ſtrength conſumes, my ſpirit dies,
Through thy repeated ſtrokes.

4 Cruſh'd as a moth beneath thy hand,
We moulder to the duſt;
Our feeble pow'rs can ne'er withſtand,
And all our beauty's loſt.

5 [This mortal life decays apace,
How ſoon the bubble's broke!
Adam, and all his num'rous race,
Are vanity and ſmoke.]

6 I'm but a ſojourner below,
As all my fathers were;
May I be well prepar'd to go,
When I the ſummons hear.

7 But if my life be ſpar'd a while,
Before my laſt remove,
Thy praiſe ſhall be my buſineſs ſtill,
And I'll declare thy love.

---

PSALM XL. *1ſt Part.* Common Metre. [※]

**Ver. 1, 2, 3, 5, 17.**

*A ſong of deliverance from great diſtreſs.*

1 I WAITED patient for the Lord;
He bow'd to hear my cry;
He ſaw me reſting on his word,
And brought ſalvation nigh.

2 He rais'd me from a horrid pit,
Where mourning long I lay;
And from my bonds releas'd my feet,
Deep bonds of miry clay.

3 Firm on a rock he made me ſtand,
And taught my cheerful tongue
To praiſe the wonders of his hand,
In a new thankful ſong.

4 I'll spread his works of grace abroad;
The saints with joy shall hear,
And sinners learn to make my God
Their only hope and fear

5 How many are thy thoughts of love!
Thy mercies, Lord, how great!
We have not words, nor hours enough,
Their numbers to repeat.

6 When I'm afflicted, poor and low,
And light and peace depart,
My God beholds my heavy woe,
And bears me on his heart.

---

PSALM XL. 2d. *Part.* Common Metre. [※]
*Ver.* 6—9. *The incarnation and sacrifice of Christ.*

1 THUS saith the Lord, "Your work is vain,
"Give your burnt-offerings o'er;
"In dying goats and bullocks slain
"My soul delights no more."

2 Then spake the Saviour, "Lo, I'm here,
"My God to do thy will;
"Whate'er thy sacred books declare,
"Thy servant shall fulfil.

3 Thy law is ever in my sight,
"I keep it near my heart;
"Mine ears are open'd with delight
"To what thy lips impart."

4 And see, the blest Redeemer comes!
Th' eternal Son appears!
And at th' appointed time assumes
The body God prepares.

5 Much he reveal'd his Father's grace,
And much his truth he shew'd,
And preach'd the way of righteousness,
Where great assemblies stood.

6 His Father's honour touch'd his heart,
He pity'd sinners' cries,
And, to fulfil a Saviour's part,
Was made a sacrifice.

PAUSE.

7 No blood of beasts, on altars shed,
Could wash the conscience clean;
But the rich sacrifice he paid,
Atones for all our sin.

3 Then was the great ſalvation ſpread,
And Satan's kingdom ſhook;
Thus by the woman's promis'd ſeed,
The ſerpent's head was broke.

---

PSALM XL. Long Metre [※]
*Ver 5–10. Ch iſt our ſacrifice.*

1 THE wonders, Lord, thy love has wrought,
Exceed our praiſe, ſurmount our thought;
Should I attempt the long detail,
My ſpeech would faint, my numbers fail.

2 No blood of beaſts on altars ſpilt,
Can cleanſe the ſouls of men from guilt;
But thou haſt ſet before our eyes
An all-ſufficient ſacrifice.

3 Lo! thine eternal Son appears!
To thy deſires he bows his ears;
Aſſumes a body well prepar'd,
And well performs a work ſo hard.

4 "Behold, I come," (the Saviour cries,
With love and duty in his eyes)
"I come to bear the heavy load
"Of ſins, and do thy will, my God.

5 "'Tis written in thy great decree,
"'Tis in thy book foretold of me,
"I muſt fulfil the Saviour's part;
"And lo! thy law is in my heart.

6 "I'll magnify thy holy law,
"And rebels to obedience draw,
"When on my croſs I'm lifted high,
"Or to my crown above the ſky.

7 "The Spirit ſhall deſcend, and ſhow
"What thou haſt done, and what I do;
"The wond'ring world ſhall learn thy grace,
"Thy wiſdom, and thy righteouſneſs."

---

PSALM XLI. Verſe 1, 2, 3. Long Metre [※]
*Charity to the poor; or, pity to the afflicted.*

1 BLEST is the man, whoſe bowels move,
And melt with pity to the poor;
Whoſe ſoul by ſympathizing love,
Feels what his fellow-ſaints endure.

2 His heart contrives for their relief
More good than his own hands can do

He, in the time of gen'ral grief,
Shall find the Lord has bowels too.

3 His soul shall live secure on earth,
With secret blessings on his head,
When drought, and pestilence, and dearth
Around him multiply their dead.

4 Or, if he languish on his couch,
God will procure his sins forgiv'n,
Will save him with a healing touch,
Or take his willing soul to heav'n.

---

PSALM XLII. *1st Part.* Common Metre. [※]
Ver. 1—5.

*Desertion and hope: or, complaint of absence from public worship.*

1 WITH earnest longings of the mind,
My God, to thee I look;
So pants the hunted hart to find
And taste the cooling brook.

2 When shall I see thy courts of grace,
And meet my God again?
So long an absence from thy face
My heart endures with pain.

3 Temptations vex my weary soul,
And tears are my repast;
The foe insults without control,
"And where's your God at last?"

4 'Tis with a mournful pleasure, now,
I think on ancient days:
Then to thy house did numbers go,
And all our work was praise.

5 But why, my soul, sunk down so far
Beneath this heavy load?
Why do thy thoughts indulge despair,
And sin against my God?

6 Hope in the Lord, whose mighty hand
Can all thy woes remove;
For I shall yet before him stand,
And sing restoring love.

---

PSALM XLII. 6—11. *2d Part.* Long Metre. [b]
*Melancholy thoughts reproved; or, hope in affliction.*

1 MY spirit sinks within me, Lord,
But I will call thy name to mind,

And times of paſt diſtreſs record,
When I have found my God was kind.

2 Huge troubles, with tumult'ous noiſe,
Swell like a ſea, and round me ſpread;
Thy water-ſpouts drown all my joys,
And riſing waves roll o'er my head.

3 Yet will the Lord command his love,
When I addreſs his throne by day;
Nor in the night his grace remove;
The night ſhall hear me ſing and pray.

4 I'll caſt myſelf before his feet,
And ſay, "My God, my heav'nly rock!
"Why doth thy love ſo long forget
"The ſoul that groans beneath thy ſtroke?"

5 I'll chide my heart that ſinks ſo low:
Why ſhould my ſoul indulge her grief?
Hope in the Lord, and praiſe him too;
He is my reſt, my ſure relief.

6 Thy light and truth ſhall guide me ſtill;
Thy word ſhall my beſt thoughts employ,
And lead me to thine holy hill,
My God, my moſt exceeding joy!

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PSALM XLIV. 1, 2, 3, 8, 15--26. Common Metre. [U]

*The church's complaint in perſecution.*

1 LORD, we have heard thy works of old,
Thy works of power and grace,
When to our ears our fathers told
The wonders of their days.

2 How thou didſt build thy churches here,
And make thy goſpel known;
Amongſt them did thine arm appear,
Thy light and glory ſhone.

3 In God they boaſted all the day;
And in a cheerful throng
Did thouſands meet to praiſe and pray,
And grace was all their ſong.

4 But now our ſouls are ſeiz'd with ſhame,
Confuſion fills our face,
To hear the enemy blaſpheme,
And fools reproach thy grace.

5 Yet have we not forgot our God,
Nor falſely dealt with Heav'n;

Nor have our steps declin'd the road
Of duty thou hast giv'n;
6 Though dragons all around us roar
With their destructive breath,
And thine own hand has bruis'd us sore,
Hard by the gates of death.

PAUSE.

7 We are expos'd all day to die
As martyrs for thy cause,
As sheep, for slaughter bound, we lie,
By sharp and bloody laws.
8 Awake, arise, almighty Lord!
Why sleeps thy wonted grace?
Why should we look like men abhorr'd,
Or banish'd from thy face?
9 Wilt thou forever cast us off,
And still neglect our cries?
Forever hide thy heav'nly love
From our afflicted eyes?
10 Down to the dust our soul is bow'd
And dies upon the ground;
Rise for our help, rebuke the proud,
And all their pow'rs confound.
11 Redeem us from perpetual shame,
Our Saviour and our God;
We plead the honours of thy name,
The merits of thy blood.

---

PSALM XLV. Short Metre. [※]

*The glory of Christ; the success of the gospel, and the Gentile church.*

1 MY Saviour and my King,
Thy beauties are divine;
Thy lips with blessings overflow,
And ev'ry grace is thine.
2 Now make thy glory known;
Gird on thy dreadful sword,
And ride in majesty, to spread
The conquests of thy word.
3 Strike through thy stubborn foes,
Or melt their hearts t' obey;
While justice, meekness, grace and truth
Attend thy glorious way.

4 Thy laws, O God, are right;
Thy throne ſhall ever ſtand:
And thy victorious goſpel proves
A ſceptre in thy hand.

5 [Thy Father and thy God
Hath without meaſure ſhed
His Spirit, like a joyful oil,
To anoint thy ſacred head.]

6 [Behold, at thy right hand
The Gentile church is ſeen,
Like a fair bride in rich attire,
And princes guard the queen.]

7 Fair bride, receive his love:
Forget thy father's houſe;
Forſake thy gods, thy idol gods,
And pay thy Lord thy vows.

8 O let thy God and King
Thy ſweeteſt thoughts employ!
Thy children ſhall his honours ſing
In palaces of joy.

---

PSALM XLV. Common Metre. [※]

*The perſonal glories and government of Chriſt.*

1 I'LL ſpeak the honours of my King:
His form divinely fair;
None of the ſons of mortal race
May with the Lord compare.

2 Sweet is thy ſpeech, and heav'nly grace
Upon thy lips is ſhed:
Thy God with bleſſings infinite
Hath crown'd thy ſacred head.

3 Gird on thy ſword victorious Prince!
Ride with majeſtic ſway;
Thy terrors ſhall ſtrike through thy foes,
And make the world obey.

4 Thy throne, O God, forever ſtands;
Thy word of grace ſhall prove
A peaceful ſceptre in thy hands,
To rule thy ſaints by love.

5 Juſtice and truth attend thee ſtill,
Dear mercy is thy choice,
And God, thy God, thy ſoul ſhall fill
With moſt peculiar joys.

PSALM XLV. *1st Part.* Long Metre. [*]
*The glory of Christ, and power of his gospel.*

1 NOW be my heart inspir'd to sing
The glories of my saviour King,
Jesus the Lord, how heav'nly fair
His form! how bright his beauties are!

2 O'er all the sons of human race
He shines with a superior grace;
Love from his lips divinely flows,
And blessings all his state compose.

3 Dress thee in arms, most mighty Lord!
Gird on the terror of thy sword!
In majesty and glory ride
With truth and meekness at thy side.

4 Thine anger, like a pointed dart,
Shall pierce the foes of stubborn heart;
Or words of mercy, kind and sweet,
Shall melt the rebels at thy feet.

5 Thy throne, O God, forever stands,
Grace is the sceptre in thy hands;
Thy laws and works are just and right,
Justice and grace are thy delight.

6 God, thine own God, has richly shed
His oil of gladness on thy head,
And with his sacred spirit blest
His first-born Son above the rest.

---

PSALM XLV. *2d Part.* Long Metre. [*]
*Christ and his church; or, the mystical marriage.*

1 THE King of saints, how fair his face,
Adorn'd with majesty and grace!
He comes with blessings from above,
And wins the nations to his love.

2 At his right hand, our eyes behold
The queen, array'd in purest gold;
The world admires her heav'nly dress;
Her robe of joy and righteousness.

3 He forms her beauties like his own,
He calls and seats her near his throne;
Fair stranger, let thine heart forget
The idols of thy native state.

4 So shall the King the more rejoice
In thee the fav'rite of his choice;

Let him be lov'd, and yet ador'd,
For he's thy Maker and thy Lord.

5 O happy hour, when thou ſhalt riſe
To his fair palace in the ſkies,
And all thy ſons, (a num'rous train)
Each like a prince in glory reign.

6 Let endleſs honours crown his head;
Let ev'ry age his praiſes ſpread;
While we, with cheerful ſongs, approve
The condeſcenſions of his love.

---

PSALM XLVI. *1ſt Part.* Long Metre. [※]

*The church's ſafety and triumph among national deſolations.*

1 GOD is the refuge of his ſaints,
When ſtorms of ſharp diſtreſs invade;
Ere we can offer our complaints,
Behold him preſent with his aid.

2 Let mountains from their ſeats be hurl'd
Down to the deep, and bury'd there;
Convulſions ſhake the ſolid world,
Our faith ſhall never yield to fear.

3 Loud may the troubled ocean roar;
In ſacred peace our ſouls abide,
While ev'ry nation, ev'ry ſhore
Trembles, and dreads the ſwelling tide.

4 There is a ſtream, whoſe gentle flow
Supplies the city of our God;
Life, love, and joy ſtill gliding through,
And wat'ring our divine abode.

5 That ſacred ſtream, thine holy word,
That all our raging fear controls:
Sweet peace thy promiſes afford,
And give new ſtrength to fainting ſouls.

6 Zion enjoys her Monarch's love,
Secure againſt a threat'ning hour:
Nor can her firm foundations move,
Built on his truth, and arm'd with pow'r.

---

PSALM XLVI. *2d Part* Long Metre. [※]

*God fights for his church.*

1 LET Zion in her King rejoice,
Tho' tyrants rage, and kingdoms riſe;

He utters his almighty voice,
The nations melt, the tumult dies.

2 The Lord of old for Jacob fought,
And Jacob's God is ſtill our aid:
Behold the works his hand has wrought,
What deſolations he has made!

3 From ſea to ſea, through all the ſhores,
He makes the noiſe of battle ceaſe;
When from on high his thunder roars,
He awes the trembling world to peace.

4 He breaks the bow, he cuts the ſpear,
Char'ots he burns with heav'nly flame;
Keep ſilence all the earth, and hear
The ſound and glory of his name.

5 "Be ſtill, and learn that I am God,
"I'll be exalted o'er the lands,
"I will be known and fear'd abroad,
"But ſtill my throne in Zion ſtands."

6 O Lord of Hoſts, almighty King,
While we ſo near thy preſence dwell,
Our faith ſhall ſet ſecure, and ſing
Defiance to the gates of hell.

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PSALM XLVII. Common Metre. [*]
*Chriſt aſcending and reigning.*

1 O FOR a ſhout of ſacred joy
To God the ſov'reign King!
Let ev'ry land their tongues employ,
And hymns of triumph ſing.

2 Jeſus our God aſcends on high!
His heav'nly guards around,
Attend him riſing through the ſky,
With trumpet's joyful ſound.

3 While angels ſhout and praiſe their King,
Let mortals learn their ſtrains:
Let all the earth his honours ſing;
O'er all the earth he reigns.

4 Rehearſe his praiſe with awe profound;
Let knowledge lead the ſong;
Nor mock him with a ſolemn ſound
Upon a thoughtleſs tongue.

5 In Iſr'el ſtood his ancient throne,
He lov'd that choſen race;

But now he calls the world his own,
And heathens taste his grace.
6 The Gentile nations are the Lord's,
There Abraham's God is known,
While pow'rs and princes, shields and swords,
Submit before his throne.

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PSALM XLVIII. *1st Part.* Short Metre. [※]
Ver. 1—8.

*The church is the honour and safety of a nation.*

1 [GREAT is the Lord our God,
And let his praise be great;
He makes his churches his abode,
His most delightful seat.
2 These temples of his grace,
How beautiful they stand!
The honours of our native place,
And bulwarks of our land.]
3 In Zion God is known,
A refuge in distress;
How bright has his salvation shone
Through all her palaces.
4 When kings against her join'd,
And saw the Lord was there,
In wild confusion of the mind,
They fled with hasty fear.
5 When navies, tall and proud,
Attempt to spoil our peace,
He sends his tempest, roaring loud,
And sinks them in the seas.
6 Oft have our fathers told,
Our eyes have often seen,
How well our God secures the fold
Where his own sheep have been.
7 In ev'ry new distress
We'll to his house repair,
We'll think upon his wondrous grace,
And seek deliv'rance there.

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PSALM XLVIII. *2d Part.* Short Metre. [※]
Ver. 10—14.

*The beauty of the church; or, gospel-worship and order.*

1 FAR as thy name is known
The world declares thy praise;

Thy saints, O Lord, before thy throne,
Their songs of honour raise,
2 With joy let Judah stand
On Zion's chosen hill,
Proclaim the wonders of thy hand,
And counsels of thy will.
3 Let strangers walk around
The city where we dwell,
Compass and view thine holy ground,
And mark the building well;
4 The orders of thy house,
The worship of thy court,
The cheerful songs, the solemn vows,
And make a fair report.
5 How decent and how wise!
How glorious to behold!
Beyond the pomp that charms the eyes,
And rites adorn'd with gold.
6 The God we worship now
Will guide us till we die,
Will be our God while here below,
And ours above the sky.

PSALM XLIX. *1st Part.* Common Metre. [b]
Ver. 6—14.

*Pride and death; or, the vanity of life and riches.*

1 WHY doth the man of riches grow
To insolence and pride,
To see his wealth and honours flow
With every rising tide?
2 [Why doth he treat the poor with scorn,
Made of the self same clay,
And boast as though his flesh was born
Of better dust than they?]
3 Not all his treasures can procure
His soul a short reprieve,
Redeem from death one guilty hour
Or make his brother live.
4 [Life is a blessing can't be sold,
The ransom is too high;
Justice will ne'er be brib'd with gold,
That man may never die.]
5 He sees the brutish and the wise,
The tim'rous and the brave,

Quit their poſſeſſions, cloſe their eyes,
And haſten to the grave.

6 Yet 'tis his inward thought and pride,
"My houſe ſhall ever ſtand:
"And that my name may long abide,
"I'll give it to my land."

7 Vain are his thoughts, his hopes are loſt;
How ſoon his mem'ry dies!
His name is written in the duſt,
Where his own carcaſs lies.

PAUSE.

8 This is the folly of their way;
And yet their ſons, as vain,
Approve the words their fathers ſay,
And act their works again.

9 Men void of wiſdom and of grace,
If honour raiſe them high,
Live like the beaſt, a thoughtleſs race,
And like the beaſt they die.

10 [Laid in the grave like ſilly ſheep,
Death feeds upon them there,
Till the laſt trumpet breaks their ſleep,
In terror and deſpair.]

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PSALM XLIX. *2d Part.* Com. Met [※]
Ver. 14, 15. *Death and the reſurrection.*

1 YE ſons of pride, that hate the juſt,
And trample on the poor,
When death has brought you down to duſt,
Your pomp ſhall riſe no more.

2 The laſt great day ſhall change the ſcene;
When will that hour appear?
When ſhall the juſt revive, and reign
O'er all that ſcorn'd them here?

3 God will my naked ſoul receive,
When ſep'rate from the fleſh;
And break the priſon of the grave,
To raiſe my bones afreſh.

4 Heav'n is my everlaſting home:
Th' inheritance is ſure;
Let men of pride their rage reſume,
But I'll repine no more.

PSALM XLIX. Long Metre. [b]

*The rich sinner's death, and the saint's resurrection.*

1 WHY do the proud insult the poor,
And boast the large estates they have?
How vain are riches to secure
Their haughty owners from the grave!

2 They can't redeem one hour from death,
With all the wealth in which they trust;
Nor give a dying brother breath,
When God commands him down to dust.

3 There the dark earth and dismal shade
Shall clasp their naked bodies round;
That flesh, so delicately fed,
Lies cold, and moulders in the ground.

4 Like thoughtless sheep the sinner dies,
Laid in the grave for worms to eat;
The saints shall in the morning rise,
And find th' oppressor at their feet.

5 His honours perish in the dust,
And pomp and beauty, birth and blood:
That glorious day exalts the just
To full dominion o'er the proud.

6 My Saviour shall my life restore,
And raise me from my dark abode:
My flesh and soul shall part no more,
But dwell forever near my God.

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PSALM L. 1—6. *1st Part.* Com. Met. [b]

*The last judgment: or, the saints rewarded.*

1 THE Lord, the judge, before his throne
Bids the whole earth draw nigh;
The nations near the rising sun,
And near the western sky.

2 No more shall bold blasphemers say,
"Judgment will ne'er begin;"
No more abuse his long delay,
To impudence and sin.

3 Thron'd on a cloud, our God shall come,
Bright flames prepare his way:
Thunder and darkness, fire and storm,
Lead on the dreadful day.

4 Heav'n from above his call shall hear,
Attending angels come,

And earth and hell shall know and fear
His justice and their doom.

5 "But gather all my saints," he cries,
"That made their peace with God
"By the Redeemer's sacrifice,
"And seal'd it with his blood.

6 "Their faith and works brought forth to light,
"Shall make the world confess
"My sentence of reward is right,
"And heav'n adore my grace."

---

PSALM L. 2*d Part.* Common Metre. [※]
Ver. 8, 10, 11, 14, 15, 23.
*Obedience is better than sacrifice.*

1 THUS saith the Lord, "The spacious fields,
"And flocks and herds are mine;
"O'er all the cattle of the hills
"I claim a right divine.

2 "I ask no sheep for sacrifice,
"Nor bullocks burnt with fire;
"To hope and love, to pray and praise,
"Is all that I require.

3 "Call upon me when trouble's near,
"My hand shall set thee free;
"Then shall thy thankful lips declare
"The honour due to me.

4 "The man that offers humble praise,
"He glorifies me best:
"And those, that tread my holy ways,
"Shall my salvation taste."

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PSALM L. 3*d Part.* Common Metre. [※]
Ver. 1, 5, 8, 16, 21, 22.
*The judgment of hypocrites.*

1 WHEN Christ to judgment shall descend,
And saints surround their Lord,
He calls the nations to attend,
And hear his awful word.

2 "Not for the want of bullocks slain
"Will I the world reprove;
"Altars and rites and forms are vain,
"Without the fire of love.

3 "And what have hypocrites to do
"To bring their sacrifice?

" They call my ſtatutes juſt and true,
" But deal in theft and lies.

4 " Could you expect to 'ſcape my ſight,
" And ſin without controul?
" But I ſhall bring your crimes to light,
" With anguiſh in your ſoul."

5 Conſider ye, that ſlight the Lord,
Before his wrath appear;
If once you fall beneath his ſword,
There's no deliv'rer there.

PSALM L. Long Metre. [6]

*Hypocriſy expoſed.*

1 THE Lord, the Judge, his churches warns;
Let hypocrites attend and fear,
Who place their hope in rites and forms,
But make not faith nor love their care.

2 Vile wretches dare rehearſe his name
With lips of falſehood and deceit;
A friend or brother they defame,
And ſooth and flatter thoſe they hate.

3 They watch to do their neighbours wrong,
Yet dare to ſeek their Maker's face;
They take his cov'nant on their tongue,
But break his laws, abuſe his grace.

4 To heav'n they lift their hands unclean,
Defil'd with luſt, defil'd with blood;
By night they practiſe ev'ry ſin,
By day their mouths draw near to God.

5 And while his judgments long delay,
They grow ſecure and ſin no more;
They think he ſleeps as well as they,
And put far off the dreadful hour.

6 O dreadful hour, when God draws near,
And ſets their crimes before their eyes;
His wrath their guilty ſouls ſhall tear,
And no deliv'rer dare to riſe.

PSALM L. *1ſt Part.* Particular Met. [6]

*The laſt judgment.*

1 THE Lord, the ſov'reign, ſends his ſummons forth,
Calls the ſouth nations, and awakes the north;
From eaſt to weſt the ſounding orders ſpread,
Through diſtant worlds, and regions of the dead.

No more shall atheists mock his long delay;
His vengeance sleeps no more: Behold the day!

2 Behold! the Judge descends; his guards are nigh,
Tempest and fire attend him down the sky:
Heav'n, earth, and hell, draw near; let all things
To hear his justice, and the sinner's doom;
But gather first my saints (the Judge commands)
Bring them, ye angels, from their distant lands.

3 Behold my cov'nant stands forever good,
Seal'd by th' eternal sacrifice in blood,
And sign'd with all their names; the Greek, the Jew,
That paid the ancient worship, or the new;
There's no distinction here; come, spread their thrones,
And near me seat my fav'rites and my sons.

4 I, their almighty Saviour, and their God,
I am their judge: Ye heav'ns, proclaim abroad
My just eternal sentence, and declare
Those awful truths that sinners dread to hear:
Sinners in Zion, tremble and retire;
I doom the painted hypocrite to fire.

5 Not for the want of goats or bullocks slain,
Do I condemn thee; bulls and goats are vain
Without the flames of love: In vain the store
Of brutal off'rings that were mine before:
Mine are the tamer beasts and savage breed,
Flocks, herds, and fields, and forests where they feed.

6 If I were hungry, would I ask thee food?
When did I thirst, or drink thy bullock's blood?
Can I be flatter'd with thy cringing bows,
Thy solemn chatt'rings, and fantastick vows?
Are my eyes charm'd thy vestments to behold,
Glaring in gems, and gay in woven gold?

7 Unthinking wretch! how could'st thou hope to please
A God, a spirit, with such toys as these?
While, with my grace and statutes on thy tongue,
Thou lov'st deceit, and dost thy brother wrong;
In vain to pious forms thy zeal pretends.
Thieves and adult'rers are thy chosen friends.

8 Silent I waited with long-suff'ring love;
But didst thou hope that I should ne'er reprove?
And cherish such an impious thought within,
That God the righteous would indulge thy sin?

Behold my terrors now; my thunders roll,
And thy own crimes affright thy guilty soul.
9 Sinners, awake betimes; ye fools, be wise;
Awake before this dreadful morning rise;
Change your vain thoughts, your crooked works amend;
Fly to the Saviour, make the Judge your friend;
Left like a lion his last vengeance tear
Your trembling souls, and no deliv'rer near.

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PSALM L. *2d Part.* Particular Metre. [D]

*The last judgment.*

1 THE God of glory sends his summons forth,
Calls the south nations, and awakes the north;
From east to west his sov'reign orders spread,
Thro' distant worlds, and regions of the dead.
The trumpet sounds; hell trembles; heav'n rejoices;
Lift up your heads, ye saints, with cheerful voices.
2 No more shall atheists mock his long delay;
His vengeance sleeps no more: Behold the day!
Behold the Judge descends; his guards are nigh;
Tempest and fire attend him down the sky.
When God appears, all nature shall adore him:
While sinners tremble, saints rejoice before him.
3 "Heav'n, earth, and hell, draw near: Let all things come,
"To hear my justice, and the sinner's doom;
"But gather first my saints (the Judge commands)
"Bring them, ye angels, from their distant lands."
When Christ returns, wake ev'ry cheerful passion;
And shout, ye saints! he comes for your salvation.
4 "Behold! my cov'nant stands for ever good,
"Seal'd by th' eternal sacrifice in blood, [Jew,
"And sign'd with all their names; the Greek, the
"That paid the ancient worship, or the new."
There's no distinction here; join all your voices,
And raise your heads, ye saints, for heav'n rejoices.
5 "Here (saith the Lord) ye angels, spread their thrones,
"And near me seat my fav'rites and my sons:
"Come, my redeem'd, possess the joys prepar'd
"Ere time began; 'tis your divine reward."
When Christ returns, wake ev'ry cheerful passion;
And shout, ye saints! he comes for your salvation.

PAUSE THE FIRST.

6 "I am the Saviour, I th' almighty God;
"I am the Judge: Ye heav'ns proclaim abroad
"My just eternal sentence, and declare
"Those awful truths that sinners dread to hear."
When God appears, all nature shall adore him:
While sinners tremble, saints rejoice before him.

7 "Stand forth, thou bold blasphemer, and profane,
"Now feel my wrath, nor call my threat'nings vain;
"Thou hypocrite, once dress'd in saints' attire,
"I doom thee, painted hypocrite, to fire."
Judgment proceeds; hell trembles; heav'n rejoices;
Lift up your heads, ye saints, with cheerful voices.

8 "Not for the want of goats or bullocks slain
"Do I condemn thee; bulls and goats are vain
"Without the flames of love: In vain the store
"Of brutal off'rings that were mine before."
Earth is the Lord's; all nature shall adore him;
While sinners tremble, saints rejoice before him.

9 "If I were hungry, would I ask thee food:
"When did I thirst, or drink thy bullock's blood?
"Mine are the tamer beasts, and savage breed,
"Flocks, herds, and fields, and forests where they feed."
All is the Lord's, he rules the wide creation;
Gives sinners vengeance, and the saints salvation.

10 "Can I be flatter'd with thy cringing bows,
"Thy solemn chatt'rings, and fantastick vows?
"Are my eyes charm'd thy vestments to behold,
"Glaring in gems, and gay in woven gold?"
God is the Judge of hearts; no fair disguises
Can screen the guilty when his vengeance rises.

PAUSE THE SECOND.

11 "Unthinking wretch! how couldst thou hope to please
"A God, a Spirit, with such toys as these?
"While with my grace and statutes on thy tongue,
"Thou lov'st deceit, and dost thy brother wrong"
Judgment proceeds; hell trembles; heav'n rejoices;
Lift up your heads, ye saints, with cheerful voices.

12 "In vain to pious forms thy zeal pretends;
"Thieves and adult'rers are thy chosen friends:

" While the falſe flatt'rer at my altar waits,
" His harden'd ſoul divine inſtruction hates."
God is the Judge of hearts; no fair diſguiſes
Can ſcreen the guilty when his vengeance riſes.

13 " Silent I waited with long-ſuff'ring love;
" But didſt thou hope that I ſhould ne'er reprove?
" And cheriſh ſuch an impious thought within,
" That the All-Holy would indulge thy ſin?
See, God appears, all nature joins t'adore him;
Judgment proceeds, and ſinners fall before him.

14 " Behold my terrors now; my thunders roll,
" And thy own crimes affright thy guilty ſoul.
" Now like a lion ſhall my vengeance tear
" Thy bleeding heart, and no deliv'rer near."
Judgment concludes; hell trembles; heav'n rejoices;
Lift up your heads, ye ſaints, with cheerful voices.

EPIPHONEMA.

15 " Sinners, awake betimes; ye fools, be wiſe;
" Awake before this dreadful morning riſe:
" Change your vain thoughts, your crooked works amend;
" Fly to the ſaviour, make the Judge your friend."
Then join, ye ſaints, wake ev'ry cheerful paſſion;
When Chriſt returns, he comes for your ſalvation.

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PSALM LI. *1ſt Part.* Long Metre. [b]

*A penitent pleading for pardon.*

1 SHEW pity, Lord; O Lord, forgive;
Let a repenting rebel live;
Are not thy mercies large and free?
May not a ſinner truſt in thee?

2 My crimes are great, but can't ſurpaſs
The power and glory of thy grace:
Great God thy nature hath no bound,
So let thy pard'ning love be found.

3 O waſh my ſoul from ev'ry ſin,
And make my guilty conſcience clean;
Here on my heart the burden lies,
And paſt offences pain mine eyes.

4 My lips with ſhame my ſins confeſs,
Againſt thy law, againſt thy grace;
Lord, ſhould thy judgment grow ſevere,
I am condemn'd, but thou art clear.

5 Should sudden vengeance seize my breath,
I must pronounce thee just in death:
And if my soul were sent to hell,
Thy righteous law approves it well.
6 Yet save a trembling sinner, Lord,
Whose hope, still hov'ring round thy word,
Would light on some sweet promise there,
Some sure support against despair

PSALM LI. *2d Part.* Long Metre. [b]
*Original and actual sin confessed.*

1 LORD, I am vile, conceiv'd in sin;
And born unholy and unclean;
Sprung from the man, whose guilty fall
Corrupts the race, and taints us all.
2 Soon as we draw our infant breath,
The seeds of sin grow up for death;
Thy law demands a perfect heart;
But we're defil'd in ev'ry part.
3 [Great God, create my heart anew,
And form my spirit pure and true;
O make me wise betimes, to spy
My danger and my remedy.]
4 Behold, I fall before thy face;
My only refuge is thy grace:
No outward forms can make me clean;
The leprosy lies deep within.
5 No bleeding bird, nor bleeding beast,
Nor hyssop branch, nor sprinkling priest,
Nor running brook, nor flood, nor sea,
Can wash the dismal stain away.
6 Jesus, my God, thy blood alone
Hath pow'r sufficient to atone;
Thy blood can make me white as snow;
No Jewish types could cleanse me so.
7 While guilt disturbs and breaks my peace,
Nor flesh nor soul hath rest or ease;
Lord, let me hear thy pard'ning voice,
And make my broken bones rejoice.

PSALM LI. *3d Part.* Long Metre. [b]
*The backslider restored; or, repentance and faith in the blood of Christ.*

O THOU that hear'st when sinners cry,
Though all my crimes before thee lie,

Behold them not with angry look,
But blot their mem'ry from thy book.

2 Create my nature pure within,
And form my soul averse to sin;
Let thy good Spirit ne'er depart,
Nor hide thy presence from my heart.

3 I cannot live without thy light,
Cast out and banish'd from thy sight;
Thine holy joys, my God, restore,
And guard me, that I fall no more.

4 Though I have griev'd thy Spirit, Lord,
His help and comfort still afford:
And let a wretch come near thy throne,
To plead the merits of thy Son.

5 A broken heart, my God, my King,
Is all the sacrifice I bring;
The God of grace will ne'er despise
A broken heart for sacrifice.

6 My soul lies humbled in the dust,
And owns thy dreadful sentence just;
Look down, O Lord, with pitying eye,
And save the soul condemn'd to die.

7 Then will I teach the world thy ways;
Sinners shall learn thy sov'reign grace;
I'll lead them to my Saviour's blood,
And they shall praise a pard'ning God.

8 O may thy love inspire my tongue!
Salvation shall be all my song;
And all my pow'rs shall join to bless
The Lord, my strength and righteousness.

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PSALM LI. 3—13. *1st Part.* Com. Met. [*]
*Original and actual sin confessed and pardoned.*

1 LORD, I would spread my sore distress
And guilt before thine eyes;
Against thy laws, against thy grace,
How high my crimes arise!

2 Should'st thou condemn my soul to hell,
And crush my flesh to dust,
Heav'n would approve thy vengeance well,
And earth must own it just.

3 I from the stock of Adam came,
Unholy and unclean;

All my original is shame,
And all my nature sin.

4 Born in a world of guilt, I drew
Contagion with my breath;
And as my days advanc'd, I grew
A juster prey for death.

5 Cleanse me, O Lord, and cheer my soul
With thy forgiving love;
O make my broken spirit whole,
And bid my pains remove.

6 Let not thy Spirit quite depart,
Nor drive me from thy face;
Create anew my vicious heart,
And fill it with thy grace.

7 Then will I make thy mercy known
Before the sons of men;
Backsliders shall address thy throne,
And turn to God again.

---

PSALM LI. *2d Part.* Common Metre. [b]

Ver. 14—17.

*Repentance and faith in the blood of Christ.*

1 O GOD of mercy, hear my call,
My load of guilt remove;
Break down this separating wall
That bars me from thy love.

2 Give me the presence of thy grace,
Then my rejoicing tongue
Shall speak aloud thy righteousness,
And make thy praise my song.

3 No blood of goats, nor heifer slain,
For sin could e'er atone:
The death of Christ shall still remain
Sufficient and alone.

4 A soul oppress'd with sin's desert,
My God will ne'er despise:
A humble groan, a broken heart,
Is our best sacrifice.

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PSALM LIII. 4—6. Common Metre. [※]

*Victory and deliverance from persecution.*

1 ARE all the foes of Zion fools,
Who thus devour her saints?

Do they not know her Saviour rules,
And pities her complaints?

2 They shall be seiz'd with sad surprise;
For God's revenging arm
Scatters the bones of them that rise
To do his children harm.

3 In vain the sons of Satan boast
Of armies in array;
When God has first dispers'd their host,
They fall an easy prey.

4 O for a word from Zion's King,
Her captives to restore!
Jacob, with all the tribes, shall sing,
And Judah weep no more.

---

PSALM LV. Common Metre. [b]
Ver. 1—8, 16, 17, 18, 22.

*Support for the afflicted and tempted soul.*

1 O GOD, my refuge, hear my cries,
Behold my flowing tears,
For earth and hell my hurt devise,
And triumph in my fears.

2 Their rage is levell'd at my life,
My soul with guilt they load,
And fill my thoughts with inward strife,
To shake my hope in God.

3 With inward pain my heart-strings sound,
I groan with ev'ry breath;
Horror and fear beset me round
Amongst the shades of death.

4 O were I like a feather'd dove,
And innocence had wings;
I'd fly, and make a long remove
From all these restless things.

5 Let me to some wild desart go,
And find a peaceful home,
Where storms of malice never blow,
Temptations never come.

6 Vain hopes, and vain inventions all,
To 'scape the rage of hell!
The mighty God, on whom I call,
Can save me here as well.

PAUSE.

7 By morning light I'll seek his face,
At noon repeat my cry:
The night shall hear me ask his grace,
Nor will he long deny.

8 God shall preserve my soul from fear,
Or shield me when afraid;
Ten thousand angels must appear,
If he command their aid.

9 I cast my burdens on the Lord,
The Lord sustains them all;
My courage rests upon his word,
That saints shall never fall.

10 My highest hopes shall not be vain;
My lips shall spread his praise:
While cruel and deceitful men
Scarce live out half their days.

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PSALM LV. Ver. 15—17,19,22 Short Metre. [b]
*Dangerous prosperity; or, daily devotion encouraged.*

1 LET sinners take their course,
And choose the road to death;
But in the worship of my God
I'll spend my daily breath.

2 My thoughts address his throne,
When morning brings the light;
I seek his blessing ev'ry noon,
And pay my vows at night.

3 Thou wilt regard my cries,
O my eternal God!
While sinners perish in surprise
Beneath thine angry rod.

4 Because they dwell at ease,
And no sad changes feel,
They neither fear nor trust thy name,
Nor learn to do thy will.

5 But I, with all my cares,
Will lean upon the Lord;
I'll cast my burden on his arm,
And rest upon his word.

6 His arm shall well sustain
The children of his love;
The ground, on which their safety stands,
No earthly pow'r can move.

PSALM LVI. Common Metre. [*]

*Deliverance from oppression and falsehood; or, God's care of his people, in answer to faith and prayer.*

1 O THOU! whose justice reigns on high,
And makes th' oppressor cease;
Behold how envious sinners try
To vex and break my peace.

2 The sons of violence and lies
Join to devour me, Lord;
But as my hourly dangers rise,
My refuge is thy word.

3 In God most holy, just and true,
I have repos'd my trust;
Nor will I fear what flesh can do,
The offspring of the dust.

4 They wrest my words to mischief still,
Charge me with unknown faults;
Mischief doth all their counsels fill,
And malice all their thoughts.

5 Shall they escape without thy frown?
Must their devices stand?
O cast the haughty sinner down,
And let him know thy hand!

PAUSE.

6 God counts the sorrows of his saints,
Their groans affect his ears;
Thou hast a book for my complaints,
A bottle for my tears.

7 When to thy throne I raise my cry,
The wicked fear and flee;
So swift is pray'r to reach the sky,
So near is God to me.

8 In thee, most holy, just and true,
I have repos'd my trust.
Nor will I fear what man can do,
The offspring of the dust.

9 Thy solemn vows are on me, Lord,
Thou shalt receive my praise;
I'll sing, "How faithful is thy word!
"How righteous all thy ways!"

10 Thou hast secur'd my soul from death;
O let thy prisoner free:

That heart and hand, and life and breath,
May be employ'd for thee.

## PSALM LVII. Long Metre. [✻]

*Praise for protection, grace, and truth.*

1 MY God, in whom are all the springs
Of boundless love and grace unknown;
Hide me beneath thy spreading wings,
Till the dark cloud is overblown.

2 Up to the heav'ns I send my cry,
The Lord will my desires perform;
He sends his angels from the sky,
And saves me from the threat'ning storm.

3 Be thou exalted, O my God!
Above the heav'ns, where angels dwell;
Thy pow'r on earth be known abroad,
And land to land thy wonders tell.

4 My heart is fix'd: My song shall raise
Immortal honours to thy name;
Awake, my tongue, to sound his praise,
My tongue, the glory of my frame.

5 High o'er the earth his mercy reigns,
And reaches to the utmost sky;
His truth to endless years remains,
When lower worlds dissolve and die.

6 Be thou exalted, O my God!
Above the heav'ns, where angels dwell;
Thy pow'r on earth be known abroad,
And land to land thy wonders tell.

## PSALM LVIII. Particular Metre. [✻]

*Warning to Magistrates.*

1 JUDGES, who rule the world by laws,
Will ye despise the righteous cause,
When th' injur'd poor before you stands?
Dare ye condemn the righteous poor,
And let rich sinners 'scape secure,
While gold and greatness bribe your hands?

2 Have ye forgot, or never knew,
That God will judge the judges too?
High in the heav'ns his justice reigns;
Yet you invade the rights of God,
And send your bold decrees abroad,
To bind the conscience in your chains.

3 A poiſon'd arrow is your tongue,
The arrow ſharp, the poiſon ſtrong,
And death attends where'er it wounds:
You hear no counſels, cries or tears;
So the deaf adder ſtops her ears
Againſt the pow'r of charming ſounds.

4 Break out their teeth, eternal God,
Thoſe teeth of lions dy'd in blood,
And cruſh the ſerpents in the duſt;
As empty chaff, when whirlwinds riſe,
Before the ſweeping tempeſt flies,
So let their hopes and names be loſt

5 The Almighty thunders from the ſky,
Their grandeur melts, their titles die,
As hills of ſnow diſſolve and run,
Or ſnails that periſh in their ſlime,
Or births that come before their time,
Vain births that never ſee the ſun.

6 Thus ſhall the vengeance of the Lord
Safety and joy to ſaints afford;
And all that hear ſhall join and ſay,
"Sure there's a God that rules on high,
"A God that hears his children cry,
"And will their ſuff'rings well repay."

---

PSALM LX. 1--5, 10--12. Common Metre. [b]

*On a day of humiliation for diſappointments in war.*

1 LORD, haſt thou caſt the nation off?
Muſt we for ever mourn?
Wilt thou indulge immortal wrath?
Shall mercy ne'er return?

2 The terror of one frown of thine
Melts all our ſtrength away;
Like men that totter, drunk with wine,
We tremble in diſmay.

3 "Our Zion trembles at thy ſtroke,
"And dreads thy lifted hand!
"Oh, heal the people thou haſt broke,
"And ſave the ſinking land."

4 Lift up a banner in the field
For thoſe that fear thy name:
Save thy beloved with thy ſhield,
And put our foes to ſhame.

5 Go with our armies to the fight,
Like a confed'rate God;
In vain confed'rate pow'rs unite
Againſt thy lifted rod.

6 Our troops ſhall gain a wide renown
By thine aſſiſting hand;
'Tis God that treads the mighty down,
And makes the feeble ſtand.

---

PSALM LXI. Verſe 1--6. Short Metre. [b]

*Safety in God.*

1 WHEN, overwhelm'd with grief,
My heart within me dies;
Helpleſs, and far from all relief,
To heav'n I lift mine eyes.

2 O lead me to the rock
That's high above my head,
And make the covert of thy wings
My ſhelter and my ſhade.

3 Within thy preſence, Lord,
For ever I'll abide;
Thou art the tow'r of my defence,
The refuge where I hide.

4 Thou giveſt me the lot
Of thoſe that fear thy name;
If endleſs life be their reward,
I ſhall poſſeſs the ſame.

---

PSALM LXII. Verſe 5--12. Long Metre. [※]

*No truſt in the creatures; or, faith in divine grace and power.*

1 MY ſpirit looks to God alone;
My rock and refuge is his throne;
In all my fears, in all my ſtraits,
My ſoul on his ſalvation waits.

2 Truſt him, ye ſaints, in all your ways,
Pour out your hearts before his face;
When helpers fail, and foes invade,
God is our all-ſufficient aid.

3 Falſe are the men of high degree,
The baſer ſort are vanity;
Laid in the balance, both appear
Light as a puff of empty air.

4 Make not increasing gold your trust,
Nor set your hearts on glitt'ring dust:
Why will you grasp the fleeting smoke,
And not believe what God has spoke?

5 Once has his awful voice declar'd,
Once and again my ears have heard,
"All pow'r is his eternal due;
"He must be fear'd and trusted too."

6 For sov'reign pow'r reigns not alone,
Grace is a partner of the throne;
Thy grace and justice, mighty Lord,
Shall well divide our last reward.

---

PSALM LXIII. *1st Part.* Common Metre. [*]
Verse 1, 2, 5, 3, 4. *The morning of a Lord's-day.*

1 EARLY, my God, without delay,
I haste to seek thy face:
My thirsty spirit faints away,
Without thy cheering grace.

2 So pilgrims on the scorching sand,
Beneath a burning sky,
Long for a cooling stream at hand,
And they must drink or die.

3 I've seen thy glory and thy pow'r
Through all thy temple shine;
My God, repeat that heav'nly hour,
That vision so divine!

4 Not all the blessings of a feast
Can please my soul so well,
As when thy richer grace I taste,
And in thy presence dwell.

5 Not life itself, with all its joys,
Can my best passions move,
Or raise so high my cheerful voice,
As thy forgiving love.

6 Thus, till my last expiring day,
I'll bless my God and King;
Thus will I lift my hands to pray,
And tune my lips to sing.

---

PSALM LXIII. *2d Part.* Common Metre. [*]
Verse 6--10. *Midnight thoughts recollected.*

1 'TWAS in the watches of the night,
I thought upon thy pow'r;

I kept thy lovely face in sight
Amidst the darkest hour.
My flesh lay resting on my bed;
My soul rose on high;
"My God, my life, my hope," I said,
"Bring thy salvation nigh."

My spirit labours up thine hill,
And climbs the heav'nly road:
But thy right hand upholds me still,
While I pursue my God.

Thy mercy stretches o'er my head
The shadow of thy wings.
My heart rejoices in thine aid;
My tongue awakes and sings.
But the destroyers of my peace
Shall fret and rage in vain;
The tempter shall forever cease
And all my sins be slain.

Thy sword shall give my foes to death,
And send them down to dwell
In the dark caverns of the earth,
Or to the depths of hell.

---

PSALM LXIII. Long Metre. [*]

*Longing after God; or, the love of God better than life.*

GREAT God, indulge my humble claim;
Thou art my hope, my joy, my rest;
The glories that compose thy name
Stand all engag'd to make me blest.
Thou great and good, thou just and wise,
Thou art my Father and my God!
And I am thine by sacred ties;
Thy son, thy servant, bought with blood.
With heart, and eyes, and lifted hands,
For thee I long, to thee I look;
As travellers, in thirsty lands,
Pant for the cooling water-brook.
With early feet I love to appear
Among thy saints, and seek thy face;
Oft have I seen thy glory there,
And felt the pow'r of sov'reign grace.
Not fruits, nor wines that tempt our taste,
Nor all the joys our senses know,

Could make me so divinely blest,
Or raise my cheerful passions so.

6 My life itself, without thy love,
No taste of pleasure could afford;
'Twould but a tiresome burden prove,
If I were banish'd from the Lord.

7 Amidst the wakeful hours of night,
When busy cares afflict my head,
One thought of thee gives new delight,
And adds refreshment to my bed.

8 I'll lift my hands, I'll raise my voice,
While I have breath to pray or praise;
This work shall make my heart rejoice,
And spend the remnant of my days.

---

PSALM LXIII. Short Metre. [b]

*Seeking God.*

1 MY God, permit my tongue
This joy, to call thee mine;
And let my early cries prevail
To taste thy love divine.

2 My thirsty fainting soul
Thy mercy does implore;
Not travellers, in desart lands,
Can pant for water more.

3 Within thy churches, Lord,
I long to find my place;
Thy pow'r and glory to behold,
And feel thy quick'ning grace.

4 For life without thy love
No relish can afford;
No joy can be compar'd with this,
To serve and please the Lord.

5 To thee I lift my hands,
And praise thee while I live;
Not the rich dainties of a feast
Such food or pleasure give.

6 In wakeful hours of night,
I call my God to mind;
I think how wise thy counsels are,
And all thy dealings kind.

7 Since thou hast been my help,
To thee my spirit flies,

And on thy watchful providence
My chearful hope relies.
The shadow of thy wings
My soul in safety keeps:
I follow where my Father leads,
And he supports my steps.

PSALM LXV. 1*st Part.* Long Metre. [※]
Verse 1--5. *Public prayer and praise.*

1 THE praise of Zion waits for thee,
My God; and praise becomes thy house:
There shall thy saints thy glory see,
And there perform their public vows.

2 O thou, whose mercy bends the skies
To save, when humble sinners pray;
All lands to thee shall lift their eyes,
And islands of the nothern sea.

3 Against my will my sins prevail,
But grace shall purge away their stain;
The blood of Christ will never fail
To wash my garments white again.

4 Blest is the man whom thou shalt choose,
And give him kind access to thee;
Give him a place within thy house,
To taste thy love divinely free.

PAUSE.

5 Let Babel fear when Zion prays;
Babel prepare for long distress,
When Zion's God himself arrays
In terror, and in righteousness.

6 With dreadful glory God fulfils
What his afflicted saints request;
And with almighty wrath reveals
His love, to give his churches rest.

7 Then shall the flocking nations run
To Zion's hill, and own their Lord;
The rising and the setting sun
Shall see the Saviour's name ador'd.

PSALM LXV. 2*d Part.* Long Metre [※]
Ver. 5—13. *Divine providence in air, earth, and sea; or, the God of nature and grace.*

1 THE God of our salvation hears
The groans of Zion mix'd with tears;

Yet when he comes with kind designs,
Through all the way his terror shines.

2 On him the race of man depends,
Far as the earth's remotest ends,
Where the Creator's name is known,
By nature's feeble light alone.

3 Sailors, that travel o'er the flood,
Address their frighted souls to God,
When tempests rage, and billows roar,
At dreadful distance from the shore.

4 He bids the noisy tempests cease;
He calms the raging crowd to peace,
When a tumultuous nation raves,
Wild as the winds, and loud as waves.

5 Whole kingdoms, shaken by the storm,
He settles in a peaceful form.
Mountains establish'd by his hand,
Firm on their old foundations stand.

6 Behold his ensigns sweep the sky,
New comets blaze, and lightnings fly;
The heathen lands, with swift surprise,
From the bright horrors turn their eyes.

7 At his command, the morning ray
Smiles in the east and leads the day:
He guides the sun's declining wheels,
Over the tops of western hills.

8 Seasons and times obey his voice;
The ev'ning and the morn rejoice
To see the earth made fair with flow'rs,
Laden with fruit and dress'd in flow'rs.

9 'Tis from his watry stores on high,
He gives the thirsty ground supply;
He walks upon the clouds, and thence
Doth his enriching drops dispense.

10 The desart grows a fruitful field;
Abundant food the vallies yield;
The vallies shout with cheerful voice,
And neighb'ring hills repeat their joys.

11 The pastures smile in green array;
There lambs and larger cattle play;
The larger cattle, and the lamb,
Each in his language speaks thy name.

12 Thy works pronounce thy pow'r divine;
O'er ev'ry field thy glories shine:
Through ev'ry month thy gifts appear;
Great God! thy goodness crowns the year.

PSALM LXV. 1st Part. Common Metre. [*]
*A prayer-hearing God, and the Gentiles called.*

1 PRAISE waits in Zion, Lord, for thee;
There shall our vows be paid:
Thou hast an ear when sinners pray,
All flesh shall seek thine aid.

2 Lord, our iniquities prevail,
But pard'ning grace is thine:
And thou wilt grant us pow'r and skill
To conquer ev'ry sin.

3 Blest are the men whom thou wilt choose,
To bring them near thy face;
Give them a dwelling in thine house,
To feast upon thy grace.

4 In answ'ring what thy church requests,
Thy truth and terror shine,
And works of dreadful righteousness
Fulfil thy kind design.

5 Thus shall the wond'ring nations see
The Lord is good and just:
And distant islands fly to thee,
And make thy name their trust.

6 They dread thy glitt'ring tokens, Lord,
When signs in heav'n appear;
But they shall learn thy holy word,
And love as well as fear.

PSALM LXV. 2d Part. Common Metre. [†]
*The providence of God in air, earth, and sea; or, the blessing of rain.*

1 'TIS by thy strength the mountains stand,
God of eternal pow'r!
The sea grows calm at thy command,
And tempests cease to roar.

2 The morning light and ev'ning shade
Successive comforts bring:
Thy plenteous fruits make harvest glad,
Thy flow'rs adorn the spring.

3 Seasons and times, and moons and hours,
Heav'n, earth, and air are thine;

When clouds distil in fruitful show'rs,
The Author is divine.

4 Those wand'ring cisterns in the sky,
Borne by the winds around,
With wat'ry treasures well supply
The furrows of the ground.

5 The thirsty ridges drink their fill,
And ranks of corn appear;
Thy ways abound with blessings still,
Thy goodness crowns the year.

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PSALM LXV. *3d Part.* Common Metre. [※]
*The blessings of the spring; or, God gives rain.*
A Psalm for the Husbandman.

1 GOOD is the Lord, the heav'nly King,
Who makes the earth his care;
Visits the pastures ev'ry spring,
And bids the grass appear.

2 The clouds, like rivers, rais'd on high,
Pour out, at thy command,
Their wat'ry blessings from the sky,
To cheer the thirsty land.

3 The soften'd ridges of the field
Permit the corn to spring;
The vallies rich provision yield,
And the poor lab'rers sing.

4 The little hills, on ev'ry side,
Rejoice at falling show'rs;
The meadows, dress'd in all their pride,
Perfume the air with flow'rs.

5 The barren clods, refresh'd with rain,
Promise a joyful crop;
The parched grounds look green again,
And raise the reaper's hope.

6 The various months thy goodness crowns;
How bounteous are thy ways!
The bleating flocks spread o'er the downs,
And shepherds shout thy praise.

---

PSALM LXVI. *1st Part.* Common Metre. [※]
*Governing power and goodness; or, our grace tried by afflictions.*

1 SING, all ye nations, to the Lord,
Sing with a joyful noise;

With melody of sound record
His honours, and your joys.

2 Say to the power that shakes the sky,
"How terrible art thou!
"Sinners before thy presence fly,
"Or at thy feet they bow."

3 [Come, see the wonders of our God,
How glorious are his ways!
In Moses' hand he puts his rod,
And cleaves the frighted seas.

4 He made the ebbing channel dry,
While Isr'el pass'd the flood;
There did the church begin their joy,
And triumph in their God.]

5 He rules by his resistless might;
Will rebel mortals dare
Provoke th' Eternal to the fight,
And tempt that dreadful war?

6 O bless our God, and never cease;
Ye saints, fulfil his praise;
He keeps our life, maintains our peace,
And guides our doubtful ways.

7 Lord, thou hast prov'd our suff'ring souls,
To make our graces shine;
So silver bears the burning coals,
The metal to refine.

8 Through wat'ry deeps and fiery ways,
We march at thy command;
Led to possess the promis'd place
By thine unerring hand.

---

PSALM LXVI. *2d Part.* Common Metre. [※]
Ver. 13—20. *Praise to God for hearing prayer.*

1 NOW shall my solemn vows be paid
To that almighty Pow'r,
That heard the long requests I made
In my distressful hour.

2 My lips and cheerful heart prepare
To make his mercies known;
Come, ye that fear my God, and hear
The wonders he has done.

3 When on my head huge sorrows fell,
I sought his heav'nly aid;

He sav'd my sinking soul from hell,
And death's eternal shade.

4 If sin lay cover'd in my heart,
While pray'r employ'd my tongue,
The Lord had shewn me no regard,
Nor His praises sung.

5 But God (his name be ever bless)
Has set my spirit free,
Not turn'd from him my poor request,
Nor turn'd his heart from me.

PSALM LXVII. Common Metre. [※]
*The nation's prosperity, and the church's increase.*

1 SHINE, mighty God, on this our land,
With beams of heav'nly grace;
Reveal thy pow'r through all our coasts,
And shew thy saving face.

2 [Amidst our States, exalted high,
Do thou our glory stand,
And like a wall of guardian fire,
Surround the fav'rite land.]

3 When shall thy name, from shore to shore,
Sound all the earth abroad,
And distant nations know and love
Their Saviour and their God?

4 ing to the Lord, ye distant lands,
ing loud with solemn voice;
While thankful tongues exalt his praise,
And grateful hearts rejoice.

5 He, the great Lord, the sov'reign Judge,
That sits enthron'd above,
Wisely commands the worlds he made,
In justice and in love.

6 Earth shall obey her Maker's will,
And yield a full increase;
Our God will crown his chosen land
With fruitfulness and peace.

7 God the Redeemer scatters round
His choicest favors here;
While the creation's utmost bound
Shall fear, adore, and fear.

PSALM LXVIII. *1st Part.* Long Metre. [※]
Ver. 1-6, 32-35. *The revenge and compassion of God.*

1 LET God arise in all his might,
And put the troops of hell to flight,

As ſmoke, that fought to cloud the ſkies,
Before the riſing tempeſt flies.

2 [He comes array'd in burning flames;
Juſtice and vengeance are his names:
Behold his fainting foes expire,
Like melting wax before the fire.]

3 He rides and thunders through the ſky;
His name, JEHOVAH, founds on high:
Sing to his name, ye ſons of grace;
Ye ſaints, rejoice before his face.

4 The widow and the Fatherleſs
Fly to his aid in ſharp diſtreſs;
In him the poor and helpleſs find
A judge that's juſt, a father kind.

5 He brakes the captive's heavy chain,
And priſ'ners ſee the light again;
But rebels, that diſpute his will,
Shall dwell in chains and darkneſs ſtill.

PAUSE.

6 Kingdoms and thrones to God belong;
Crown him, ye nations, in your ſong:
His wondrous names and pow'rs rehearſe;
His honours ſhall enrich your verſe.

7 He ſhakes the heav'ns with loud alarms;
How terrible is God in arms;
In Iſr'el are his mercies known,
Iſr'el is his peculiar throne.

8 Proclaim him king, pronounce him bleſt;
He's your defence, your joy, your reſt:
When terrors riſe, and nations faint,
God is the ſtrength of ev'ry ſaint.

---

PSALM LXVIII. *2d Part.* Long Metre. [※]
Ver. 17, 18.

*Chriſt's aſcenſion and the gift of the Spirit.*

1 LORD, when thou didſt aſcend on high,
Ten thouſand angels fill'd the ſky:
Thoſe heav'nly guards around thee wait,
Like chariots that attend thy ſtate.

2 Not Sinai's mountain could appear
More glorious when the Lord was there;
While he pronounc'd his dreadful law,
And ſtruck the choſen tribes with awe.

3 How bright the triumph none can tell,
When the rebellious pow'rs of hell,
That thousand souls had captive made,
Were all in chains like captives led.

4 Rais'd by his Father to the throne,
He sent the promis'd spirit down,
With gifts and grace for rebel men,
That God might dwell on earth again.

PSALM LXVIII. 3*d Part.* Long Metre. [*]

Ver. 19, 9, 20—22.

*Praise for temporal blessings; or, common and spiritual mercies.*

1 WE bless the Lord, the just, the good,
Who fills our hearts with joy and food;
Who pours his blessings from the skies,
And loads our days with rich supplies.

2 He sends the sun his circuit round,
To cheer the fruits, to warm the ground;
He bids the clouds, with plenteous rain,
Refresh the thirsty earth again.

3 'Tis to his care we owe our breath,
And all our near escapes from death:
Safety and health to God belong;
He helps the weak, and guards the strong.

4 He makes the saint and sinner prove
The common blessings of his love;
But the wide diff'rence that remains
Is endless joys, or endless pains.

5 The Lord, that bruis'd the serpent's head,
On all the serpent's seed shall tread;
The stubborn sinner's hope confound,
And smite him with a lasting wound.

6 But his right hand his saints shall raise
From the deep earth, or deeper seas;
And bring them to his courts above,
There shall they taste his special love.

PSALM LXIX. 1--14. 1*st Part* Common Metre. [b]

*The sufferings of Christ for our salvation.*

1 "SAVE me, O God; the swelling floods
"Break in upon my soul:
"I sink, and sorrows o'er my head
"Like mighty waters roll.

2 "I cry till all my voice be gone;
"In tears I waſte the day:
"My God, behold my longing eyes,
"And ſhorten thy delay.

3 "They hate my ſoul without a cauſe,
"And ſtill their number grows
"More than the hairs around my head,
"And mighty are my foes.

4 "'Twas then I paid the dreadful debt,
"That men could never pay,
"And gave thoſe honours to thy law,
"Which ſinners took away."

5 Thus, in the great Meſſiah's name,
The royal prophet mourns;
Thus he awakes our hearts to grief,
And gives us joy by turns.

6 "Now ſhall the ſaints rejoice, and find
"Salvation in my name,
"For I have borne their heavy load
"Of ſorrow, pain, and ſhame.

7 "Grief, like a garment, cloth'd me round,
"And ſackcloth was my dreſs,
"While I procur'd for naked ſouls
"A robe of righteouſneſs.

8 "Amongſt my brethren and the Jews,
"I like a ſtranger ſtood,
"And bore their vile reproach, to bring
"The Gentiles near to God.

9 "I came in ſinful mortals' ſtead
"To do my Father's will;
"Yet, when I cleans'd my Father's houſe,
"They ſcandaliz'd my zeal.

10 "My faſtings and my holy groans
"Were made the drunkard's ſong;
"But God, from his celeſtial throne,
"Heard my complaining tongue.

11 "He ſav'd me from the dreadful deep,
"Nor let my ſoul be drown'd;
"He rais'd and fix'd my ſinking feet
"On well-eſtabliſh'd ground.

12 "'Twas in a moſt accepted hour,
"My pray'r aroſe on high,

"And, for my sake, my God shall hear
"The dying sinner's cry."

PSALM LXIX. 2d Part. Common Metre. [5]

Ver. 14—21, 26, 29, 32.

*The passion and exaltation of Christ.*

1 NOW let our lips, with holy fear
And mournful pleasure, sing
The suff'rings of our great High-Priest,
The sorrows of our King.

2 He sinks in floods of deep distress;
How high the waters rise!
While to his heav'nly Father's ear
He sends perpetual cries.

3 "Hear me, O Lord, and save thy Son,
"Nor hide thy shining face;
"Why should thy fav'rite look like one
"Forsaken of thy grace?

4 "With rage they persecute the man
"That groans beneath thy wound,
"While for a sacrifice I pour
"My life upon the ground.

5 "They tread my honour to the dust,
"And laugh when I complain;
"Their sharp insulting slanders add
"Fresh anguish to my pain.

6 "All my reproach is known to thee,
"The scandal and the shame;
"Reproach has broke my bleeding heart,
"And lies defil'd my name.

7 "I look'd for pity, but in vain:
"My kindred are my grief:
"I ask my friends for comfort round,
"But meet with no relief.

8 "With vinegar they mock my thirst;
"They give me gall for food:
"And, sporting with my dying groans,
"They triumph in my blood.

9 "Shine into my distressed soul,
"Let thy compassion save;
"And though my flesh sink down to death,
"Redeem it from the grave.

10 "I shall arise to praise thy name,
"Shall reign in worlds unknown;
"And thy salvation, O my God,
"Shall seat me on thy throne."

PSALM LXIX. 3d *Part.* Common Metre [※]
*Christ's obedience and death; or, God glorified, and sinners saved.*

1 FATHER! I sing thy wondrous grace,
I bless my Saviour's name;
He bought salvation for the poor,
And bore the sinner's shame.

2 His deep distress has rais'd us high;
His duty and his zeal
Fulfill'd the law which mortals broke,
And finish'd all thy will.

3 His dying groans, his living songs,
Shall better please my God,
Than harp or trumpet's solemn sound,
Than goats' or bullocks' blood.

4 This shall his humble follow'rs see,
And set their hearts at rest;
They by his death draw near to thee,
And live forever blest.

5 Let heav'n, and all that dwell on high,
To God their voices raise,
While lands and seas assist the sky,
And join t' advance his praise.

6 Zion is thine, most holy God;
Thy Son shall bless her gates;
And glory, purchas'd by his blood,
For thine own Hr'el waits.

PSALM LXIX. 1*st Part.* Long Metre. [b]
*Christ's passion and sinners' salvation.*

1 DEEP in our hearts let us record
The deeper sorrows of our Lord;
Behold! the rising billows roll,
To overwhelm his holy soul.

2 In long complaints he spends his breath,
While hosts of hell, and pow'rs of death,
And all the sons of malice join
To execute their curst design.

3 Yet, gracious God, thy pow'r and love
Have made the curſe a bleſſing prove;
Thoſe dreadful ſuff'rings of thy Son
Aton'd for ſins which we had done.

4 The pangs of our expiring Lord
The honours of thy law reſtor'd:
His ſorrows made thy juſtice known,
And paid for follies not his own.

5 O! for his ſake our guilt forgive,
And let the mourning ſinner live;
The Lord will hear us in his name,
Nor ſhall our hope be turn'd to ſhame.

---

PSALM LXIX. 2d *Part.* Long Metre. [U]
Ver. 7, &c. *Chriſt's ſufferings and zeal.*

1 'TWAS for our ſake, eternal God,
Thy Son ſuſtain'd that heavy load
Of baſe reproach and ſore diſgrace,
And ſhame defil'd his ſacred face.

2 The Jews, his brethren and his kin,
Abus'd the man that check'd their ſin:
While he fulfill'd thy holy laws,
They hate him, but without a cauſe.

3 [" My Father's houſe," ſaid he, " was made
" A place for worſhip, not for trade;"
Then ſcatt'ring all their gold and braſs,
He ſcourg'd the merchants from the place.]

4 [Zeal for the temple of his God
Conſum'd his life, expos'd his blood:
Reproaches at thy glory thrown
He felt, and mourn'd them as his own.]

5 [His freinds forſook, his follow'rs fled,
While foes and arms ſurround his head;
They curſe him with a ſland'rous tongue,
And the falſe judge maintains the wrong.]

6 His life they load with hateful lies,
And charge his lips with blaſphemies:
They nail him to the ſhameful tree;
There hung the man that dy'd for me.

7 [Wretches, with hearts as hard as ſtones,
Inſult his piety and groans:
Gall was the food they gave him there,
And mock'd his thirſt with vinegar.]

8 But God beheld, and from his throne
Marks out the men that hate his Son;
The hand that rais'd him from the dead
Shall pour due vengeance on their head.

---

PSALM LXXI. *1ſt Part.* Common Metre. [D]
Ver. 5--9. *The aged ſaint's reflection and hope.*

1 MY God, my everlaſting hope,
I live upon thy truth:
Thine hands have held my childhood up,
And ſtrengthen'd all my youth.

2 My fleſh was faſhion'd by thy pow'r,
With all theſe limbs of mine:
And from my mother's painful hour,
I've been entirely thine.

3 Still has my life new wonders ſeen,
Repeated ev'ry year:
Behold my days that yet remain;
I truſt them to thy care.

4 Caſt me not off when ſtrength declines,
When hoary hairs ariſe;
And round me let thy glory ſhine,
Whene'er thy ſervant dies.

5 Then in the hiſt'ry of my age,
When men review my days,
They'll read thy love in ev'ry page,
In ev'ry line thy praiſe.

---

PSALM LXXI. *2d Part.* Common Metre. [*]
Ver. 15, 14, 16, 23, 22, 24.
*Chriſt our ſtrength and righteouſneſs.*

1 MY Saviour, my Almighty Friend,
When I begin thy praiſe,
Where will the growing numbers end,
The numbers of thy grace?

2 Thou art my everlaſting truſt,
Thy goodneſs I adore!
And ſince I knew thy graces firſt,
I ſpeak thy glories more.

3 My feet ſhall travel all the length
Of the celeſtial road,
And march with courage in thy ſtrength,
To ſee my Father God.

4 When I am fill'd with ſore diſtreſs
For ſome ſurpriſing ſin,

I'll plead thy perfect righteousness,
And mention none but thine.

5 How will my lips rejoice to tell
The victories of my King!
My soul, redeem'd from sin and hell,
Shall thy salvation sing.

6 [My tongue shall all the day proclaim
My Saviour and my God;
His death has brought my foes to shame,
And drown'd them in his blood.

7 Awake, awake, my tuneful pow'rs;
With this delightful song
I'll entertain the darkest hours,
Nor think the season long.]

---

PSALM LXXI. 3*d Part.* Common Metre. [b]
Ver. 17—21.

*The aged Christian's prayer and song; or, old age, death, and the resurrection.*

1 GOD of my childhood and my youth,
The guide of all my days,
I have declar'd thy heav'nly truth,
And told thy wondrous ways.

2 Wilt thou forsake my hoary hairs,
And leave my fainting heart?
Who shall sustain my sinking years,
If God my strength depart?

3 Let me thy pow'r and truth proclaim
To the surviving age,
And leave a savour of thy name
When I shall quit the stage.

4 The land of silence and of death
Attends my next remove;
O may these poor remains of breath
Teach the wide world thy love!

PAUSE.

5 Thy righteousness is deep and high,
Unsearchable thy deeds;
Thy glory spreads beyond the sky,
And all my praise exceeds.

6 Oft have I heard thy threat'nings roar,
And oft endur'd the grief;
But when thy hand has press'd me sore,
Thy grace was my relief.

7 By long experience have I known
Thy sov'reign pow'r to save;
At thy command I venture down
Securely to the grave.

8 When I lie bury'd deep in dust,
My flesh shall be thy care;
These with'ring limbs with thee I trust,
To raise them strong and fair.

---

PSALM LXXII. *1st Part.* Long Metre. [*]
*The kingdom of Christ.*

1 GREAT God, whose universal sway
The known and unknown worlds obey,
Now give the kingdom to thy Son,
Extend his pow'r, exalt his throne.

2 Thy sceptre well becomes his hands,
All heav'n submits to his commands;
His justice shall avenge the poor,
And pride and rage prevail no more.

3 With pow'r he vindicates the just,
And treads th' oppressor in the dust:
His worship and his fear shall last,
Till hours, and years, and time be past.

4 As rain on meadows newly mown,
So shall he send his influence down;
His grace on fainting souls distils,
Like heav'nly dew on thirsty hills.

5 The heathen lands, that lie beneath
The shades of overspreading death,
Revive at his first dawning light,
And desarts blossom at the sight.

6 The saints shall flourish in his days,
Dress'd in the robes of joy and praise;
Peace, like a river, from his throne
Shall flow to nations yet unknown.

---

PSALM LXXII. *2d Part.* Long Metre. [*]
*Christ's kingdom among the Gentiles.*

1 JESUS shall reign where'er the sun
Does his successive journies run:
His kingdom stretch from shore to shore,
Till moons shall wax and wane no more.

2 [Behold! the islands, with their kings,
And Europe her best tribute brings;

From north to south the princes meet
To pay their homage at his feet.

3 There Persia, glorious to behold,
There India shines in Eastern gold;
And barb'rous nations, at his word,
Submit, and bow, and own their Lord.]

4 For him shall endless prayer be made,
And praises throng to crown his head;
His name, like sweet perfume, shall rise
With ev'ry morning sacrifice.

5 People, and realms of ev'ry tongue
Dwell on his love with sweetest song;
And infant voices shall proclaim
Their early blessings on his name.

6 Blessings abound where'er he reigns;
The prisoner leaps to lose his chains,
The weary find eternal rest,
And all the sons of want are blest.

7 [Where he displays his healing pow'r,
Death and the curse are known no more;
In him the tribes of Adam boast
More blessings than their father lost.

8 Let ev'ry creature rise and bring
Peculiar honours to our King;
Angels descend with songs again,
And earth repeat the long amen.]

---

PSALM LXXIII. *1st Part.* Common Metre. [b]

*Afflicted saints happy, and prosperous sinners cursed.*

1 NOW I'm convinc'd the Lord is kind
To men of heart sincere,
Yet once my foolish thoughts repin'd
And border'd on despair.

2 I griev'd to see the wicked thrive,
And spoke with angry breath,
"How pleasant and profane they live!
"How peaceful is their death!

3 "With well-fed flesh and haughty eyes
"They lay their fears to sleep;
"Against the heav'ns their slanders rise,
"While saints in silence weep.

4 "In vain I lift my hands to pray,
"And cleanse my heart in vain,

"For I am chaſten'd all the day,
"The night renews my pain."

5 Yet while my tongue indulg'd complaints,
I felt my heart reprove;
"Sure I ſhall thus offend thy ſaints,
"And grieve the men I love."

6 But ſtill I found my doubts too hard,
The conflict too ſevere,
Till I retir'd to ſearch thy word,
And learn thy ſecrets there.

7 There, as in ſome prophetic glaſs,
I ſaw the ſinner's feet
High mounted on a ſlipp'ry place,
Beſide a fiery pit.

8 I heard the wretch profanely boaſt,
Till at thy frown he fell;
His honours in a dream were loſt,
And he awakes in hell.

9 Lord, what an envious fool I was!
How like a thoughtleſs beaſt!
Thus to ſuſpect thy promis'd grace,
And think the wicked bleſt!

10 Yet I was kept from fell deſpair,
Upheld by pow'r unknown:
That bleſſed hand, that broke the ſnare
Shall guide me to thy throne.

---

PSALM LXXIII. *2d Part.* Common Metre. [※]
Ver. 23—28. *God our portion here and hereafter.*

1 GOD, my ſupporter and my hope,
My help for ever near,
Thine arm of mercy held me up,
When ſinking in deſpair.

2 Thy counſels, Lord, ſhall guide my feet
Through this dark wilderneſs;
Thine hand conduct me near thy ſeat,
To dwell before thy face.

3 Were I in heav'n without my God,
'Twould be no joy to me;
And whilſt this earth is my abode,
I long for none but thee.

4 What if the [illegible] were broke,
And fleſh and heart ſhould faint!

God is my soul's eternal rock,
The strength of ev'ry saint.

5 Behold the sinners, that remove
Far from thy presence, die;
Not all the idol gods they love
Can save them when they cry.

6 But to draw near to thee, my God,
Shall be my sweet employ;
My tongue shall sound thy works abroad,
And tell the world my joy.

PSALM LXXIII. Long Metre. [b]

Ver. 22, 3, 6, 17—20. *The prosperity of sinners cursed.*

1 LORD, what a thoughtless wretch was I,
To mourn, and murmur, and repine
To see the wicked plac'd on high,
In pride and robes of honour shine!

2 But, O their end, their dreadful end!
Thy sanctuary taught me so:
On slipp'ry rocks I see them stand,
And fiery billows roll below.

3 Now let them boast how tall they rise,
I'll never envy them again,
There they may stand with haughty eyes,
Till they plunge deep in endless pain.

4 Their fancy'd joys, how fast they flee!
Just like a dream when man awakes;
Their songs of softest harmony
Are but a preface to their plagues.

5 Now I esteem their mirth and wine
Too dear to purchase with my blood;
Lord, 'tis enough that thou art mine,
My life, my portion, and my God.

PSALM LXXIII. Short Metre. [b]

*The mystery of providence unfolded.*

1 SURE there's a righteous God,
Nor is religion vain;
Though men of vice may boast aloud,
And men of grace complain.

2 I saw the wicked rise,
And felt my heart repine,

While haughty fools, with scornful eyes,
In robes of honour shine.

[Pamper'd with wanton ease,
Their flesh looks full and fair:
Their wealth rolls in like flowing seas,
And grows without their care.

4 Free from the plagues and pains
That pious souls endure,
Through all their life oppression reigns,
And racks the humble poor.

5 Their impious tongues blaspheme
The everlasting God:
Their malice blasts the good man's name,
And spreads their lies abroad.

6 But I, with flowing tears,
Indulg'd my doubts to rise;
"Is there a God that sees or hears
"The things below the skies?"]

7 The tumults of my thought
Held me in hard suspense,
Till to thy house my feet were brought,
To learn thy justice thence.

8 Thy word with light and pow'r
Did my mistakes amend;
I view'd the sinners' lives before,
But here I learnt their end.

9 On what a slipp'ry steep
The thoughtless wretches go:
And O that dreadful fiery deep,
That waits their fall below!

10 Lord, at thy feet I bow,
My thoughts no more repine;
I call my God my portion now,
And all my pow'rs are thine.

---

PSALM LXXIV. Common Metre. [b]

*The church pleading with God under sore persecution.*

1 WILL God forever cast us off?
His wrath forever smoke
Against the people of his love,
His little chosen flock?

2 Think of the tribes so dearly bought
With their Redeemer's blood;

Nor let thy Zion be forgot,
Where once thy glory ſtood.

3 Lift up thy feet, and march in haſte,
Aloud our ruin calls;
See what a wide and fearful waſte
Is made within thy walls.

4 Where once thy churches pray'd and ſang,
Thy foes profanely roar;
Over thy gates their enſigns hang,
Sad tokens of their pow'r.

5 How are the ſeats of worſhip broke!
They tear thy buildings down;
And he that deals the heavieſt ſtroke,
Procures the chief renown.

6 With flames they threaten to deſtroy
Thy children in their neſt;
"Come, let us burn at once," they cry,
"The temple and the prieſt."

7 And ſtill, to heighten our diſtreſs,
Thy preſence is withdrawn;
Thy wonted ſigns of pow'r and grace,
Thy pow'r and grace are gone.

8 No prophet ſpeaks to calm our woes,
But all the ſeers mourn;
There's not a ſoul amongſt us knows
The time of thy return.

PAUSE.

9 How long, eternal God! how long
Shall men of pride blaſpheme!
Shall ſaints be made their endleſs ſong,
And bear immortal ſhame?

10 Canſt thou forever ſit and hear
Thine holy name profan'd?
And ſtill thy jealouſy forbear,
And ſtill withhold thine hand?

11 What ſtrange deliv'rance haſt thou ſhown
In ages long before!
And now no other God we own,
No other God adore.

12 Thou didſt divide the raging ſea,
By thy reſiſtleſs might,
To make thy tribes a wond'rous way,
And then ſecure their flight.

13 Is not the work of nature thine,
The dark'ning and the day?
Didst thou not bid the morning shine,
And mark the sun his way?

14 Hath not thy pow'r form'd ev'ry coast,
And set the earth its bounds,
With summer's heat, and winter's frost,
In their perpetual rounds?

15 And shall the sons of earth and dust
That sacred pow'r blaspheme?
Will not thy hand, that form'd them first,
Avenge thine injur'd name?

16 Think on the cov'nant thou hast made,
And all thy words of love:
Nor let the birds of prey invade
And vex thy mourning dove.

17 Our foes would triumph in our blood,
And make our hope their jest:
Plead thine own cause, Almighty God,
And give thy children rest.

---

PSALM LXXV. Long Metre. [X]

*Power and government from God alone.*

1 TO thee, most holy, and most high,
To thee we bring our thankful praise;
Thy works declare thy name is nigh,
Thy works of wonder and of grace.

2 "To slav'ry doom'd, thy chosen sons
"Beheld their foes triumphant rise;
"And, sore oppress'd by earthly thrones,
"They sought the Sovereign of the skies.

3 "'Twas then, great God, with equal pow'r,
"Arose thy vengeance and thy grace,
"To scourge their legions from the shore,
"And save the remnant of thy race."

4 Let haughty sinners sink their pride,
Nor lift so high their scornful head;
But lay their foolish thoughts aside,
And own the "empire" God hath made.

5 Such honours never come by chance,
Nor do the winds promotion blow;
'Tis God the judge doth one advance,
'Tis God that lays another low.

6 No vain pretence to royal birth
Shall fix a tyrant on the throne;
God, the great sov'reign of the earth,
Will rise, and make his justice known.

7 [His hand holds out the dreadful cup
Of vengeance, mix'd with various plagues,
To make the wicked drink them up,
Wring out, and taste the bitter dregs.

8 Now shall the Lord exalt the just:
And while he tramples on the proud,
And lays their glory in the dust,
Our lips shall sing his praise aloud.]

---

PSALM LXXVI. Common Metre. [*]

*Israel saved, and the Assyrians destroyed; or, God's vengeance against his enemies proceeds from his church.*

1 IN Judah God of old was known;
His name in Isr'el great,
In Salem stood his holy throne,
And Zion was his seat.

2 Among the praises of his saints,
His dwelling there he chose;
There he receiv'd their just complaints
Against their haughty foes.

3 From Zion went his dreadful sword,
And broke the threat'ning spear,
The bow, the arrows, and the sword,
And crush'd th' Assyrian war.

4 What are the earth's wide kingdoms else
But mighty hills of prey?
The hill on which Jehovah dwells
Is glorious more than they.

5 'Twas Zion's King that stopp'd the breath
Of captains and their bands:
The men of might slept fast in death,
And never found their hands.

6 At thy rebuke, O Jacob's God,
Both horse and chariot fell!
Who knows the terrors of thy rod!
Thy vengeance, who can tell!

7 What pow'r can stand before thy sight,
When once thy wrath appears?

When heav'n shines round with dreadful light,
The earth lies still and fears.

8 When God, in his own sov'reign ways,
Comes down to save th' oppress'd,
The wrath of man shall work his praise,
And he'll restrain the rest.

9 [Vow to the Lord, and tribute bring;
Ye princes, fear his frown:
His terrors shake the proudest king,
And cut an army down.

10 The thunder of his sharp rebuke
Our haughty foes shall feel:
For Jacob's God hath not forsook,
But dwells in Zion still.]

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PSALM LXXVII. *1st Part.* Com. Metre. [b]
*Melancholy assaulting, and hope prevailing.*

1 TO God I cry'd with mournful voice,
I fought his gracious ear,
In the sad day when troubles rose,
And fill'd my heart with fear.

2 Sad were my days, and dark my nights,
My soul refus'd relief;
I thought on God, the just and wise,
But thoughts increas'd my grief.

3 Still I complain'd, and still oppress'd,
My heart began to break:
My God, thy wrath forbad my rest,
And kept my eyes awake.

4 My overwhelming sorrows grew
Till I could speak no more;
Then I within myself withdrew,
And call'd thy judgments o'er.

5 I call'd back years and ancient times,
When I beheld thy face;
My spirit search'd for secret crimes,
That might withhold thy grace.

6 I call'd thy mercies to my mind,
Which I enjoy'd before:
And will the Lord no more be kind?
His face appear no more?

7 Will he forever cast me off?
His promise ever fail?

Has he forgot his tender love?
Shall anger ſtill prevail?

8 But I forbid this hopeleſs thought,
This dark, deſponding frame,
Rememb'ring what thy hand hath wrought;
Thy hand is ſtill the ſame.

9 I'll think again of all thy ways,
And talk thy wonders o'er.
Thy wonders of recov'ring grace,
When fleſh could hope no more.

10 Grace dwells with juſtice on the throne;
And men, that love thy word,
Have in thy ſanctuary known
The counſels of one Lord.

---

PSALM LXXVII. *2d Part.* Com. Metre. [b]
*Comfort derived from ancient providences; or, Iſrael delivered from Egypt, and brought to Canaan.*

1 "HOW awful is thy chaſtening rod?"
(May thine own children ſay)
"The great, the wiſe, the dreadful God!
"How holy is his way!"

2 I'll meditate his works of old;
The King who reigns above,
I'll hear his ancient wonders told,
And learn to truſt his love.

3 Long did the houſe of Joſeph lie
With Egypt's yoke oppreſs'd;
Long he delay'd to hear their cry,
Nor gave his people reſt.

4 The ſons of good old Jacob ſeem'd
Abandon'd to their foes;
But his almighty arm redeem'd
The nation that he choſe.

5 Iſrael, his people and his ſheep,
Muſt follow where he calls;
He bade them venture through the deep,
And made the waves their walls.

6 The waters ſaw thee, mighty God,
The waters ſaw thee come;
Backward they fled, and frighted ſtood,
To make thine armies room.

7 Strange was thy journey through the ſea,
Thy footſteps, Lord, unknown;

Terrors attend the wondrous way
That brings thy mercies down.

8 [Thy voice, with terror in the sound,
Through clouds and darkness broke;
All heav'n in lightning shone around,
And earth with thunder shook.

9 Thine arrows through the sky were hurl'd:
How glorious is the Lord!
Surprise and trembling seiz'd the world,
And his own saints ador'd.

10 He gave them water from the rock,
And safe, by Moses' hand,
Through a dry desart led his flock
Home to the promis'd land.]

---

PSALM LXXVIII. *1st Part.* Common. Metre. [※]
*Providences of God recorded; or, pious education and instruction of children.*

1 LET children hear the mighty deeds
Which God perform'd of old;
Which in our younger years we saw,
And which our fathers told.

2 He bids us make his glories known;
His works of power and grace;
And we'll convey his wonders down,
Through every rising race.

3 Our lips shall tell them to our sons,
And they again to their's;
That generations yet unborn
May teach them to their heirs.

4 Thus shall they learn in God alone
Their hope securely stands:
That they may ne'er forget his works,
But practise his commands.

---

PSALM LXXVIII. *2d Part.* Com. Metre. [b]
*Israel's rebellion and punishment; or, the sins and chastisements of God's people.*

1 O WHAT a stiff rebellious house
Was Jacob's ancient race!
False to their own most solemn vows,
And to their Maker's grace.

2 They broke the cov'nant of his love,
And did his laws despise,

Forgot the works he wrought to prove
His pow'r before their eyes.

3 They saw the plagues on Egypt light,
From his avenging hand;
What dreadful tokens of his might
Spread o'er that stubborn land.

4 They saw him cleave the mighty sea,
And march in safety through,
With wat'ry walls to guard their way,
Till they had 'scap'd the foe.

5 A wondrous pillar mark'd the road,
Compos'd of shade and light;
By day it prov'd a shelt'ring cloud,
A leading fire by night.

6 He from the rock their thirst supply'd;
The gushing waters fell,
And ran in rivers by their side,
A constant miracle.

7 Yet they provok'd the Lord most high,
And dar'd distrust his hand;
"Can he with bread our hosts supply
"Amidst this desart land?"

8 The Lord with indignation heard,
And caus'd his wrath to flame;
His terrors ever stand prepar'd
To vindicate his name.

---

PSALM LXXVIII. 3d *Part.* Com. Metre. [*]

*The punishment of luxury and intemperance; or, chastisement and salvation.*

1 WHEN Isr'el sins, the Lord reproves,
And fills their hearts with dread;
Yet he forgives the men he loves,
And sends them heav'nly bread.

2 He fed them with a lib'ral hand,
And made his treasures known;
He gave the midnight clouds command
To pour provision down.

3 The manna, like a morning show'r,
Lay thick around their feet:
The corn of heav'n, so light, so pure,
As though 'twere angels' meat.

4 But they in murm'ring language said,
"Manna is all our feast,

3 " Be thou my Prophet, thou my Prieſt;
" Thy children ſhall be ever bleſt;
" Thou art my choſen King; thy throne
" Shall ſtand eternal, like my own.
4 " There's none of all my ſons above
" So much my image or my love:
" Celeſtial powr's thy ſubjects are:
" Then what can earth to thee compare?
5 " David, my ſervant, whom I choſe,
" To guard my flock, to cruſh my foes,
" And rais'd him to the Jewiſh throne,
" Was but a ſhadow of my Son."
6 Now let the church rejoice and ſing
Jeſus her Saviour and her King:
Angels his heav'nly wonders ſhow,
And ſaints declare his works below.

PSALM LXXXIX. *1ſt Part.* Common Metre. [※]

*The faithfulneſs of God.*

1 MY never-ceaſing ſongs ſhall ſhow
The mercies of the Lord;
And make ſucceeding ages know
How faithful is his word.
2 The ſacred truths his lips pronounce
Shall firm as heav'n endure:
And if he ſpeak a promiſe once,
Th' eternal grace is ſure.
3 How long the race of David held
The promis'd Jewiſh throne!
But there's a nobler cov'nant ſeal'd
To David's greater Son.
4 His ſeed forever ſhall poſſeſs
A throne above the ſkies;
The meaneſt ſubject of his grace
Shall to that glory riſe.
5 Lord God of Hoſts, thy wondrous ways
Are ſung by ſaints above;
And ſaints on earth their honours raiſe
To thine unchanging love.

PSALM LXXXIX. *2d Part.* Common Metre. [b]
Ver. 7, &c.

*The power and majeſty of God; or, reverential worſhip.*

1 WITH rev'rence let the ſaints appear,
And bow before the Lord;

His high commands with rev'rence hear,
And tremble at his word.

2 How terrible thy glories be!
How bright thine armies shine!
Where is the pow'r that vies with thee?
Or truth compar'd with thine?

3 The northern pole and southern rest
On thy supporting hand;
Darkness and day from east to west
Move round at thy command.

4 Thy words the raging winds control,
And rule the boist'rous deep;
Thou mak'st the sleeping billows roll,
The rolling billows sleep.

5 Heav'n, earth, and air, and sea are thine,
And the dark world of hell;
How did thine arm in vengeance shine,
When Egypt durst rebel!

6 Justice and judgment are thy throne,
Yet wondrous is thy grace:
While truth and mercy, join'd in one,
Invite us near thy face.

PSALM LXXXIX. 3*d Part.* Common Metre [*]
Ver. 15, &c. *A blessed Gospel.*

1 BLEST are the souls that hear and know
The gospel's joyful sound;
Peace shall attend the paths they go,
And light their steps surround.

2 Their joy shall bear their spirits up,
Through their Redeemer's name;
His righteousness exalts their hope,
Nor Satan dares condemn.

3 The Lord, our glory and defence,
Strength and salvation gives:
Isr'el, thy King forever reigns,
Thy God forever lives.

PSALM LXXXIX. 4*th Part.* Common Metre. [*]
Ver. 19, &c.
*Christ's mediatorial kingdom; or, his divine and human nature.*

1 HEAR what the Lord in vision said,
And made his mercy known:

" Sinners, behold your help is laid
" On my Almighty Son.

2 " Behold the man my wisdom chose
" Among your mortal race;
" His head my holy oil o'erflows,
" The Spirit of my grace.

3 " High shall he reign on David's throne,
" My people's better King;
" My arm shall beat his rivals down,
" And still new subjects bring.

4 " My truth shall guard him in his way,
" With mercy by his side,
" While in my name, through earth and sea,
" He shall in triumph ride.

5 " Me for his Father and his God
" He shall for ever own,
" Call me his rock, his high abode,
" And I'll support my Son.

6 " My first-born Son, array'd in grace,
" At my right hand shall sit;
" Beneath him angels know their place,
" And monarchs at his feet.

7 " My cov'nant stands forever fast;
" My promises are strong:
" Firm as the heav'ns his throne shall last,
" His seed endure as long."

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PSALM LXXXIX. *5th Part.* Common Metre. [b]

Ver. 30, &c.

*The covenant of grace unchangeable; or, afflictions without rejection.*

1 " YET, (saith the Lord) if David's race,
" The children of my Son,
" Should break my laws, abuse my grace,
" And tempt mine anger down;

2 " Their sins I'll visit with the rod,
" And make their folly smart:
" But I'll not cease to be their God,
" Nor from my truth depart.

3 " My cov'nant I will ne'er revoke,
" But keep my grace in mind;

" And what eternal love hath ſpoke,
" Eternal truth ſhall bind.
4 " Once have I ſworn, (I need no more)
" And pledg'd my holineſs,
" To ſeal the ſacred promiſe ſure
" To David and his race.

5 " The ſun ſhall ſee his offſpring riſe,
" And ſpread from ſea to ſea,
" Long as he travels round the ſkies,
" To give the nations day.

6 " Sure as the moon, that rules the night,
" His kingdom ſhall endure,
" Till the fix'd laws of ſhade and light
" ſhall be obſerv'd no more."

PSALM LXXXIX. *2d Part.* Long Metre. [b]
Ver. 47, &c. *Mortality and hope.*
A funeral Pſalm.

1 REMEMBER, Lord, our mortal ſtate,
How frail our life! how ſhort the date!
Where is the man that draws his breath
Safe from diſeaſe, ſecure from death?

2 Lord, while we ſee whole nations die,
Our fleſh and ſenſe repine and cry,
" Muſt death forever rage and reign?
" Or haſt thou made mankind in vain?

3 " Where is thy promiſe to the juſt?
" Are not thy ſervants turn'd to duſt?"
But faith forbids theſe mournful ſighs,
And ſees the ſleeping duſt ariſe.

4 That glorious hour, that dreadful day,
Wipes the reproach of ſaints away,
And clears the honour of thy word:
Awake, our ſouls, and bleſs the Lord.

PSALM LXXXIX. *laſt Part.* Particular Met. [b]
Ver. 47, &c.

*Life, death, and the reſurrection.*

1 THINK, mighty God, on feeble man;
How few his hours! how ſhort his ſpan!
Short from the cradle to the grave.
Who can ſecure his vital breath
Againſt the bold demands of death,
With ſkill to fly, or pow'r to ſave?

2 Lord, shall it be forever said,
"The race of man was only made
"For sickness, sorrow, and the dust?"
Are not thy servants, day by day,
Sent to their graves, and turn to clay?
Lord, where's thy kindness to the just?

3 Hast thou not promis'd to thy Son,
And all his seed, a heav'nly crown?
But flesh and sense indulge despair:
Forever blessed be the Lord,
That faith can read his holy word,
And find a resurrection there.

4 Forever blessed be the Lord, [※]
Who gives his saints a long reward
For all their toil, reproach and pain;
Let all below, and all above,
Join to proclaim thy wond'rous love,
And each repeat a loud amen.

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PSALM XC. Long Metre. [b]

*Man mortal, and God eternal.*

A mournful song at a funeral.

1 THROUGH ev'ry age, eternal God,
Thou art our rest, our safe abode:
High was thy throne ere heav'n was made,
Or earth thy humble footstool laid.

2 Long hadst thou reign'd ere time began,
Or dust was fashion'd into man:
And long thy kingdom shall endure,
When earth and time shall be no more.

3 But man, weak man, is born to die,
Made up of guilt and vanity:
Thy dreadful sentence, Lord, was just,
"Return, ye sinners, to your dust."

4 [A thousand of our years amount
Scarce to a day in thine account;
Like yesterday's departed light,
Or the last watch of ending night.]

PAUSE.

5 Death, like an overflowing stream,
Sweeps us away: our life's a dream;
An empty tale; a morning flow'r,
Cut down and wither'd in an hour.

6 [Our age to ſeventy years is ſet:
How ſhort the term! how frail the ſtate!
And if to eighty we arrive,
We rather ſigh and groan than live.

7 But O how oft thy wrath appears,
And cuts off our expected years;
Thy wrath awakes our humble dread:
We fear the pow'r that ſtrikes us dead.]

8 Teach us, O Lord, how frail is man!
And kindly lengthen out our ſpan,
Till a wiſe care of piety
Fit us to die and dwell with thee.

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PSALM XC. *1ſt Part.* Common Metre. [b]
Ver. 1—5. *Man frail, and God eternal.*

1 OUR God, our help in ages paſt,
Our hope for years to come,
Our ſhelter from the ſtormy blaſt,
And our eternal home.

2 Under the ſhadow of thy throne
Thy ſaints have dwelt ſecure;
Sufficient is thine arm alone,
And our defence is ſure.

3 Before the hills in order ſtood,
Or earth receiv'd her frame,
From everlaſting thou art God,
To endleſs years the ſame.

4 Thy word commands our fleſh to duſt,
"Return, ye ſons of men:"
All nations roſe from earth at firſt,
And turn to earth again.

5 A thouſand ages, in thy ſight,
Are like an evening gone;
Short as the watch that ends the night,
Before the riſing ſun.

6 [The buſy tribes of fleſh and blood,
With all their lives and cares,
Are carried downwards by the flood,
And loſt in following years.

7 Time, like an ever-rolling ſtream,
Bears all its ſons away;
They fly, forgotten, as a dream
Dies at the op'ning day.

8 Like flow'ry fields the nation ſtand,
Pleas'd with the morning light:
The flow'rs beneath the mower's hand
Lie with'ring ere 'tis night.]

9 Our God, our help in ages paſt,
Our hope for years to come,
Be thou our guard while troubles laſt,
And our eternal home.

---

PSALM XC. *2d Part.* Common Metre. [b]

Ver. 8, 11, 9, 10, 12.

*Infirmities and mortality the effect of ſin; or, life, old age, and preparation for death.*

1 LORD, if thine eyes ſurvey our faults,
And juſtice grows ſevere,
Thy dreadful wrath exceeds our thoughts,
And burns beyond our fear.

2 Thine anger turns our frame to duſt:
By one offence to thee,
Adam, with all his ſons, have loſt
Their immortality.

3 Life, like a vain amuſement, flies,
A fable or a ſong;
By ſwift degrees our nature dies,
Nor can our joys be long.

4 'Tis but a few whoſe days amount
To threeſcore years and ten;
And all beyond that ſhort account
Is ſorrow, toil, and pain.

5 [Our vitals, with laborious ſtrife,
Bear up the crazy load,
And drag thoſe poor remains of life
Along the tireſome road.]

6 Almighty God, reveal thy love,
And not thy wrath alone;
O let our ſweet experience prove
The mercies of thy throne.

7 Our ſouls would learn the heav'nly art
T' improve the hours we have,
That we may act the wiſer part,
And live beyond the grave.

PSALM XC. 3*d Part.* Common Metre. [b]
Ver. 13, &c. *Breathing after heaven.*

1 RETURN, O God of love, return:
Earth is a tirefome place;
How long fhall we thy children mourn
Our abfence from thy face?

2 Let heav'n fucceed our painful years,
Let fin and forrow ceafe;
And in proportion to our tears,
So make our joys increafe.

3 Thy wonders to thy fervants fhow,
Make thine own work complete;
Then fhall our fouls thy glory know,
And own thy love is great.

4 Then fhall we fhine before thy throne
In all thy beauty, Lord;
And the poor fervice we have done
Meet a divine reward.

PSALM XC. Short Metre [b]
Ver. 5, 10, 12. *The frailty and fhortnefs of life.*

1 LORD, what a feeble piece
Is this our mortal frame?
Our life, how poor a trifle 'tis,
That fcarce deferves the name!

2 Alas! 'twas brittle clay
That built our body firft!
And ev'ry month and ev'ry day
'Tis mould'ring back to duft.

3 Our moments fly apace,
Nor will our minutes ftay;
Juft like a flood our hafty days
Are fweeping us away.

4 Well, if our days muft fly,
We'll keep their end in fight;
We'll fpend them all in wifdom's way,
And let them fpeed their flight.

5 They'll waft us fooner o'er
This life's tempeftuous fea:
Soon we fhall reach the peaceful more
Of bleft eternity.

PSALM XCI. Ver. 1—7. Long Metre. [*]
*Safety in public diſaſes and dangers.*

1 HE that hath made his refuge, God,
fhall find a moft fecure abode;

Shall walk all day beneath his shade,
And there at night shall rest his head.

2 Then will I say, "My God, thy pow'r
"Shall be my fortress and my tow'r:
"I, that am form'd of feeble dust,
"Make thine almighty arm my trust."

3 Thrice happy man! thy Maker's care
Shall keep thee from the fowler's snare;
Satan, the fowler, who betrays
Unguarded souls a thousand ways.

4 Just as a hen protects her brood
(From birds of prey that seek their blood)
Under her feathers, so the Lord
Makes his own arm his people's guard.

5 If burning beams of noon conspire
To dart a pestilential fire,
God is their life, his wings are spread
To shield them with a healthful shade.

6 If vapours, with malignant breath,
Rise thick, and scatter midnight death,
Israel is safe: the poison'd air
Grows pure, if Israel's God be there.

PAUSE.

7 What though a thousand at thy side,
At thy right hand ten thousand dy'd?
Thy God his chosen people saves,
Amongst the dead, amidst the graves.

8 So when he sent his angel down
To make his wrath in Egypt known,
And slew their sons, his careful eye
Past all the doors of Jacob by.

9 But if the fire, or plague, or sword,
Receive commission from the Lord,
To strike his saints among the rest,
Their very pains and deaths are blest.

10 The sword, the pestilence, or fire,
Shall but fulfil their best desire;
From sins and sorrows set them free,
And bring thy children, Lord, to thee.

PSALM XCI. 9—16. Common Metre. [※]

*Protection from death, guard of angels, victory and deliverance.*

1 YE sons of men, a feeble race,
Expos'd to ev'ry snare,

Come, make the Lord your dwelling place,
And try, and trust his care.

2 No ill shall enter where you dwell;
Or if the plague come nigh,
And sweep the wicked down to hell,
'Twill raise his saints on high.

3 He'll give his angels charge to keep
Your feet in all their ways:
To watch your pillow while you sleep,
And guard your happy days.

4 Their hands shall bear you, lest you fall
And dash against the stones;
Are they not servants at his call,
And sent t' attend his sons?

5 Adders and lions ye shall tread;
The tempter's wiles defeat;
He that hath broke the serpent's head
Puts him beneath your feet.

6 "Because on me they set their love,
"I'll save them (saith the Lord)
"I'll bear their joyful souls above
"Destruction, and the sword.

7 "My grace shall answer when they call;
"In trouble I'll be nigh;
"My pow'r shall help them when they fall,
"And raise them when they die.

8 "Those that on earth my name have known
"I'll honour them in heav'n:
"There my salvation shall be shown,
"And endless life be giv'n."

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PSALM XCII. *1st Part.* Long Metre. [*]
*A Psalm for the Lord's day.*

1 SWEET is the work, my God, my King,
To praise thy name, give thanks and sing,
To shew thy love by morning light,
And talk of all thy truth at night.

2 Sweet is the day of sacred rest,
No mortal cares shall seize my breast;
O may my heart in tune be found,
Like David's harp of solemn sound!

3 My heart shall triumph in my Lord,
And bless his works, and bless his word:

Thy works of grace, how bright they shine!
How deep thy counsels! how divine!

4 Fools never raise their thoughts so high;
Like brutes they live, like brutes they die;
Like grass they flourish, till thy breath
Blast them in everlasting death.

5 But I shall share a glorious part,
When grace hath well refin'd my heart,
And fresh supplies of joy are shed,
Like holy oil, to cheer my head.

6 Sin (my worst enemy before)
Shall vex my eyes and ears no more;
My inward foes shall all be slain,
Nor Satan break my peace again.

7 Then shall I see, and hear, and know,
All I desir'd or wish'd below;
And ev'ry pow'r find sweet employ
In that eternal world of joy.

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PSALM XCII. *2d Part.* Long Metre. [※]

Ver. 12, &c. *The church is the garden of God.*

1 LORD, 'tis a pleasant thing to stand
In gardens planted by thy hand;
Let me within thy courts be seen
Like a young cedar, fresh and green.

2 There grow thy saints in faith and love,
Blest with thine influence from above;
Not Lebanon, with all its trees,
Yields such a comely sight as these.

3 The plants of grace shall ever live;
(Nature decays, but grace must thrive)
Time, that does all things else impair,
Still makes them flourish strong and fair.

4 Laden with fruits of age, they show
The Lord is holy, just and true:
None that attend his gates shall find
A God unfaithful or unkind.

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PSALM XCIII. Long Metre. [※]

*The eternal and sovereign God.*

1 JEHOVAH reigns; he dwells in light,
Girded with majesty and might:
The world, created by his hands,
Still on its first foundation stands,

2 But ere this ſpacious world was made,
Or had its firſt foundation laid,
Thy throne eternal ages ſtood,
Thyſelf the ever living God.

3 Like floods the angry nations riſe,
And aim their rage againſt the ſkies;
Vain floods, that aim their rage ſo high!
At thy rebuke the billows die.

4 Forever ſhall thy throne endure;
Thy promiſe ſtands forever ſure;
And everlaſting holineſs
Becomes the dwellings of thy grace.

PSALM XCIII. *1ſt Part.* Particular Metre. [※]

1 THE Lord of glory reigns, he reigns on high:
His robes of ſtate are ſtrength and majeſty:
This wide creation roſe at his command,
Built by his word, and eſtabliſh'd by his hand:
Long ſtood his throne ere he began creation,
And his own Godhead is the firm foundation.

2 God is th' eternal King. Thy foes in vain
Raiſe their rebellion to confound thy reign:
In vain the ſtorms, in vain the floods ariſe,
And roar, and toſs their waves againſt the ſkies:
Foaming at heav'n, they rage with wild commotion,
But heav'n's high arches ſcorn the ſwelling ocean.

3 Ye tempeſts, rage no more; ye floods, be ſtill;
And the mad world ſubmiſſive to his will:
Built on his truth, his church muſt ever ſtand;
Firm are his promiſes, and ſtrong his hand:
See his own ſons, when they appear before him,
Bow at his footſtool, and with fear adore him.

PSALM XCIII. *2d Part.* Particular Metre. [※]

1 THE Lord Jehovah reigns,
And royal ſtate maintains,
His head with awful glories crown'd;
Array'd in robes of light,
Begirt with ſov'reign might,
And rays of majeſty around.

2 Upheld by thy commands,
The world ſecurely ſtands;
And ſkies and ſtars obey thy word:
Thy throne was fix'd on high,

Before the ſtarry ſky ;
Eternal is thy kingdom, Lord.

3 In vain the noiſy crowd,
Like billows fierce and loud,
Againſt thine empire rage and roar :
In vain, with angry ſpite,
The ſurly nations fight,
And daſh like waves againſt the ſhore.

4 Let floods and nations rage,
And all their pow'rs engage :
Let ſwelling tides aſſault the ſky ;
The terrors of thy frown
Shall beat their madneſs down ;
Thy throne forever ſtands on high.

5 Thy promiſes are true,
Thy grace is ever new :
There fix'd, thy church ſhall ne'er remove ;
Thy ſaints with holy fear
Shall in thy courts appear,
And ſing thine everlaſting love.

*Repeat the fourth ſtanza, if neceſſary.*

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PSALM XCIV. *1ſt Part.* Common Metre. [b]
Ver. 1, 2, 7—14.

*Saints chaſtiſed, and ſinners deſtroyed; or, inſtructive afflictions.*

1 O GOD, to whom revenge belongs,
Proclaim thy wrath aloud ;
Let ſov'reign pow'r redreſs our wrongs,
Let juſtice ſmite the proud.

2 They ſay, "The Lord nor ſees nor hears ;"
When will the fools be wiſe!
Can he be deaf, who form'd their ears?
Or blind, who made their eyes?

3 He knows their impious thoughts are vain,
And they ſhall feel his pow'r ;
His wrath ſhall pierce their ſouls with pain,
In ſome ſurpriſing hour.

4 But if thy ſaints deſerve rebuke,
Thou haſt a gentler rod ;
Thy providences and thy book
Shall make them know their God.

5 Bleſt is the man thy hands chaſtiſe,
And to his duty draw :

Thy scourges make thy children wise,
When they forget thy law.

6 But God will ne'er cast off his saints,
Nor his own promise break;
He pardons his inheritance,
For their Redeemer's sake.

PSALM XCIV. *2d Part.* Common Metre. [b]
Ver. 16—23.

*God our support and comfort; or, deliverance from temptation and persecution.*

1 WHO will arise and plead my right
Against my num'rous foes?
While earth and hell their force unite,
And all my hopes oppose.

2 Had not the Lord, my rock, my help,
Sustain'd my fainting head,
My life had now in silence dwelt,
My soul amongst the dead.

3 "Alas! my sliding feet," I cry'd;
Thy promise was my prop:
Thy grace stood constant by my side;
Thy Spirit bore me up.

4 While multitudes of mournful thoughts
Within my bosom roll,
Thy boundless love forgives my faults,
Thy comforts cheer my soul.

5 Pow'rs of iniquity may rise,
And frame pernicious laws;
But God, my refuge, rules the skies,
He will defend my cause.

6 Let malice vent her rage aloud,
Let bold blasphemers scoff;
The Lord our God shall judge the proud,
And cut the sinners off.

PSALM XCV. Common Metre. [*]
*A Psalm before prayer.*

1 SING to the Lord Jehovah's name,
And in his strength rejoice;
When his salvation is our theme,
Exalted be our voice.

2 With thanks approach his awful sight,
And psalms of honour sing;

The Lord's a God of boundleſs might,
The whole creation's King.

3 Let princes hear, let angels know,
How mean their natures ſeem,
Thoſe gods on high, and gods below,
When once compar'd with him.

4 Earth, with its caverns, dark and deep,
Lies in his ſpacious hand;
He fix'd the ſeas what bounds to keep,
And where the hills muſt ſtand.

5 Come, and with humble ſouls adore;
Come, kneel before his face;
O may the creatures of his pow'r
Be children of his grace!

6 Now is the time: he bends his ear,
And waits for your requeſt;
Come, leſt he rouſe his wrath, and ſwear,
"Ye ſhall not ſee my reſt."

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PSALM XCV. Short Metre. [※]

*A pſalm before ſermon.*

1 COME, ſound his praiſe abroad,
And hymns of glory ſing;
Jehovah is the ſov'reign God,
The univerſal King.

2 He form'd the deeps unknown;
He gave the ſeas their bound;
The wat'ry worlds are all his own,
And all the ſolid ground.

3 Come, worſhip at his throne,
Come, bow before the Lord:
We are his works, and not our own,
He form'd us by his word.

4 To-day attend his voice,
Nor dare provoke his rod;
Come, like the people of his choice,
And own your gracious God.

5 But if your ears refuſe
The language of his grace,
And hearts grow hard, like ſtubborn Jews,
That unbelieving race;

6 The Lord, in vengeance dreſt,
Will lift his hand and ſwear,

" You that despise my promis'd rest
" Shall have no portion there."

PSALM XCV. 1, 2, 3, 6—11. Long Metre. [*]
*Canaan lost through unbelief: or, a warning to delaying sinners.*

1 COME, let our voices join to raise
A sacred song of solemn praise:
God is a sov'reign King, rehearse
His honours in exalted verse.

2 Come, let our souls address the Lord,
Who fram'd our natures with his word:
He is our shepherd; we the sheep
His mercy chose, his pastures keep.

3 Come, let us hear his voice to-day,
The counsels of his love obey;
Nor let our harden'd hearts renew
The sins and plagues that Isr'el knew.

4 Isr'el, that saw his works of grace,
Tempted their Maker to his face;
A faithless unbelieving brood,
That tir'd the patience of their God.

5 Thus saith the Lord, " How false they prove!
" Forget my pow'r; abuse my love:
" Since they despise my rest, I swear
" Their feet shall never enter there."

6 [Look back, my soul, with holy dread,
And view those ancient rebels dead;
Attend the offer'd grace to-day,
Nor lose the blessing by delay.

7 Seize the kind promise, while it waits,
And march to Zion's heav'nly gates:
Believe, and take the promis'd rest,
Obey, and be forever blest.]

PSALM XCVI. 1, 10, &c. Common Metre. [*]
*Christ's first and second coming.*

1 SING to the Lord, ye distant lands,
Ye tribes of ev'ry tongue:
His new-discover'd grace demands
A new and nobler song.

2 Say to the nations, Jesus reigns,
God's own almighty Son;
His pow'r the sinking world sustains,
And grace surrounds his throne.

3 Let heav'n proclaim the joyful day,
Joy through the earth be seen;
Let cities shine in bright array,
And fields in cheerful green.

4 Let an unusual joy surprise
The islands of the sea:
Ye mountains sink, ye vallies rise,
Prepare the Lord his way.

5 Behold, he comes! he comes to bless
The nations as their God;
To shew the world his righteousness,
And send his truth abroad.

6 But when his voice shall raise the dead,
And bid the world draw near,
How will the guilty nations dread
To see their Judge appear!

---

PSALM XCVI. Particular Metre. [※]

*The God of the Gentiles.*

1 LET all the earth their voices raise,
To sing the choicest psalm of praise,
To sing and bless Jehovah's name;
His glory let the heathens know,
His wonders to the nations shew,
And all his saving works proclaim.

2 The heathens know thy glory, Lord;
The wond'ring nations read thy word;
Among us is JEHOVAH known:
Our worship shall no more be paid
To gods which mortal hands have made;
Our Maker is our God alone.

3 He fram'd the globe, he built the sky,
He made the shining worlds on high,
And reigns complete in glory there:
His beams are majesty and light;
His beauties, how divinely bright!
His temple, how divinely fair!

4 Come, the great day, the glorious hour,
When earth shall feel his saving pow'r,
And barb'rous nations fear his name;
Then shall the race of man confess
The beauty of his holiness,
And in his courts his grace proclaim.

PSALM XCVII. *1st Part.* Long Metre. [✻]
Ver. 1—5.

*Christ reigning in heaven, and coming to judgment.*

1 HE reigns, the Lord the Saviour reigns,
Praise him in evangelic strains;
Let the whole earth in songs rejoice,
And distant islands join their voice.

2 Deep are his counsels and unknown;
But grace and truth support his throne:
Though gloomy clouds his way surround,
Justice is their eternal ground.

3 In robes of judgment, lo, he comes!
Shakes the wide earth and cleaves the tombs;
Before him burns devouring fire,
The mountains melt, the seas retire.

4 His enemies, with sore dismay,
Fly from the sight, and shun the day;
Then lift your heads, ye saints, on high,
And sing, for your redemption's nigh.

PSALM XCVII. *2d Part.* Long Metre. [✻]
Ver. 6—9. *Christ's incarnation.*

1 THE Lord is come, the heav'ns proclaim
His birth; the nations learn his name;
An unknown star directs the road
Of eastern sages to their God.

2 All ye bright armies of the skies,
Go, worship where the Saviour lies!
Angels and kings before him bow,
Those gods on high and gods below.

3 Let idols totter to the ground,
And their own worshippers confound:
But Judah shout, but Zion sing,
And earth confess her sov'reign King.

PSALM XCVII. *3d Part.* Long Metre [✻]
*Grace and glory.*

1 THE Almighty reigns, exalted high,
O'er all the earth, o'er all the sky;
Though clouds and darkness veil his feet,
His dwelling is the mercy seat.

2 O ye that love his holy name,
Hate ev'ry work of sin and shame:
He guards the souls of all his friends,
And from the snares of hell defends.

3 Immortal light, and joys unknown,
Are for the saints in darkness sown:
Those glorious seeds shall spring and rise,
And the bright harvest bless our eyes.

4 Rejoice, ye righteous, and record
The sacred honours of the Lord;
None but the soul that feels his grace
Can triumph in his holiness.

## PSALM XCVII. Common Metre. [※]
Ver. 1, 3, 5—7, 11.

*Christ's incarnation, and the last judgment.*

1 YE islands of the northern sea,
Rejoice, the Saviour reigns;
His word, like fire, prepares his way,
And mountains melt to plains.

2 His presence sinks the proudest hills,
And makes the vallies rise;
The humble soul enjoys his smiles,
The haughty sinner dies.

3 The heav'ns his rightful pow'r proclaim!
The idol gods around
Fill their own worshippers with shame,
And totter to the ground.

4 Adoring angels, at his birth,
Made the Redeemer known;
Thus shall he come to judge the earth,
And angels guard his throne.

5 His foes shall tremble at his sight,
And hills and seas retire;
His children take their unknown flight,
And leave the world on fire.

6 The seeds of joy and glory sown
For saints in darkness here,
Shall rise and spring in worlds unknown,
And a rich harvest bear.

## PSALM XCVIII. *1st Part.* Common Metre. [※]

*Praise for the gospel.*

1 TO our almighty Maker, God,
New honours be address'd;
His great salvation shines abroad,
And makes the nations bless'd.

2 He spake the word to Abrah'm first,
His truth fulfils his grace;

The Gentiles make his name their truſt,
And learn his righteouſneſs.

3 Let the whole earth his love proclaim
With all her diff'rent tongues;
And ſpread the honours of his name
In melody and ſongs.

PSALM XCVIII. *2d Part.* Common Metre. [✻]
*The Meſſiah's coming and kingdom.*

1 JOY to the world! the Lord is come!
Let earth receive her King;
Let every heart prepare him room,
And heav'n and nature ſing.

2 Joy to the earth! the Saviour reigns!
Let men their ſongs employ;
While fields and floods, rocks, hills and plains
Repeat the ſounding joy.

3 No more let ſins and ſorrows grow,
Nor thorns infeſt the ground;
He comes to make his bleſſings flow
Far as the curſe is found.

4 He rules the world with truth and grace,
And makes the nations prove
The glories of his righteouſneſs,
And wonders of his love.

PSALM XCIX. *1ſt Part.* Short Metre. [✻]
*Chriſt's kingdom and majeſty.*

1 THE God JEHOVAH reigns,
Let all the nations fear;
Let ſinners tremble at his throne,
And ſaints be humble there.

2 Jeſus, the Saviour, reigns!
Let earth adore its Lord,
Bright cherubs his attendants ſtand,
Swift to fulfil his word.

3 In Zion is his throne,
His honours are divine:
His church ſhall make his wonders known,
For there his glories ſhine.

4 How holy is his name!
How terrible his praiſe!
Juſtice and truth, and judgment join
In all his works of grace.

PSALM XCIX. *2d Part.* Short Metre. [※]

*A holy God worshipped with reverence.*

1 EXALT the Lord our God,
And worship at his feet:
His nature is all holiness,
And mercy is his seat.

2 When Isr'el was his church,
When Aaron was his priest,
When Moses cry'd, when Samuel pray'd,
He gave his people rest.

3 Oft he forgave their sins,
Nor would destroy their race;
And oft he made his vengeance known,
When they abus'd his grace.

4 Exalt the Lord our God,
Whose grace is still the same;
Still he's a God of holiness,
And jealous for his name.

---

PSALM C. *1st Part.* Long Metre. [※]

A plain translation. *Praise to our Creator.*

1 YE nations of the earth, rejoice
Before the Lord, your sov'reign King,
Serve him with cheerful heart and voice,
With all your tongues his glory sing.

2 The Lord is God; 'tis he alone
Doth life and breath and being give;
We are his work, and not our own;
The sheep that on his pastures live.

3 Enter his gates with songs of joy,
With praises to his courts repair,
And make it your divine employ,
To pay your thanks and honours there.

4 The Lord is good; the Lord is kind;
Great is his grace, his mercy sure;
And the whole race of man shall find
His truth from age to age endure.

---

PSALM C. *2d Part.* Long Metre. [※]

A paraphrase.

1 SING to the Lord with joyful voice;
Let ev'ry land his name adore;
The northern isles shall send the noise
Across the ocean, to the shore.

2 Nations attend before his throne,
With ſolemn fear, with ſacred joy;
Know that the Lord is God alone:
He can create, and he deſtroy.

3 His ſov'reign pow'r, without our aid,
Made us of clay and form'd us men;
And when like wand'ring ſheep we ſtray'd
He brought us to his fold again.

4 We are his people, we his care,
Our ſouls and all our mortal frame:
What laſting honours ſhall we rear,
Almighty Maker, to thy name?

5 We'll crowd thy gates with thankful ſongs,
High as the heav'ns our voices raiſe;
And earth, with her ten thouſand tongues,
Shall fill thy courts with ſounding praiſe.

6 Wide as the world is thy command,
Vaſt as eternity thy love;
Firm as a rock thy truth muſt ſtand,
When rolling years ſhall ceaſe to move.

---

PSALM CI. Long Metre. [*]
*The magiſtrate's pſalm.*

1 MERCY and judgment are my ſong!
And ſince they both to thee belong,
My gracious God, my righteous King,
To thee my ſongs and vows I'll bring.

2 If I am rais'd to bear the ſword,
I'll take my counſels from thy word;
Thy juſtice and thy heav'nly grace
Shall be the pattern of my ways.

3 Let wiſdom all my actions guide,
And let my God with me reſide;
No wicked thing ſhall dwell with me,
Which may provoke thy jealouſy.

4 No ſons of ſlander, rage and ſtrife,
Shall be companions of my life;
The haughty look, the heart of pride,
Within my doors ſhall ne'er abide.

5 [I'll ſearch the land, and raiſe the juſt
To poſts of honour, wealth and truſt;
The men that work thy holy will,
Shall be my friends and fav'rites ſtill.]

6 In vain shall sinners hope to rise
By flatt'ring or malicious lies;
And while the innocent I guard,
The bold offender than't be spar'd.

7 The impious crew, that factious band,
Shall hide their heads, or quit the land;
And all that break the public rest,
Where I have pow'r, shall be sup press'd.

---

PSALM CI. Common Metre. [※]

*A psalm for a master of a family.*

1 OF justice and of grace I sing,
And pay my God my vows:
Thy grace and justice, heav'nly King,
Teach me to rule my house.

2 Now to my tent, O God, repair,
And make thy servant wise;
I'll suffer nothing near me there
That shall offend thine eyes.

3 The man that doth his neighbour wrong,
By falsehood or by force,
The scornful eye, the sland'rous tongue,
I'll thrust them from my doors.

4 I'll seek the faithful and the just,
And will their help enjoy;
These are the friends that I shall trust,
The servants I'll employ.

5 The wretch that deals in sly deceit,
I'll not endure a night:
The liar's tongue I'll ever hate,
And banish from my sight.

6 I'll purge my family around,
And make the wicked flee;
So shall my house be ever found
A dwelling fit for thee.

---

PSALM CII. *1st Part.* Common Metre. [b]

Ver. 1—13, 20, 21.

*A prayer of the afflicted.*

1 HEAR me, O God, nor hide thy face,
But answer, lest I die;
Hast thou not built a throne of grace,
To hear when sinners cry?

2 My days are wafted like the ſmoke
Diſſolving in the air;
My ſtrength is dry'd, my heart is broke,
And ſinking in deſpair.

3 My ſpirits flag, like with'ring graſs
Burnt with exceſſive heat;
In ſecret groans my minutes paſs,
And I forget to eat.

4 As on ſome lonely building's top,
The ſparrow tells her moan,
Far from the tents of joy and hope,
I ſit and grieve alone.

5 My ſoul is like a wilderneſs,
Where beaſts of midnight howl;
There the ſad raven finds her place,
And there the ſcreaming owl.

6 Dark diſmal thoughts and boding fears
Dwell in my troubled breaſt;
While ſharp reproaches wound my ears,
Nor give my ſpirit reſt.

7 My cup is mingled with my woes,
And tears are my repaſt;
My daily bread like aſhes grows
Unpleaſant to my taſte.

8 Senſe can afford no real joy
To ſouls that feel thy frown;
Lord, 'twas thy hand advanc'd me high,
Thy hand hath caſt me down.

9 My locks like wither'd leaves appear;
And life's declining light
Grows faint, as ev'ning ſhadows are,
That vaniſh into night.

10 But thou forever art the ſame,
O my eternal God!
Ages to come ſhall know thy name,
And ſpread thy works abroad.

11 Thou wilt ariſe, and ſhew thy face,
Nor will my Lord delay
Beyond th' appointed hour of grace,
That long expected day.

12 He hears his ſaints, he knows their cry,
And by myſterious ways

Redeems the pris'ners doom'd to die,
And fills their tongues with praise.

PSALM CII. *2d Part.* Common Metre. [※]
Ver. 13—21. *Prayer heard, and Zion restored.*

1 LET Zion and her sons rejoice!
Behold the promis'd hour!
Her God hath heard her mourning voice,
And comes t' exalt his pow'r.

2 Her dust and ruins that remain,
Are precious in our eyes;
Those ruins shall be built again,
And all that dust shall rise.

3 The Lord will raise Jerusalem,
And stand in glory there;
Nations shall bow before his name,
And kings attend with fear.

4 He sits a sov'reign on his throne,
With pity in his eyes:
He hears the dying pris'ners groan,
And sees their sighs arise.

5 He frees the souls condemn'd to death;
And when his saints complain,
It shant be said "that praying breath
"Was ever spent in vain."

6 This shall be known when we are dead,
And left on long record,
That ages yet unborn may read,
And trust, and praise the Lord.

PSALM CII. 23—28. Long Metre. [b]
*Man's mortality and Christ's eternity; or, saints die, but Christ and the church live.*

1 IT is the Lord our Saviour's hand
Weakens our strength amidst the race;
Disease and death at his command,
Arrest us, and cut short our days.

2 Spare us, O Lord, aloud we pray,
Nor let our sun go down at noon;
Thy years are one eternal day,
And must thy children die so soon?

3 Yet in the midst of death and grief
This thought our sorrow shall shall assuage;

"Our Father and our Saviour live;
"Chriſt is the ſame through ev'ry age."

4 'Twas he this earth's foundation laid;
Heav'n is the building of his hand;
This earth grows old, theſe heav'ns ſhall fade,
And all be chang'd at his command.

5 The ſtarry curtains of the ſky,
Like garments, ſhall be laid aſide;
But ſtill thy throne ſtands firm and high;
Thy church forever muſt abide.

6 Before thy face thy church ſhall live,
And on thy throne thy children reign;
This dying world ſhall they ſurvive,
And the dead ſaints be rais'd again.

---

PSALM CIII. *1ſt Part.* Long Metre. [*]
Ver. 1—7.

*Bleſſing God for his goodneſs to ſoul and body.*

1 BLESS, O my ſoul, the living God,
Call home thy thoughts that rove abroad,
Let all the pow'rs within me join
In work and worſhip ſo divine.

2 Bleſs, O my ſoul, the God of grace;
His favours claim thy higheſt praiſe;
Why ſhould the wonders he hath wrought
Be loſt in ſilence and forgot?

3 'Tis he, my ſoul, that ſent his Son
To die for crimes which thou haſt done;
He owns the ranſom, and forgives
The hourly follies of our lives.

4 The vices of the mind he heals,
And cures the pains that nature feels,
Redeems the ſoul from hell, and ſaves
Our waſting life from threat'ning graves.

5 Our youth decay'd his pow'r repairs;
His mercy crowns our growing years;
He ſatisfies our mouth with good,
And fills our hopes with heav'nly food.

6 He ſees th' oppreſſor and th' oppreſs'd,
And often gives the ſuff'rers reſt;
But will his juſtice more diſplay
In the laſt great rewarding day.

7 [His pow'r he shew'd by Moses' hands,
And gave to Isr'el his commands;
But sent his truth and mercy down
To all the nations by his Son.

8 Let the whole earth his pow'r confess,
Let the whole earth adore his grace:
The Gentile with the Jew shall join
In work and worship so divine.]

## PSALM CIII. 2d Part. Long Metre. [※]
Ver. 8—18.

*God's gentle chastisement; or, his tender mercy to his people.*

1 THE Lord, how wond'rous are his ways!
How firm his truth, how large his grace!
He takes his mercy for his throne,
And thence he makes his glories known.

2 Not half so high his power hath spread
The starry heav'ns above our head,
As his rich love exceeds our praise,
Exceeds the highest hopes we raise.

3 Not half so far hath nature plac'd
The rising morning from the west,
As his forgiving grace removes
The daily guilt of those he loves.

4 How slowly doth his wrath arise!
On swifter wings salvation flies:
And if he lets his anger burn,
How soon his frowns to pity turn!

5 Amidst his wrath compassion shines;
His strokes are lighter than our sins;
And while his rod corrects his saints,
His ear indulges their complaints.

6 So fathers their young sons chastise,
With gentle hands and melting eyes;
The children weep beneath the smart,
And move the pity of their heart.

PAUSE.

7 The mighty God, the wise and just,
Knows that our frame is feeble dust;
And will no heavy loads impose
Beyond the strength that he bestows.

8 He knows how soon our nature dies,
Blasted by ev'ry wind that flies;

Like grass we spring, and die as soon
As morning flow'rs that fade at noon.

9 But his eternal love is sure
To all the saints, and shall endure;
From age to age his truth shall reign,
Nor children's children hope in vain.

---

PSALM CIII. *1st Part.* Short Metre. [※]
Ver. 1—7.

*Praise for spiritual and temporal mercies.*

1 O BLESS the Lord, my soul!
Let all within me join,
And aid my tongue to bless his name,
Whose favours are divine.

2 O bless the Lord, my soul,
Nor let his mercies lie
Forgotten in unthankfulness,
And without praises die.

3 'Tis he forgives thy sins,
'Tis he relieves thy pain,
'Tis he that heals thy sickness,
And makes thee young again.

4 He crowns thy life with love,
When ransom'd from the grave;
He that redeem'd my soul from hell,
Hath sov'reign pow'r to save.

5 He fills the poor with good;
He gives the suff'rers rest;
The Lord hath judgments for the proud,
And justice for th' oppress'd.

6 His wondrous works and ways
He made by Moses known;
But sent the world his truth and grace
By his beloved Son.

---

PSALM CIII. *2d Part.* Short Metre. [※]
Ver. 8—18.

*Abounding compassion of God; or, mercy in the midst of judgment.*

1 MY soul, repeat his praise,
Whose mercies are so great;
Whose anger is so slow to rise,
So ready to abate.

2 God will not always chide;
And when his ſtrokes are felt,
His ſtrokes are fewer than our crimes,
And lighter than our guilt.

3 High as the heav'ns are rais'd
Above the ground we tread,
So far the riches of his grace
Our hgheſt thoughts exceed.

4 His pow'r ſubdues our ſins,
And his forgiving love,
Far as the eaſt is from the weſt,
Doth all our guilt remove.

5 The pity of the Lord
To thoſe that fear his name,
Is ſuch as tender parents feel;
He knows our feeble frame.

6 He knows we are but duſt,
Scatter'd with ev'ry breath;
His anger, like a riſing wind,
Can ſend us ſwift to death.

7 Our days are as the graſs,
Or like the morning flow'r;
If one ſharp blaſt ſweep o'er the field,
It withers in an hour.

8 But thy compaſſions, Lord,
To endleſs years endure;
And children's children ever find
Thy words of promiſe ſure.

---

PSALM CIII. 3*d Part.* Short Metre. [※]
Ver. 19—22.

*God's univerſal dominion; or, angels praiſe the Lord.*

1 THE Lord, the ſov'reign King,
Hath fix'd his throne on high;
O'er all the heav'nly world he rules,
And all beneath the ſky.

2 Ye angels, great in might,
And ſwift to do his will,
Bleſs ye the Lord, whoſe voice ye hear,
Whoſe pleaſure ye fulfil.

3 Let the bright hoſts who wait
The orders of their King,
And guard his churches when they pray,
Join in the praiſe they ſing.

4 While all his wondrous works
Through his vaſt kingdom ſhew
Their Maker's glory, thou, my ſoul,
Shall ſing his graces too.

---

PSALM CIV. Long Metre. [※]

*The glory of God in creation and Providence.*

1 MY ſoul, thy great Creator praiſe;
When cloth'd in his celeſtial rays,
He in full majeſty appears,
And, like a robe, his glory wears.

[NOTE. This pſalm may be ſung to a different metre, by adding the following two lines to every ſtanza, viz.

*Great is the Lord; what tongue can frame*
*An equal honour to his name?*]

2 The heav'ns are for his curtain ſpread;
Th' unfathom'd deep he makes his bed:
Clouds are his chariot, when he flies
On winged ſtorms acroſs the ſkies.

3 Angels, whom his own breath inſpires,
His miniſters are flaming fires;
And ſwift as thought their armies move
To bear his vengeance or his love.

4 The world's foundations by his hand
Are pois'd, and ſhall forever ſtand;
He binds the ocean in his chain,
Leſt it ſhould drown the earth again.

5 When earth was cover'd with the flood,
Which high above the mountains ſtood,
He thunder'd, and the ocean fled,
Confin'd to its appointed bed.

6 The ſwelling billows know their bound,
And in their channels walk their round;
Yet thence convey'd by ſecret veins,
They ſpring on hills, and drench the plains.

7 He bids the cryſtal fountains flow,
And cheer the vallies as they go;
Tame heifers there their thirſt allay,
And for the ſtream wild aſſes bray.

8 From pleaſant trees which ſhade the brink,
The lark and linnet light to drink;
Their ſongs the lark and linnet raiſe,
And chide our ſilence in his praiſe.

PAUSE I.

9 God, from his cloudy ciſtern, pours
On the parch'd earth enriching ſhow'rs:
The grove, the garden, and the field,
A thouſand joyful bleſſings yield.

10 He makes the graſſy food ariſe,
And gives the cattle large ſupplies;
With herbs for man, of various pow'r,
To nouriſh nature, or to cure.

11 What noble fruits the vines produce!
The olive yields an uſeful juice:
Our hearts are cheer'd with gen'rous wine,
With inward joy our faces ſhine.

12 O bleſs his name, ye people, fed
With nature's chief ſupporter, bread:
While bread your vital ſtrength imparts,
Serve him with vigour in your hearts.

PAUSE II.

13 Behold the ſtately cedar ſtands,
Rais'd in the foreſt by his hands;
Birds to the boughs for ſhelter fly,
And build their neſts ſecure on high.

14 To craggy hills aſcends the goat;
And at the airy mountain's foot
The feebler creatures make their cell;
He gives them wiſdom where to dwell.

15 He ſets the ſun his circling race,
Appoints the moon to change her face;
And when thick darkneſs veils the day,
Calls out wild beaſts to hunt their prey.

16 Fierce lions lead their young abroad,
And, roaring, aſk their meat from God;
But when the morning beams ariſe,
The ſavage beaſt to covert flies.

17 Then man to daily labour goes;
The night was made for his repoſe:
Sleep is thy gift, that ſweet relief
From tireſome toil and waſting grief.

18 How ſtrange thy works! how great thy ſkill,
And ev'ry land thy riches fill:
Thy wiſdom round the world we ſee,
This ſpacious earth is full of thee.

19 Nor leſs thy glories in the deep,
Where fiſh in millions ſwim and creep,

With wondrous motions swift or slow,
Still wand'ring in the paths below.

20 There ships divide their wat'ry way,
And flocks of scaly monsters play;
There dwells the huge leviathan,
And foams and sports in spite of man.

PAUSE III.

21 Vast are thy works, almighty Lord,
All nature rests upon thy word,
And the whole race of creatures stand,
Waiting their portion from thy hand.

22 While each receives his diff'rent food,
Their cheerful looks pronounce it good;
Eagles and bears, and whales and worms,
Rejoice and praise in different forms.

23 But when thy face is hid, they mourn,
And dying, to their dust return;
Both man and beast their souls resign;
Life, breath, and spirit, all are thine.

24 Yet thou canst breathe on dust again,
And fill the world with beasts and men;
A word of thy creating breath
Repairs the wastes of time and death.

25 His works, the wonders of his might,
Are honour'd with his own delight:
How awful are his glorious ways!
The Lord is dreadful in his praise.

26 The earth stands trembling at thy stroke,
And at thy touch the mountains smoke;
Yet humble souls may see thy face,
And tell their wants to sov'reign grace.

27 In thee my hopes and wishes meet,
And make my meditations sweet:
Thy praises shall my breath employ,
Till it expire in endless joy.

28 While haughty sinners die accurst,
Their glory bury'd in the dust,
I to my God, my heav'nly King,
Immortal hallelujahs sing.

---

PSALM CV. Abridged. Common Metre. [1]
*God's conduct to Israel, and the plagues of Egypt.*

1 GIVE thanks to God, invoke his name,
And tell the world his grace;

Sound through the earth his deeds of fame,
That all may seek his face.

2 His cov'nant, which he kept in mind
For num'rous ages past,
To num'rous ages, yet behind,
In equal force shall last.

3 He sware to Abrah'm and his seed,
And made the blessing sure;
Gentiles the ancient promise read,
And find his truth endure.

4 "Thy seed shall make all nations bleſt,"
(Said the Almighty voice)
"And Canaan's land shall be their reſt,
"The type of heav'nly joys."

5 [How large the grant! how rich the grace!
To give them Canaan's land,
When they were strangers in the place,
A little feeble band!

6 Like pilgrims through the countries round
Securely they remov'd;
And haughty kings, that on them frown'd,
Severely he reprov'd.

7 "Touch mine anointed, and mine arm
"Shall soon revenge the wrong:
"The man that does my prophets harm,
"Shall know their God is strong."

8 Then let the world forbear its rage,
Nor put the church in fear:
Isr'el must live through ev'ry age,
And be th' Almighty's care.]

PAUSE I.

9 When Pharaoh dar'd to vex the saints,
And thus provok'd their God,
Moses was sent, at their complaints,
Arm'd with his dreadful rod.

10 He call'd for darkness; darkness came
Like an o'erwhelming flood;
He turn'd each lake and ev'ry stream
To lakes and streams of blood.

11 He gave the sign, and noisome flies
Through the whole country spread;
And frogs, in croaking armies, rise
About the monarch's bed.

12 Through fields, and towns, and palaces,
The ten-fold vengeance flew;
Locusts in swarms devour'd their trees,
And hail their cattle slew.

13 Then by an angel's midnight stroke,
The flow'r of Egypt dy'd;
The strength of ev'ry house was broke,
Their glory and their pride.

14 Now let the world forbear its rage,
Nor put the church in fear;
Isr'el must live through ev'ry age,
And be th' Almighty's care.

PAUSE II.

15 Thus were the tribes from bondage brought,
And left the hated ground:
Each some Egyptian spoils had got,
And not one feeble found.

16 The Lord himself chose out their way,
And mark'd their journies right;
Gave them a leading cloud by day,
A fiery guide by night.

17 They thirst; and waters from the rock
In rich abundance flow,
And following still the course they took,
Ran all the desert through.

18 O wondrous stream! O blessed type
Of ever-flowing grace!
So Christ our rock maintains our life
Through all this wilderness.

19 Thus guarded by th' Almighty Hand,
The chosen tribes possess'd
Canaan the rich, the promis'd land,
And there enjoy'd their rest.

20 Then let the world forbear its rage,
The church renounce her fear;
Isr'el must live through ev'ry age,
And be th' Almighty's care.

---

PSALM CVI. Ver. 1—5. Long Metre. [※]
*Praise to God; or, communion with saints.*

1 TO God the great, the ever bless'd,
Let songs of honour be address'd;

His mercy firm forever ſtands!
Give him the thanks his love demands.

2 Who knows the wonders of thy ways?
Who ſhall fulfil thy boundleſs praiſe?
Bleſt are the ſouls that fear thee ſtill,
And pay their duty to thy will.

3 Remember what thy mercy did
For Jacob's race, thy choſen ſeed;
And with the ſame ſalvation bleſs
The meaneſt ſuppliant of thy grace.

4 O may I ſee thy tribes rejoice,
And aid their triumphs with my voice!
This is my glory, Lord, to be
Join'd to thy ſaints, and near to thee.

---

PSALM CVI. Short Metre. [*]
Ver. 7, 8, 12—14, 43—48.

*Iſrael puniſhed and pardoned; or, God's unchangeable love.*

1 GOD of eternal love,
How fickle are our ways!
And yet how oft did Iſr'el prove
Thy conſtancy of grace!

2 They ſaw thy wonders wrought,
And then thy praiſe they ſung;
But ſoon thy works of pow'r forgot,
And murmur'd with their tongue.

3 Now they believe his word,
While rocks with rivers flow;
Now, with their luſts provoke the Lord,
And he reduc'd them low.

4 Yet when they mourn'd their faults,
He hearken'd to their groans;
Brought his own cov'nant to his thoughts,
And call'd them ſtill his ſons.

5 Their names were in his book,
He ſav'd them from their foes;
Oft he chaſtis'd, but ne'er forſook
The people that he choſe.

6 Let Iſr'el bleſs the Lord,
Who lov'd their ancient race;
And Chriſtians join the ſolemn word,
Amen, to all the praiſe.

PSALM CVII. *1st Part.* Long Metre. [✻]

*Israel led to Canaan, and Christians to heaven.*

1 GIVE thanks to God; he reigns above;
Kind are his thoughts, his name is love;
His mercy, ages past have known,
And ages long to come shall own.

2 Let the redeemed of the Lord
The wonders of his grace record:
Isr'el, the nation whom he chose,
And rescu'd from their mighty foes.

3 [When God's almighty arm had broke
Their fetters and th' Egyptian yoke,
They trac'd the desert, wand'ring round
A wild and solitary ground!

4 There they could find no leading road,
Nor city for a fix'd abode:
Nor food, nor fountain to assuage
Their burning thirst, or hunger's rage.

5 In their distress to God they cry'd;
God was their Saviour and their guide;
He led their march far wand'ring round;
'Twas the right path to Canaan's ground.

6 Thus when our first release we gain
From sin's old yoke, and Satan's chain,
We have this desert world to pass,
A dang'rous and a tiresome place.

7 He feeds and clothes us all the way,
He guides our footsteps lest we stray;
He guards us with a pow'rful hand,
And brings us to the heav'nly land.

8 O let the saints with joy record
The truth and goodness of the Lord!
How great his works! how kind his ways!
Let ev'ry tongue pronounce his praise.

---

PSALM CVII. *2d Part.* Long Metre. [✻]

*Correction for sin, and release by prayer.*

1 FROM age to age exalt his name;
God and his grace are still the same;
He fills the hungry soul with food,
And feeds the poor with ev'ry good.

2 But if their hearts rebel, and rise
Against the God that rules the skies;
If they reject his heav'nly word,
And slight the counsels of the Lord;

3 He'll bring their spirits to the ground,
And no deliv'rer shall be found:
Laden with grief, they waste their breath
In darkness, and the shades of death.

4 Then to the Lord they raise their cries,
He makes the dawning light arise,
And scatters all that dismal shade
That hung so heavy round their head.

5 He cuts the bars of brass in two,
And lets the smiling pris'ners through;
Takes off the load of guilt and grief,
And gives the lab'ring soul relief.

6 O may the sons of men record
The wondrous goodness of the Lord!
How great his works! how kind his ways!
Let ev'ry tongue pronounce his praise.

---

PSALM CVII. 3*d Part.* Long Metre. [✠]

*Intemperance punished and pardoned; or, a psalm for the glutton and the drunkard.*

1 VAIN man, on foolish pleasures bent,
Prepares for his own punishment;
What pains, what loathsome maladies,
From luxury and lust arise!

2 The drunkard feels his vitals waste,
Yet drowns his health to please his taste;
Till all his active powers are lost,
And fainting life draws near the dust.

3 The glutton groans, and loathes to eat,
His soul abhors delicious meat;
Nature, with heavy loads oppress'd,
Would yield to death to be releas'd.

4 Then how the frighted sinners fly
To God for help, with earnest cry!
He hears their groans, prolongs their breath,
And saves them from approaching death.

5 No med'cine could effect the cure
So quick, so easy, or so sure;

The deadly sentence God repeals;
He sends his sov'reign word, and heals.

6 O may the sons of men record
The wondrous goodness of the Lord!
And let their thankful off'rings prove
How they adore their Maker's love.

---

PSALM CVII. *4th Part.* Long Metre. [*]
*Deliverance from storms and shipwreck; or, the seaman's song.*

1 WOULD you behold the works of God,
His wonders in the world abroad,
Go with the mariners, and trace
The unknown regions of the seas.

2 They leave their native shores behind,
And seize the favour of the wind,
Till God commands, and tempests rise,
That heave the ocean to the skies.

3 Now to the heav'ns they mount amain;
Now sink to dreadful deeps again;
What strange affrights young sailors feel,
And like a staggering drunkard reel!

4 When land is far, and death is nigh,
Lost to all hope, to God they cry:
His mercy hears their loud address,
And sends salvation in distress.

5 He bids the winds their wrath assuage;
The furious waves forget their rage:
'Tis calm; and sailors smile to see
The haven where they wish'd to be.

6 O may the sons of men record
The wondrous goodness of the Lord!
Let them their private off'rings bring,
And in the church his glory sing.

---

PSALM CVII. Common Metre. [*]
*The mariner's psalm.*

1 THY works of glory, mighty Lord,
Thy wonders in the deeps,
The sons of courage shall record,
Who trade in floating ships.

2 At thy command the winds arise,
And swell the tow'ring waves;
The men, astonish'd, mount the skies,
And sink in gaping graves.

6 The Lord shall on my side engage,
And in my Saviour's name
I shall defeat their pride and rage,
Who slander and condemn.

PSALM CX. *1st Part.* Long Metre. [※]
*Christ exalted, and multitudes converted: or, the success of the gospel.*

1 THUS the eternal Father spake
To Christ the Son, "Ascend and sit
"At my right hand, till I shall make
"Thy foes submissive at thy feet.

2 "From Zion shall thy word proceed;
"Thy word, the sceptre in thy hand,
"Shall make the hearts of rebels bleed,
"And bow their wills to thy command.

3 "That day shall shew thy pow'r is great,
"When saints shall flock with willing minds,
"And sinners crowd thy temple-gate,
"Where holiness in beauty shines."

4 O blessed pow'r! O glorious day!
What a large vict'ry shall ensue!
And converts, who thy grace obey,
Exceed the drops of morning dew.

PSALM CX. *2d Part.* Long Metre. [※]
*The kingdom and priesthood of Christ.*

1 THUS the great Lord of earth and sea
Spake to his Son, and thus he swore;
"Eternal shall thy priesthood be,
"And change from hand to hand no more.

2 "Aaron and all his sons must die,
"But everlasting life is thine,
"To save forever those that fly
"For refuge from the wrath divine.

3 "By me Melchizedek was made
"On earth a king and priest at once;
"And thou, my heav'nly priest, shalt plead,
"And thou, my king, shalt rule my sons."

4 Jesus the priest ascends his throne,
While counsels of eternal peace,
Between the Father and the Son,
Proceed with honour and success.

5 Through the whole earth his reign shall spread,
And crush the pow'rs that dare rebel;

Then shall he judge the rising dead,
And send the guilty world to hell.

6 Though while he treads his glorious way,
He drinks the cup of tears and blood,
The suff'rings of that dreadful day
Shall but advance him near to God.

---

PSALM CX. Common Metre. [*]
*Christ's kingdom and priesthood.*

1 JESUS, our Lord, ascend thy throne,
And near thy Father sit:
In Zion shall thy pow'r be known,
And make thy foes submit.

2 What wonders shall thy gospel do!
Thy converts shall surpass
The num'rous drops of morning dew,
And own thy sov'reign grace.

3 God hath pronounc'd a firm decree,
Nor changes what he swore;
"Eternal shall thy priesthood be,
"When Aaron is no more.

4 "Melchizedek, that wondrous priest,
"That king of high degree,
"That holy man, who Abrah'm blest,
"Was but a type of thee."

5 Jesus our priest forever lives
To plead for us above;
Jesus our king forever gives
The blessings of his love.

6 God shall exalt his glorious head,
And his high throne maintain;
Shall strike the pow'rs and princes dead
Who dare oppose his reign.

---

PSALM CXI. *1st Part.* Common Metre. [*]
*The wisdom of God in his works.*

1 SONGS of immortal praise belong
To my almighty God:
He has my heart, and he my tongue,
To spread his name abroad.

2 How great the works his hand hath wrought!
How glorious in our sight!
Good men in every age have sought
His wonders with delight.

3 How moſt exact is nature's frame!
How wiſe th' eternal Mind!
His counſels never change the ſcheme
That his firſt thoughts deſign'd.

4 When he redeem'd his choſen ſons,
He fix'd his cov'nant ſure:
The orders that his lips pronounce,
To endleſs years endure.

5 Nature and time, and earth and ſkies,
Thy heav'nly ſkill proclaim;
What ſhall we do to make us wiſe,
But learn to read thy name?

6 To fear thy pow'r, to truſt thy grace,
Is our divineſt ſkill;
And he's the wiſeſt of our race,
That beſt obeys thy will.

---

PSALM CXI. *2d Part.* Common Metre. [✻]
*The perfections of God.*

1 GREAT is the Lord; his works of might
Demand our nobleſt ſongs:
Let his aſſembled ſaints unite
Their harmony of tongues.

2 Great is the mercy of the Lord,
He gives his children food;
And, ever mindful of his word,
He makes his promiſe good.

3 His Son, the great Redeemer, came
To ſeal his cov'nant ſure;
Holy and rev'rend is his name,
His ways are juſt and pure.

4 They that would grow divinely wiſe
Muſt with his fear begin,
Our faireſt proof of knowledge lies
In hating ev'ry ſin.

---

PSALM CXII. Particular Metre. [✻]
*The bleſſings of the liberal man.*

1 THAT man is bleſt who ſtands in awe
Of God, and loves his ſacred law:
His ſeed on earth ſhall be renown'd;
His houſe the ſeat of wealth ſhall be,
An inexhauſted treaſury,
And with ſucceſſive honours crown'd.

2 His lib'ral favours he extends,
To ſome he gives, to others lends;
A gen'rous pity fills his mind:
Yet what his charity impairs,
He ſaves by prudence in affairs,
And thus he's juſt to all mankind.

3 His hands, while they his alms beſtow'd,
His glory's future harveſt ſow'd:
The ſweet remembrance of the juſt,
Like a green root, revives and bears
A train of bleſſings for his heirs,
When dying nature ſleeps in duſt.

4 Beſet with threat'ning dangers round,
Unmov'd ſhall he maintain his ground;
His conſcience holds his courage up:
The ſoul that's fill'd with virtue's light
Shines brighteſt in affliction's night;
And ſees in darkneſs beams of hope.
PAUSE. [b]

5 [Ill tidings never can ſurpriſe
His heart that fix'd on God relies,
Though waves and tempeſts roar around:
Safe on a rock he ſits, and ſees
The ſhipwreck of his enemies,
And all their hope and glory drown'd.

6 The wicked ſhall his triumph ſee,
And gnath their teeth in agony,
To find their expectations croſs'd;
They and their envy, pride and ſpite,
Sink down to everlaſting night,
And all their names in darkneſs loſt.]

---

PSALM CXII. Long Metre. [*]

*The bleſſings of the pious and charitable.*

1 THRICE happy man who fears the Lord,
Loves his commands, and truſts his word;
Honour and peace his days attend,
And bleſſings to his ſeed deſcend.

2 Compaſſion dwells upon his mind,
To works of mercy ſtill inclin'd:
He lends the poor ſome preſent aid,
Or gives them, not to be repaid.

3 When times grow dark, and tidings ſpread,
That fill his neighbours round with dread,

His heart is arm'd againſt the fear,
For God with all his pow'r is there.

4 His ſoul, well fix'd upon the Lord,
Draws heav'nly courage from his word;
Amidſt the darkneſs light ſhall riſe,
To cheer his heart, and bleſs his eyes.

5 He hath diſpers'd his alms abroad,
His works are ſtill before his God;
His name on earth ſhall long remain,
While envious ſinners fret in vain.

PSALM CXII. Common Metre. [※]

*Liberality rewarded.*

1 HAPPY is he that fears the Lord,
And follows his commands,
Who lends the poor without reward,
Or gives with lib'ral hands.

2 As pity dwells within his breaſt
To all the ſons of need;
So God ſhall anſwer his requeſt
With bleſſings on his ſeed.

3 No evil tidings ſhall ſurpriſe
His well eſtabliſh'd mind;
His ſoul to God, his refuge, flies,
And leaves his fears behind.

4 In times of general diſtreſs,
Some beams of light ſhall ſhine,
To ſhew the world his righteouſneſs,
And give him peace divine.

5 His works of piety and love
Remain before the Lord;
Honour on earth, and joys above,
Shall be his ſure reward.

PSALM CXIII. Particular Metre. [✱]

*The majeſty and condeſcenſion of God.*

1 YE that delight to ſerve the Lord,
The honours of his name record,
His ſacred name forever bleſs:
Where'er the circling ſun diſplays
His riſing beams or ſetting rays,
Let lands and ſeas his pow'r confeſs.

2 Not time, nor nature's narrow rounds,
Can give his vaſt dominion bounds;
The heav'ns are far below his height:

Let no created greatneſs dare
With our eternal God compare,
Arm'd with his uncreated might!

3 He bows his glorious head to view
What the bright hoſts of angels do,
And bends his care to mortal things;
His ſov'reign hand exalts the poor,
He takes the needy from the door,
And makes them company for kings.

4 When childleſs families deſpair,
He ſends the bleſſings of an heir,
To reſcue their expiring name:
The mother, with a thankful voice,
Proclaims his praiſes and her joys:
Let every age advance his fame.

---

PSALM CXIII. Long Metre. [*]

*God ſovereign and gracious.*

1 YE ſervants of th' Almighty King,
In ev'ry age his praiſes ſing:
Where'er the ſun ſhall riſe or ſet,
The nations ſhall his praiſe repeat.

2 Above the earth, beyond the ſky,
Stands his high throne of majeſty;
Nor time, nor place, his pow'r reſtrain,
Nor bound his univerſal reign.

3 Which of the ſons of Adam dare,
Or angels, with their God compare?
His glories, how divinely bright,
Who dwells in uncreated light!

4 Behold his love; he ſtoops to view
What ſaints above and angels do;
And condeſcends yet more, to know
The mean affairs of men below.

5 From duſt and cottages obſcure,
His grace exalts the humble poor;
Gives them the honour of his ſons,
And fits them for their heav'nly thrones.

6 [A word of his creating voice
Can make the barren houſe rejoice:
Though Sarah's ninety years were paſt,
The promis'd ſeed is born at laſt.

7 With joy the mother views her ſon,
And tells the wonders God has done:

Faith may grow ſtrong when ſenſe deſpairs:
If nature fails, the promiſe bears.]

PSALM CXIV. Long Metre. [※]
*Miracles attending Iſrael's journey.*

1 WHEN Iſr'el, freed from Pharaoh's hand,
Left the proud tyrant and his land,
The tribes with cheerful homage own
Their King, and Judah was his throne.

2 Acroſs the deep their journey lay;
The deep divides to make them way:
Jordan beheld their march, and fled
With backward current to his head.

3 The mountains ſhook like frighted ſheep,
Like lambs the little hillocks leap;
Not Sinai on her baſe could ſtand,
Conſcious of ſov'reign pow'r at hand.

4 What pow'r could make the deep divide?
Make Jordan backward roll his tide?
Why did ye leap, ye little hills?
And whence the fright that Sinai feels?

5 Let ev'ry mountain, ev'ry flood,
Retire, and know th' approaching God,
The King of Iſr'el: See him here!
Tremble thou earth, adore and fear.

6 He thunders, and all nature mourns;
The rock to ſtanding pools he turns:
Flints ſpring with fountains at his word,
And fires and ſeas confeſs the Lord.

PSALM CXV. Long Metre. [※]
*The true God our refuge; or, Idolatry reproved.*

1 NOT to ourſelves, who are but duſt,
Not to ourſelves is glory due,
Eternal God, thou only juſt,
Thou only gracious, wiſe and true.

2 Shine forth in all thy dreadful name;
Why ſhould a heathen's tongue
Inſult us, and to raiſe our ſhame,
Say, "Where's the God you've ſerv'd ſo long?"

3 The God we ſerve maintains his throne
Above the clouds, beyond the ſkies;
Through all the earth his will is done,
He knows our groans, he hears our cries.

4 But the vain idols they adore.
Are senseless shapes of stone and wood;
At best, a mass of glitt'ring ore,
A silver saint, or golden god.

5 [With eyes and ears, they carve their head;
Deaf are their ears, their eyes are blind:
In vain are costly off'rings made,
And vows are scatter'd in the wind.

6 Their feet were never made to move,
Nor hands to save when mortals pray;
Mortals that pay them fear or love,
Seem to be blind and deaf as they.]

7 O Isr'el, make the Lord thy hope,
Thy help, thy refuge, and thy rest:
The Lord shall build thy ruins up,
And bless the people and the priest.

8 The dead no more can speak thy praise,
They dwell in silence in the grave;
But we shall live to sing thy grace,
And tell the world thy pow'r to save.

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## PSALM CXV. Particular Metre. [✻]

*Popish idolatry reproved.*

1 NOT to our names, thou only just and true,
Not to our worthless names is glory due;
Thy pow'r and grace, thy truth and justice claim
Immortal honours to thy sov'reign name.
Shine through the earth from heav'n thy blest abode,
Nor let the heathen say, "And where's your God!"

2 Heav'n is thy higher court, there stands thy throne'
And through the lower worlds thy will is done.
Our God fram'd all this earth, these heav'ns he spread,
But fools adore the gods their hands have made;
The kneeling crowd, with looks devout, behold
Their silver saviours, and their saints of gold.

3 [Vain are those artful shapes of eyes and ears;
The molten image neither sees nor hears:
Their hands are helpless, nor their feet can move;
They have no speech, nor thought, nor pow'r, nor love;
Yet sottish mortals make their long complaints
To their deaf idols, and their moveless saints.

4 The rich have ſtatues well adorn'd with gold;
The poor, content with gods of coarſer mould,
With tools of iron carve the ſenſeleſs ſtock,
Lopt from a tree, or broken from a rock:
People and prieſts drive on the ſolemn trade,
And truſt the gods that ſaws and hammers made.]

5 Be heav'n and earth amaz'd! 'Tis hard to ſay,
Which is more ſtupid, or their gods, or they.
O Iſr'el, truſt the Lord! he hears and ſees,
He knows thy ſorrows, and reſtores thy peace:
His worſhip does a thouſand comforts yield,
He is thy help, and he thy heav'nly ſhield.

6 In God we truſt; our impious foes in vain
Attempt our ruin, and oppoſe his reign;
Had they prevail'd, darkneſs had clos'd our days,
And death and ſilence had forbid his praiſe:
But we are ſav'd, and live: Let ſongs ariſe,
And Zion bleſs the God that built the ſkies.

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PSALM CXVI. *1ſt Part.* Common Metre. [b]
*Recovery from ſit kneſs.*

1 I LOVE the Lord: he heard my cries,
And pity'd every groan;
Long as I live, when troubles riſe,
I'll haſten to his throne.

2 I love the Lord: he bowd his ear,
And chas'd my griefs away:
O let my heart no more deſpair,
While I have breath to pray!

3 My fleſh declin'd, my ſpirits fell,
And I drew near the dead;
While inward pangs, and fears of hell,
Perplex'd my wakeful head.

4 "My God, I cry'd, thy ſervants ſave,
"Thou ever good and juſt;
"Thy pow'r can reſcue from the grave,
"Thy pow'r is all my truſt."

5 The Lord beheld me ſore diſtreſt,
He bid my pains remove:
Return, my ſoul, to God, thy reſt,
For thou haſt known his love.

6 My God hath ſav'd my ſoul from death,
And dry'd my falling tears:

Now to his praise I'll spend my breath,
And my remaining years.

PSALM CXVI. 2d *Part.* Common Metre. [b]
Ver. 12. &c. *Vows, made in trouble, paid in the church; or, public thanks for private deliverance.*

1 WHAT shall I render to my God
For all his kindness shown?
My feet shall visit thine abode,
My songs address thy throne.

2 Among the saints that fill thine house
My off'rings shall be paid;
There shall my zeal perform the vows
My soul in anguish made.

3 How much is mercy thy delight,
Thou ever-blessed God!
How dear thy servants in thy sight!
How precious is their blood!

4 How happy all thy servants are!
How great thy grace to me!
My life, which thou hast made thy care,
Lord, I devote to thee.

5 Now I am thine, forever thine,
Nor shall my purpose move;
Thy hand hath loos'd my bonds of pain,
And bound me with thy love.

6 Here in thy courts I leave my vow,
And thy rich grace record;
Witness, ye saints, who hear me now,
If I forsake the Lord.

PSALM CXVII. Common Metre. [※]
*Praise to God from all nations.*

1 O ALL ye nations, praise the Lord,
Each with a diff'rent tongue:
In ev'ry language learn his word,
And let his name be sung.

2 His mercy reigns through every land;
Proclaim his grace abroad:
Forever firm his truth shall stand;
Praise ye the faithful God.

PSALM CXVII. Long Metre [※]

1 FROM all that dwell below the skies,
Let the Creator's praise arise:

Let the Redeemer's name be sung
Through ev'ry land, by ev'ry tongue.

2 Eternal are thy mercies, Lord;
Eternal truth attends thy word;
Thy praise shall sound from shore to shore,
Till suns shall rise and set no more.

## PSALM CXVII. Short Metre. [✻]

1 THY name, Almighty Lord,
Shall sound through distant lands;
Great is thy grace, and sure thy word,
Thy truth forever stands.

2 Far be thine honour spread,
And long thy praise endure,
Till morning light and ev'ning shade
Shall he exchang'd no more.

## PSALM CXVIII. 1st Part. Com. Metre. [✻]

Ver. 6–15. *Deliverance from a tumult.*

1 THE Lord appears my helper now,
Nor is my faith afraid
Of what the sons of earth can do,
Since Heav'n affords me aid.

2 'Tis safer, Lord, to hope in thee,
And have my God my friend,
Than trust in men of high degree,
And on their truth depend.

3 Like bees my foes beset me round;
A large and angry swarm!
But I shall all their rage confound
By thine almighty arm.

4 'Tis through the Lord my heart is strong,
In him my lips rejoice;
While his salvation is my song,
How cheerful is my voice!

5 Like angry bees they girt me round;
When God appears, they fly:
So burning thorns, with crackling sound,
Make a fierce blaze and die.

6 Joy to the saints and peace belongs;
The Lord protects their days;
Let Isr'el tune immortal songs
To his almighty grace.

PSALM CXVIII. 2d *Part.* Common Metre. [※]

Ver 17—21.

*Public praise for deliverance from death.*

1 LORD, thou hast heard thy servant cry,
And rescu'd from the grave;
Now shall he live; (and none can die,
If God resolve to save.)

2 Thy praise, more constant than before,
Shall fill his daily breath,
Thy hand, that hath chastis'd him sore,
Defends him full from death.

3 Open the gates of Zion now,
For we shall worship there;
The house where all the righteous go,
Thy mercy to declare.

4 Amongst th' assemblies of thy saints
Our thankful voice we raise:
There we have told thee our complaints,
And there we speak thy praise.

PSALM CXVIII. 3d *Part.* Common Metre. [※]

Ver. 22, 23. *Christ the foundation of his church.*

1 BEHOLD the sure foundation-stone
Which God in Zion lays,
To build our heav'nly hopes upon,
And his eternal praise.

2 Chosen of God, to sinners dear,
And saints adore the name;
They trust their whole salvation here,
Nor shall they suffer shame.

3 The foolish builders, scribe and priest,
Reject it with disdain;
Yet on this rock the church shall rest,
And envy rage in vain.

4 What though the gates of hell withstood,
Yet must this building rise:
'Tis thine own work, Almighty God,
And wond'rous in our eyes.

PSALM CXVIII. 4th *Part.* Common Metre. [※]

Ver. 24—26. *Hosanna; the Lord's day; or, Christ's resurrection and our salvation.*

1 THIS is the day the Lord hath made,
He calls the hours his own;

Let heav'n rejoice, let earth be glad,
And praise surround the throne.

2 To-day he rose and left the dead,
And Satan's empire fell;
To-day the saints his triumphs spread,
And all his wonders tell.

3 Hosanna to the anointed King,
To David's holy Son!
Help, Lord, or we perish, bring
Salvation from thy throne.

4 Blest is the Lord, who comes to men
With messages of grace;
Who comes in God his Father's name,
To save our sinful race.

5 Hosanna to the highest strains
The church on earth can raise;
The highest heav'ns, in which he reigns,
Shall give him nobler praise.

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PSALM CXVIII. 22—27. Short Metre. [*]

*An hosanna for the Lord's-day; or, a new song of salvation by Christ.*

1 SEE what a living stone
The builders did refuse;
Yet God hath built his church thereon,
In spite of envious Jews.

The Scribe and angry priest
Reject thine only Son;
Yet on this rock shall Zion rest,
As the chief corner stone.

3 The work, O Lord, is thine,
And wondrous in our eyes;
This day declares it all divine,
This day did Jesus rise.

4 This is the glorious day
That our Redeemer made;
Let us rejoice, and sing, and pray,
Let all the church be glad.

5 Hosanna to the King
Of David's royal blood;
Bless him, ye saints; he comes to bring
Salvation from your God.

6 We bless thine holy word,
Which all this grace displays;

And offer on thine altar, Lord,
Our sacrifice of praise.

PSALM CXVIII. 22—27. Long Metre. [*]
*An hosanna for the Lord's-day: or, a new song of salvation by Christ.*

1 LO! what a glorious corner-stone
The Jewish builders did refuse;
But God hath built his church thereon,
In spite of envy, and the Jews.

2 Great God! the work is all divine,
The joy and wonder of our eyes;
This is the day that proves it thine,
The day that saw our Saviour rise.

3 Sinners rejoice, and saints be glad:
Hosanna, let his name be blest;
A thousand honours on his head,
With peace, and light, and glory rest!

4 In God's own name he comes to bring
Salvation to our dying race;
Let the whole church address their King
With hearts of joy, and songs of praise.

## PSALM CXIX.

*I have collected and disposed the most useful verses of this Psalm under eighteen different heads, and formed a* Divine Song *upon each of them. But the verses are much transposed to attain some degree of connexion.*

*In some places, among the words* law, commands, judgments, testimonies, *I have used* gospel, word, grace, truth, promises, *&c. as more agreeable to the New Testament, and the common language of Christians, and it equally answers the design of the Psalmist which was to recommend the Holy Scriptures.*

PSALM CXIX. *1st Part.* Common Metre. [*]
*The blessedness of saints, and misery of sinners.*
Ver. 1, 2, 3.

1 BLEST are th' undefil'd in heart,
Whose ways are right and clean;
Who never from thy law depart,
But fly from every sin.

2 Blest are the men that keep thy word,
And practise thy commands;

With their whole heart they ſeek the Lord,
And ſerve thee with their hands.
Ver. 165.

3 Great is their peace who love thy law;
How firm their ſouls abide!
Nor can a bold temptation draw
Their ſteady feet aſide.
Ver. 6

4 Then ſhall my heart have inward joy,
And keep my face from ſhame,
When all thy ſtatutes I obey,
And honour all thy name.
Ver. 21, 118.

5 But haughty ſinners God will hate,
The proud ſhall die accurſt;
The ſons of falſehood and deceit
Are trodden to the duſt.
Ver. 119, 155.

6 Vile as the droſs the wicked are;
And thoſe that leave thy ways
Shall ſee ſalvation from afar,
But never taſte thy grace.

---

PSALM CXIX. *2d Part.* Common Metre. [℣]
*Secret devotion and ſpiritual-mindedneſs; or, conſtant converſe with God.*
Ver. 147. 55.

1 TO thee, before the dawning light,
My gracious God, I pray;
I meditate thy name by night,
And keep thy law by day.
Ver. 81.

2 My ſpirit faints to ſee thy grace;
Thy promiſe bears me up;
And while ſalvation long delays,
Thy word ſupports my hope.
Ver. 164.

3 Seven times a day I lift my hands,
And pay my thanks to thee;
Thy righteous providence demands
Repeated praiſe from me.
Ver. 62.

4 When midnight darkneſs veils the ſkies,
I call thy works to mind;
My thoughts in warm devotion riſe,
And ſweet acceptance find.

PSALM CXIX. *3d Part.* Common Metre. [א]

*Professions of sincerity, repentance and obedience.*

Ver. 57, 60.

1 THOU art my portion, O my God;
Soon as I know thy way,
My heart makes haste t' obey thy word,
And suffers no delay.

Ver. 30, 14.

2 I choose the path of heav'nly truth,
And glory in my choice;
Not all the riches of the earth
Could make me so rejoice.

3 The testimonies of thy grace
I set before mine eyes:
Thence I derive my daily strength,
And there my comfort lies.

Ver. 59.

4 If once I wander from thy path,
I think upon my ways;
Then turn my feet to thy commands,
And trud thy pard'ning grace.

Ver. 94, 114.

5 Now I am thine, forever thine,
O save thy servant, Lord!
Thou art my shield, my hiding place,
My hope is in thy word.

Ver. 112.

6 Thou hast inclin'd this heart of mine
Thy statutes to fulfil:
And thus till mortal life shall end
Would I perform thy will.

---

PSALM CXIX. *4th Part.* Common Metre. [ב]

*Instruction from scripture.*

Ver. 9.

1 HOW shall the young secure their hearts,
And guard their lives from sin?
Thy word the choicest rules imparts,
To keep the conscience clean.

Ver. 130.

2 When once it enters to the mind,
It spreads such light abroad,
The meanest souls instruction find,
And raise their thoughts to God.

Ver. 105.

3 'Tis like the sun, a heav'nly light,
That guides us all the day;
And through the dangers of the night,
A lamp to lead our way.

Ver. 99, 100.

4 The men that keep thy law with care,
And meditate thy word,
Grow wiser than their teachers are,
And better know the Lord.

Ver. 104, 113.

5 Thy precepts make me truly wise;
I hate the sinner's road:
I hate my own vain thoughts that rise,
But love thy law, my God.

Ver. 89, 90, 91.

6 [The starry heav'ns thy rule obey,
The earth maintains her place:
And these thy servants, night and day,
6 c Thy skill and pow'r express.

7 But still thy law and gospel, Lord,
Have lessons more divine;
Not earth stands firmer than thy word,
Nor stars so nobly shine.]

Ver. 160. 140, 9, 116.

8 Thy word is everlasting truth,
How pure is ev'ry page!
That holy book shall guide our youth,
And well support our age.

---

PSALM CXIX. *5th Part.* Common Metre. [✻]
*Delight in scripture; or, the word of God dwelling in us*

Ver. 97.

1 O HOW I love thy holy law!
'Tis daily my delight:
And thence my meditations draw
Divine advice by night.

Ver 148.

2 My waking eyes prevent the day,
To meditate thy word:
My soul with longing melts away
To hear thy gospel, Lord.

Ver, 3, 13, 54.

3 How doth thy word my heart engage!
How well employ my tongue!

And in my tiresome pilgrimage
Yields me a heav'nly song.
Ver. 19, 103.

4 Am I a stranger, or at home,
'Tis my perpetual feast;
Not honey dropping from the comb
So much allures the taste.
Ver. 72, 127.

5 No treasures so enrich the mind;
Nor shall thy word be sold
For loads of silver well refin'd,
Nor heaps of choicest gold.
Ver. 28, 49, 175.

6 When nature sinks, and spirits droop,
Thy promises of grace
Are pillars to support my hope,
And there I write thy praise.

PSALM CXIX. *6th Part.* Common Metre. [ש]
*Holiness and comfort from the word.*
Ver. 128.

1 LORD, I esteem thy judgments right,
And all thy statutes just;
Thence I maintain a constant fight
With ev'ry flatt'ring lust.
Ver. 97, 9.

2 Thy precepts often I survey:
I keep thy law in sight,
Through all the business of the day,
To form my actions right,
Ver. 62.

3 My heart in midnight silence cries,
"How sweet thy comforts be!"
My thoughts in holy wonder rise,
And bring their thanks to thee.
Ver. 162.

4 And when my spirit drinks her fill,
At some good word of thine,
Not mighty men that share the spoil
Have joys compar'd to mine.

PSALM CXIX. *7th Part.* Common Metre. [ת]
*Imperfection of nature, and perfection of scripture.*
Ver. 96 paraphrased.

1 LET all the heathen writers join
To form one perfect book,

Great God, if once compar'd with thine,
How mean their writings look!

2 Not the moſt perfect rules they gave
Could ſhew one ſin forgiv'n,
Nor lead a ſtep beyond the grave;
But thine conduct to heav'n.

3 I've ſeen an end of what we call
Perfection here below;
How ſhort the pow'rs of nature fall,
And can no farther go!

4 Yet men would fain be juſt with God,
By works their hands have wrought;
But thy commands, exceeding broad,
Extend to ev'ry thought.

5 In vain we boaſt perfection here,
While ſin defiles our frame;
And ſinks our virtues down ſo far,
They ſcarce deſerve the name.

6 Our faith and love, and ev'ry grace,
Fall far below thy word;
But perfect truth and righteouſneſs
Dwell only with the Lord.

---

PSALM CXIX. *8th Part.* Common Metre. [※]

*The word of God is the ſaint's portion; or, the excellency and variety of ſcripture.*

Ver. 111 paraphraſed.

1 LORD, I have made thy word my choice,
My laſting heritage;
There ſhall my noble pow'rs rejoice,
My warmeſt thoughts engage.

2 I'll read the hiſt'ries of thy love,
And keep thy laws in ſight,
While through the promiſes I rove
With ever freſh delight.

3 'Tis a broad land of wealth unknown,
Where ſprings of life ariſe;
Seeds of immortal bliſs are ſown,
And hidden glory lies.

4 The beſt relief that mourners have,
It makes our ſorrows bleſt;
Our faireſt hope beyond the grave,
And our eternal reſt.

PSALM CXIX. *9th Part.* Common Metre. [✠]

*Desire of knowledge; or, the teachings of the Spirit with the word.*

Ver. 64, 68, 18.

1 THY mercies fill the earth, O Lord,
How good thy works appear!
Open mine eyes to read thy word,
And see thy wonders there.

Ver. 73, 125.

2 My heart was fashion'd by thy hand,
My service is thy due;
O make thy servant understand
The duties he must do.

Ver. 19.

3 Since I'm a stranger here below,
Let not thy path be hid;
But mark the road my feet should go,
And be my constant guide.

Ver. 26.

4 When I confess'd my wand'ring ways,
Thou heardst my soul complain;
Grant me the teachings of thy grace,
Or I shall stray again.

Ver. 33, 34.

5 If God to me his statutes shew,
And heav'nly truth impart,
His work forever I'll pursue,
His law shall rule my heart.

Ver. 50, 71.

6 This was my comfort when I bore
Variety of grief;
It made me learn thy word the more,
And fly to that relief.

Ver. 51.

7 [In vain the proud deride me now;
I'll ne'er forget thy law;
Nor let that blessed gospel go,
Whence all my hopes I draw.

Ver. 27, 171.

8 When I have learn'd my Father's will,
I'll teach the world his ways:
My thankful lips, inspir'd with zeal,
Shall loud pronounce his praise.]

PSALM CXIX. 10th *Part.* Common Metre. [b]

*Pleading the promises.*

Ver. 38, 49.

1 BEHOLD thy waiting servant, Lord,
Devoted to thy fear;
Remember and confirm thy word,
For all my hopes are there.

Ver. 41, 58, 107.

2 Hast thou not sent salvation down,
And promis'd quick'ning grace?
Doth not my heart address thy throne?
And yet thy love delays.

Ver. 123, 42.

3 Mine eyes for thy salvation fail;
O bear thy servant up!
Nor let the scoffing lips prevail,
Which dare reproach my hope.

Ver. 49, 74.

4 Didst thou not raise my faith, O Lord?
Then let thy truth appear:
Saints shall rejoice in my reward,
And trust as well as fear.

---

PSALM CXIX. 11th *Part.* Common Metre. [b]

*Breathing after holiness.*

Ver. 5, 33.

1 O THAT the Lord would guide my ways
To keep his statutes still!
O that my God would grant me grace
To know and do his will!

Ver. 29.

2 O send thy Spirit down to write
Thy law upon my heart!
Nor let my tongue indulge deceit,
Nor act the liar's part.

Ver. 37, 36.

3 From vanity turn off mine eyes;
Let no corrupt design,
Nor covetous desires, arise
Within this soul of mine.

Ver. 133.

4 Order my footsteps by thy word,
And make my heart sincere;
Let sin have no dominion, Lord,
But keep my conscience clear.

Ver. 176.

5 My ſoul hath gone too far aſtray;
My feet too often ſlip;
Yet ſince I've not forgot thy way,
Reſtore thy wand'ring ſheep.

Ver. 35.

6 Make me to walk in thy commands;
'Tis a delightful road;
Nor let my head, or heart, or hands,
Offend againſt my God.

---

PSALM CXIX. 12*th Part.* Common Metre. [b]

*Breathing after comfort and deliverance.*

Ver. 153.

1 MY God, conſider my diſtreſs,
Let mercy plead my cauſe;
Though I have ſinn'd againſt thy grace,
I can't forget thy laws.

Ver. 39, 116.

2 Forbid, forbid the ſharp reproach
Which I ſo juſtly fear;
Uphold my life, uphold my hopes,
Nor let my ſhame appear.

Ver. 122, 135.

3 Be thou a ſurety, Lord, for me;
Nor let the proud oppreſs;
But make thy waiting ſervant ſee
The ſhinings of thy face.

Ver. 82.

4 Mine eyes with expectation fail;
My heart within me cries,
"When will the Lord his truth fulfil,
"And make my comforts riſe?"

Ver. 132.

5 Look down upon my ſorrows, Lord,
And ſhew thy grace the ſame,
As thou art ever wont t' afford
To thoſe that love thy name.

---

PSALM CXIX. 13*th Part.* Common Metre. [b]

*Holy fear, and tenderneſs of conſcience.*

Ver. 10.

1 WITH my whole heart I've ſought thy face,
O let me never ſtray
From thy commands, O God of grace,
Nor tread the ſinner's way!

Ver. 11.

2 Thy word I've hid within my heart,
To keep my conscience clean,
And be an everlasting guard
From ev'ry rising sin.
Ver. 63, 53, 158.

3 I'm a companion of the saints,
Who fear and love the Lord:
My sorrows rise, my nature faints,
When men transgress thy word.
Ver. 161, 163.

4 While sinners do thy gospel wrong,
My spirit stands in awe;
My soul abhors a lying tongue,
But loves thy righteous law.
Ver. 161, 120.

5 My heart with sacred rev'rence hears
The threat'nings of thy word;
My flesh with holy trembling fears
The judgments of the Lord.
Ver. 166, 174.

6 My God, I long, I hope, I wait
For thy salvation still;
While thy whole law is my delight,
And I obey thy will.

PSALM CXIX. *14th Part.* Common Metre. [b]

*Benefit of afflictions, and support under them.*
Ver. 153, 81, 82.

1 CONSIDER all my sorrows, Lord,
And thy deliv'rance send;
My soul for thy salvation faints;
When will my troubles end?
Ver. 71.

2 Yet I have found 'tis good for me
To bear my Father's rod;
Afflictions make me learn thy law,
And live upon my God.
Ver. 50.

3 This is the comfort I enjoy
When new distress begins,
I read thy word, I run thy way,
And hate my former sins.
Ver. 92.

4 Had not thy word been my delight,
When earthly joys were fled,

My soul, oppreſt with ſorrows weight,
Had ſunk amongſt the dead.

Ver. 75.

5 I know thy judgments, Lord, are right,
Though they may ſeem ſevere:
The ſharpeſt ſuff'rings I endure
Flow from thy faithful care.

Ver. 67.

6 Before I knew thy chaſt'ning rod,
My feet were apt to ſtray;
But now I learn to keep thy word,
Nor wander from thy way.

---

PSALM CXIX. 15*th Part.* Common Metre. [*]
*Holy reſolutions.*

Ver. 93.

1 O THAT thy ſtatutes, ev'ry hour,
Might dwell upon my mind!
Thence I derive a quick'ning pow'r,
And daily peace I find.

Ver. 15, 16.

2 To meditate thy precepts, Lord,
Shall be my ſweet employ;
My ſoul ſhall ne'er forget thy word,
Thy word is all my joy.

Ver. 32.

3 How would I run in thy commands,
If thou my heart diſcharge
From ſin and Satan's hateful chains,
And ſet my feet at large!

Ver. 13, 46.

4 My lips with courage ſhall declare
Thy ſtatutes and thy name;
I'll ſpeak thy word, though kings ſhould hear,
Nor yield to ſinful ſhame.

Ver. 61, 69, 70.

5 Let hands of perſecutors riſe
To rob me of my right;
Let pride and malice forge their lies,
Thy law is my delight.

Ver. 15.

6 Depart from me, ye wicked race,
Whoſe hands and hearts are ill;
I love my God, I love his ways,
And muſt obey his will.

PSALM CXIX. 16*th Part.* Common Metre. [b]

*Prayer for quickening grace.*

Ver. 25, 37.

1 MY soul lies cleaving to the dust;
Lord, give me life divine!
From vain desires, and ev'ry lust,
Turn off these eyes of mine.

2 I need the influence of thy grace
To speed me in thy way,
Lest I should loiter in my race,
Or turn my feet astray.

Ver. 107.

3 When sore afflictions press me down,
I need thy quick'ning pow'rs;
Thy word, that I have rested on,
Shall help my heaviest hours.

Ver. 156. 40.

4 Are not thy mercies sov'reign still,
And thou a faithful God?
Wilt thou not grant me warmer zeal
To run the heav'nly road?

Ver. 159, 40.

5 Does not my heart thy precepts love,
And long to see thy face?
And yet how slow my spirits move,
Without enliv'ning grace!

Ver 93.

6 Then shall I love thy gospel more,
And ne'er forget thy word,
When I have felt its quick'ning pow'r,
To draw me near the Lord.

---

PSALM CXIX. 17*th Part.* Long Metre. [b]

*Courage and perseverance under persecution; or, grace shining in difficulties and trials.*

Ver. 143, 28.

1 WHEN pain and anguish seize me, Lord,
All my support is from thy word:
My soul dissolves for heaviness,
Uphold me with thy strength'ning grace.

Ver. 51, 69, 110.

2 The proud have fram'd their scoffs and lies,
They watch my feet with envious eyes,
And tempt my soul to snares and sin;
Yet thy commands I ne'er decline.

Ver. 161, 78.

3 They hate me, Lord, without a cauſe,
They hate to ſee me love thy laws;
But I will truſt and fear thy name,
Till pride and malice die with ſhame.

---

PSALM CXIX. *Laſt Part.* Long Metre. [b]
*Sanctified afflictions; or, delight in the word of God.*

Ver. 67, 59.

1 FATHER, I bleſs thy gentle hand;
How kind was thy chaſtiſing rod,
That forc'd my conſcience to a ſtand,
And brought my wand'ring ſoul to God!

2 Fooliſh and vain, I went aſtray,
Ere I had felt thy ſcourges, Lord;
I left my guide, and loſt my way,
But now I love and keep thy word.

Ver. 71.

3 'Tis good for me to wear the yoke,
For pride is apt to riſe and ſwell;
'Tis good to bear my Father's ſtroke,
That I might learn his ſtatutes well.

Ver 72.

4 The law that iſſues from thy mouth
Shall raiſe my cheerful paſſions more
Than all the treaſures of the ſouth,
Or weſtern hills of golden ore.

Ver. 73.

5 Thy hands have made my mortal frame,
Thy Spirit form'd my ſoul within;
Teach me to know thy wondrous name,
And guard me ſafe from death and ſin.

Ver. 74.

6 Then all that love and fear the Lord,
At my ſalvation ſhall rejoice;
For I have hoped in thy word,
And made thy grace my only choice.

---

PSALM CXX. Common Metre. [b]
*Complaint of quarrelſome neighbours; or, a devout wiſh for peace.*

1 THOU God of love, thou ever bleſt,
Pity my ſuff'ring ſtate;
When wilt thou ſet my ſoul at reſt
From lips that love deceit?

2 Hard lot of mine! my days are caſt
Among the ſons of ſtrife,
Whoſe never-ceaſing brawlings waſte
My golden hours of life.

3 O might I fly to change my place,
How would I chooſe to dwell
In ſome wide loneſome wilderneſs,
And leave theſe gates of hell!

4 Peace is the bleſſing that I ſeek,
How lovely are its charms!
I am for peace; but when I ſpeak,
They all declare for arms.

5 New paſſions ſtill their ſouls engage,
And keep their malice ſtrong;
What ſhall be done to curb thy rage,
O thou devouring tongue!

6 Should burning arrows ſmite thee through,
Strict juſtice would approve;
But I had rather ſpare my foe,
And melt his heart with love.

---

PSALM CXXI. Long Metre. [✠]

*Divine protection.*

1 UP to the hills I lift mine eyes,
Th' eternal hills beyond the ſkies;
Thence all her help my ſoul derives;
There my almighty Refuge lives.

2 He lives; the everlaſting God,
That built the world, that ſpread the flood;
The heav'ns with all their hoſts he made,
And the dark regions of the dead.

3 He guides our feet, he guards our way;
His morning ſmiles bleſs all the day;
He ſpreads the ev'ning vale, and keeps
The ſilent hours while Iſrael ſleeps.

4 Iſrael, a name divinely bleſt,
May riſe ſecure, ſecurely reſt;
Thy holy Guardian's wakeful eyes
Admit no ſlumber nor ſurpriſe.

5 No ſun ſhall ſmite thy head by day,
Nor the pale moon with ſickly ray
Shall blaſt thy couch; nor baleful ſtar
Dart his malignant fire ſo far.

6 Should earth and hell with malice burn,
Still thou ſhalt go, and ſtill return
Safe in the Lord! his heav'nly care
Defends thy life from ev'ry ſnare.

7 On thee foul ſpirits have no pow'r;
And in thy laſt departing hour,
Angels, that trace the airy road,
Shall bear thee homeward to thy God.

---

PSALM CXXI. Common Metre. [※]
*Preſervation by day and night.*

1 TO heav'n I lift my waiting eyes,
There all my hopes are laid;
The Lord that built the earth and ſkies
Is my perpetual aid.

2 Their feet ſhall never ſlide to fall,
Whom he deſigns to keep:
His ear attends the ſofteſt call;
His eyes can never ſleep.

3 He will ſuſtain our weakeſt pow'rs
With his almighty arm,
And watch our moſt unguarded hours
Againſt ſurpriſing harm.

4 Iſrael, rejoice, and reſt ſecure,
Thy keeper is the Lord;
His wakeful eyes employ his pow'r
For thine eternal guard.

5 Nor ſcorching ſun, nor ſickly moon,
Shall have his leave to ſmite;
He ſhields thy head from burning noon;
From blaſting damps at night.

6 He guards thy ſoul, he keeps thy breath,
Where thickeſt dangers come;
Go and return, ſecure from death,
Till God commands thee home.

---

PSALM CXXI. Particular Metre. [※]
*God our preſerver.*

1 UPWARD I lift mine eyes,
From God is all my aid;
The God that built the ſkies,
And earth and nature made:

God is the tow'r
To which I fly;
His grace is nigh
In ev'ry hour.

2 My feet shall never slide,
And fall in fatal snares,
Since God, my guard and guide,
Defends me from my fears.
Those wakeful eyes,
Which never sleep,
Shall Israel keep,
When dangers rise.

3 No burning heats by day,
Nor blasts of ev'ning air,
Shall take my health away,
If God be with me there:
Thou art my sun,
And thou my shade,
To guard my head
By night or noon.

4 Hast thou not giv'n thy word,
To save my soul from death?
And I can trust my Lord
To keep my mortal breath:
I'll go and come,
Nor fear to die,
Till from on high
Thou call me home.

---

PSALM CXXII. Common Metre. [※]
*Going to church.*

1 HOW did my heart rejoice to hear
My friends devoutly say,
"In Zion let us all appear,
"And keep the solemn day!"

2 I love her gates, I love the road;
The church, adorn'd with grace,
Stands like a palace, built for God,
To show his milder face.

3 Up to her courts, with joys unknown,
The holy tribes repair;
The Son of David holds his throne,
And sits in judgment there.

4 He hears our praises and complaints;
And while his awful voice
Divides the sinners from the saints,
We tremble and rejoice.

5 Peace be within this sacred place,
And joy a constant guest:
With holy gifts and heav'nly grace,
Be her attendants blest.

6 My soul shall pray for Zion still,
While life or breath remains;
There my best friends, my kindred dwell,
There God my Saviour reigns.

---

PSALM CXXII. Particular Metre. [*]

*Going to church.*

1 HOW pleas'd and blest was I,
To hear the people cry,
"Come, let us seek our God to-day;"
Yes, with a cheerful zeal,
We haste to Zion's hill,
And there our vows and honours pay.

2 Zion, thrice happy place,
Adorn'd with wondrous grace,
And walls of strength embrace thee round;
In thee our tribes appear,
To pray, and praise, and hear
The sacred gospel's joyful sound.

3 There David's greater Son
Has fix'd his royal throne:
He sits for grace and judgment there;
He bids the saint be glad,
He makes the sinner sad,
And humble souls rejoice with fear.

4 May peace attend thy gate,
And joy within thee wait,
To bless the soul of ev'ry guest;
The man that seeks thy peace,
And wishes thine increase,
A thousand blessings on him rest!

5 My tongue repeats her vows,
"Peace to this sacred house!"
For here my friends and kindred dwell;

And since my glorious God
Makes thee his blest abode,
My soul shall ever love thee well.

*Repeat the 4th stanza, if necessary.*

---

PSALM CXXIII. Common Metre. [✻]
*Pleading with submission.*

1 O THOU, whose grace and justice reign
Enthron'd above the skies,
To thee our hearts would tell their pain,
To thee we lift our eyes.

2 As servants watch their master's hand,
And fear the angry stroke;
Or maids before their mistress stand,
And wait a peaceful look:

3 So for our sins we justly feel
Thy discipline, O God;
Yet wait the gracious moment still,
Till thou remove thy rod.

4 Those who in wealth and pleasure live,
Our daily groans deride,
And thy delays of mercy give
Fresh courage to their pride.

5 Our foes insult us, but our hope
In thy compassion lies;
This thought shall bear our spirits up,
That God will not despise.

---

PSALM CXXIV. Long Metre. [✻]
*A song for public deliverance.*

1 HAD not the Lord, may Israel say,
Had not the Lord maintain'd our side,
When men, to make our lives a prey,
Rose like the swelling of the tide;

2 The swelling tide had stopt our breath,
So fiercely did the waters roll,
We had been swallow'd deep in death;
Proud waters had o'erwhelm'd our soul.

3 We leap for joy, we shout and sing,
Who just escap'd the fatal stroke;
So flies the bird with cheerful wing,
When once the fowler's snare is broke.

4 Forever bleſſed be the Lord,
Who broke the fowler's curſed ſnare,
Who ſav'd us from the murd'ring ſword,
And made our lives and ſouls his care.

5 Our help is in Jehovah's name,
Who form'd the earth and built the ſkies;
He, that upholds that wondrous frame,
Guards his own church with watchful eyes.

---

PSALM CXXV. Common Metre. [※]
*The ſaint's trial and ſafety.*

1 UNSHAKEN as the ſacred hill,
And firm as mountains be,
Firm as a rock the ſoul ſhall reſt,
That leans, O Lord, on thee.

2 Not walls, nor hills, could gaurd ſo well
Old ſalem's happy ground,
As thoſe eternal arms of love
That ev'ry ſaint ſurround.

3 While tyrants are a ſmarting ſcourge,
To drive them near to God,
Divine compaſſion does allay
The fury of the rod.

4 Deal gently, Lord, with ſouls ſincere,
And lead them ſafely on
To the bright gates of paradiſe,
Where Chriſt their Lord is gone.

5 But if we trace thoſe crooked ways
That the old ſerpent drew,
The wrath that drove him firſt to hell
Shall ſmite his foll'wers too.

---

PSALM CXXV. Short Metre. [※]
*The ſaint's trial and ſafety; or, moderated afflictions*

1 FIRM and unmov'd are they
That reſt their ſouls on God;
Firm as the mount where David dwelt,
Or where the ark abode.

2 As mountains ſtood to guard
The city's ſacred ground,
So God, and his almighty love,
Embrace his ſaints around.

3 What though the Father's rod
Drop a chaſtiſing ſtroke,

Yet, left it wound their fouls too deep,
Its fury fhall be broke.

4 Deal gently, Lord, with thofe
Whofe faith and pious fear,
Whofe hope and love, and ev'ry grace,
Proclaim their hearts fincere.

5 Nor fhall the tyrant's rage
Too long oppreſs the faint;
The God of Iſrael will fupport
His children, left they faint.

6 But if our flavifh fear
Will chooſe the road to hell,
We muſt expect our portion there,
Where bolder finners dwell.

PSALM CXXVI. Long Metre. [※]

*Surprifing deliverance.*

1 WHEN God reſtor'd our captive ſtate,
Joy was our ſong, and grace our theme;
The grace beyond our hopes ſo great,
That joy appear'd a painted dream.

2 The ſcoffer owns thy hand, and pays
Unwilling honours to thy name;
While we with pleaſure ſhout thy praiſe,
With cheerful notes thy love proclaim.

3 When we review'd our diſmal fears,
'Twas hard to think they'd vaniſh ſo;
With God we left our flowing tears,
He makes our joys like rivers flow.

4 The man that in his furrow'd field,
His ſcatter'd ſeed with ſadneſs leaves,
Will ſhout to ſee the harveſt yield
A welcome load of joyful ſheaves.

PSALM CXXVI. Common Metre. [※]

*The joy of a remarkable converſion; or, melancholy removed.*

1 WHEN God reveal'd his gracious name,
And chang'd my mournful ſtate,
My rapture ſeem'd a pleaſing dream,
The grace appear'd ſo great.

The world beheld the glorious change,
And did thy hand confeſs;
My tongue broke out in unknown ſtrains,
And ſung ſurpriſing grace,

3 "Great is the work," my neighbours cry'd,
And own'd thy pow'r divine;
"Great is the work," my heart reply'd,
"And be the glory thine."

4 The Lord can clear the darkeſt ſkies,
Can give us day for night;
Make drops of ſacred ſorrow riſe
To rivers of delight.

5 Let thoſe that ſow in ſadneſs wait
Till the fair harveſt come,
They ſhall confeſs their ſheaves are great,
And ſhout the bleſſings home.

6 Though ſeed lie bury'd long in duſt,
It ſhan't deceive their hope!
The precious grain can ne'er be loſt,
For grace inſures the crop.

---

PSALM CXXVII. Long Metre. [b]

*The bleſſing of God on the buſineſs and comforts of life.*

1 IF God ſucceed not, all the coſt
And pains to build the houſe are loſt;
If God the city will not keep,
The watchful guards as well may ſleep.

2 What if you riſe before the ſun,
And work and toil when day is done,
Careful and ſparing eat your bread,
To ſhun that poverty you dread;

3 'Tis all in vain, till God hath bleſt;
He can make rich, yet give us reſt;
Children and friends are bleſſings too,
If God our fov'reign make them ſo.

4 Happy the man to whom he ſends
Obedient children, faithful friends!
How ſweet our daily comforts prove,
When they are ſeaſon'd with his love!

---

PSALM CXXVII. Common Metre. [b]

*God all in all.*

IF God to build the houſe deny,
The builders work in vain;
And towns, without his wakeful eye,
An uſeleſs watch maintain.

2 Before the morning beams ariſe,
Your painful work renew,

And, till the ſtars aſcend the ſkies,
Your tireſome toil purſue.

3 Short be your ſleep, and coarſe your fare,
In vain, till God has bleſt;
But if his ſmiles attend your care,
You ſhall have food and reſt.

4 Nor children, relatives, nor friends,
Shall real bleſſings prove,
Nor all the earthly joys he ſends,
If ſent without his love

---

PSALM CXXVIII. Common Metre. [※]
*Family bleſſings.*

1 O HAPPY man, whoſe ſoul is fill'd
With zeal and rev'rend awe!
His lips to God their honours yield,
His life adorns the law.

2 A careful Providence ſhall ſtand,
And ever guard thy head,
Shall on the labours of thy hand
Its kindly bleſſings ſhed.

3 Thy wife ſhall be a fruitful vine;
Thy children round thy board,
Each like a plant of honour ſhine,
And learn to fear the Lord.

4 The Lord ſhall thy beſt hopes fulfil
For months and years to come;
The Lord who dwells on Zion's hill
Shall ſend thee bleſſings home.

5 This is the man whoſe happy eyes
Shall ſee his houſe increaſe,
Shall ſee the ſinking church ariſe,
Then leave the world in peace.

---

PSALM CXXIX. Common Metre. [b]
*Perſecutors puniſhed.*

1 UP from my youth, may Iſrael ſay,
Have I been nurs'd in tears;
My griefs were conſtant as the day,
And tedious as the years.

2 Up from my youth I bore the rage
Of all the ſons of ſtrife;
Oft they aſſail'd my riper age,
But not deſtroy'd my life.

3 Their cruel plough had torn my flesh,
With furrows long and deep,
Hourly they vex'd my wounds afresh,
Nor let my sorrows sleep.

4 The Lord grew angry on his throne,
And, with impartial eye,
Measur'd the mischiefs they had done,
Then let his arrows fly.

5 How was their insolence surpris'd
To hear his thunders roll!
And all the foes of Zion seiz'd
With horror to the soul!

6 Thus shall the men that hate the saints
Be blasted from the sky;
Their glory fades, their courage faints,
And all their projects die.

7 [What though they flourish tall and fair,
They have no root beneath;
Their growth shall perish in despair,
And lie despis'd in death.]

8 [So corn, that on the house-top stands,
No hope of harvest gives;
The reaper ne'er shall fill his hands,
Nor binder fold the sheaves.

9 It springs and withers on the place:
No traveller bestows
A word of blessing on the grass,
Nor minds it as he goes.]

---

PSALM CXXX. Common Metre. [D]

*Pardoning grace.*

1 OUT of the deeps of long distress,
The borders of despair,
I sent my cries to seek thy grace,
My groans to move thine ear.

2 Great God! should thy severer eye,
And thine impartial hand,
Mark and revenge iniquity,
No mortal flesh could stand.

3 But there are pardons with my God
For crimes of high degree;
Thy Son hath bought them with his blood,
To draw us near to thee.

4 [I wait for thy salvation, Lord,
With strong desires I wait;
My soul, invited by thy word,
Stands watching at thy gate.]

5 [Just as the guards that keep the night
Long for the morning skies,
Watch the first beams of breaking light,
And meet them with their eyes:

6 So waits my soul to see thy grace,
And, more intent than they,
Meets the first op'nings of thy face,
And finds a brighter day.]

7 Then in the Lord let Israel trust,
Let Israel seek his face;
The Lord is good as well as just,
And plenteous is his grace.

8 There's full redemption at his throne
For sinners long enslav'd;
The great Redeemer is his Son,
And Israel shall be sav'd.

---

PSALM CXXX. Long Metre. [x]

*Pardoning grace.*

1 FROM deep distress and troubled thoughts,
To thee, my God, I raise my cries!
If thou severely mark our faults,
No flesh can stand before thine eyes.

2 But thou hast built thy throne of grace,
Free to dispense thy pardons there,
That sinners may approach thy face,
And hope and love as well as fear.

3 As the benighted pilgrims wait,
And long and wish for breaking day,
So waits my soul before thy gate;
When will my God his face display?

4 My trust is fix'd upon thy word,
Nor shall I trust thy word in vain;
Let mourning souls address the Lord,
And find relief from all their pain.

5 Great is his love, and large his grace,
Through the redemption of his Son:
He turns our feet from sinful ways,
And pardons what our hands have done.

## PSALM CXXXI. Common Metre. [b]

*Humility and submission.*

1 IS there ambition in my heart?
Search, gracious God, and see;
Or do I act a haughty part?
Lord, I appeal to thee.

2 I charge my thoughts, be humble still,
And all my carriage mild,
Content, my Father, with thy will,
And quiet as a child.

3 The patient soul, the lowly mind,
Shall have a large reward:
Let saints in sorrow lie resign'd,
And trust a faithful Lord.

---

## PSALM CXXXII. 5, 13—18. Long Metre. [※]

*At the settlement of a church; or, the ordination of a minister.*

1 WHERE shall we go to seek and find
An habitation for our God,
A dwelling for th' eternal mind,
Amongst the sons of flesh and blood?

2 The God of Jacob chose the hill
Of Zion, for his ancient rest;
And Zion is his dwelling still,
His church is with his presence blest.

3 "Here will I fix my gracious throne,
"And reign forever," saith the Lord;
"Here shall my pow'r and love be known,
"And blessings shall attend my word.

4 "Here will I meet the hungry poor,
"And fill their souls with living bread:
"Sinners, that wait before my door,
"With sweet provision shall be fed.

5 "Girded with truth, and cloth'd with grace,
"My priests, my ministers shall shine;
"Not Aaron, in his costly dress,
"Made an appearance so divine.

6 "The saints, unable to contain
"Their inward joys, shall shout and sing;
"The son of David here shall reign,
"And Zion triumph in her King.

7 [" Jesse shall see a num'rous seed
" Born here, t' uphold his glorious name;
" His crown shall flourish on his head,
" While all his foes are cloth'd with shame."]

---

PSALM CXXXII. Common Metre. [2]
Ver. 4, 5, 7, 8, 15—17.

*A church established.*

1 [NO sleep nor slumber to his eyes
Good David would afford,
Till he had found below the skies
A dwelling for the Lord.

2 The Lord in Zion plac'd his name,
His ark was settled there:
To Zion the whole nation came
To worship thrice a year.

3 But we have no such lengths to go,
Nor wander far abroad;
Where'er thy saints assemble now,
There is a house for God.]

PAUSE.

4 Arise, O King of grace, arise,
And enter to thy rest!
Lo! thy church waits, with longing eyes,
Thus to be own'd and blest.

5 Enter, with all thy glorious train,
Thy Spirit and thy word;
All that the ark did once contain
Could no such grace afford.

6 Here, mighty God! accept our vows,
Here let thy praise be spread;
Bless the provisions of thy house,
And fill thy poor with bread.

7 Here let the Son of David reign;
Let God's Anointed shine;
Justice and truth his court maintain,
With love and pow'r divine.

8 Here let him hold a lasting throne,
And, as his kingdom grows,
Fresh honours shall adorn his crown,
And shame confound his foes.

PSALM CXXXIII. Common Metre. [※]

*Brotherly love.*

1 LO, what an entertaining sight
Are brethren that agree!
Brethren, whose cheerful hearts unite
In bands of piety!

2 When streams of love, from Christ the spring,
Descend to ev'ry soul,
And heav'nly peace, with balmy wing,
Shades and bedews the whole:

3 'Tis like the oil, divinely sweet,
On Aaron's rev'rend head,
The trickling drops perfum'd his feet,
And o'er his garments spread.

4 'Tis pleasant as the morning dews
That fall on Zion's hill,
Where God his mildest glory shews,
And makes his grace distil.

---

PSALM CXXXIII. Short Metre. [※]

*Communion of saints; or, love and worship in a family.*

1 BLEST are the sons of peace,
Whose hearts and hopes are one,
Whose kind designs to serve and please,
Through all their actions run.

2 Blest is the pious house
Where zeal and friendship meet,
Their songs of praise, their mingled vows,
Make their communion sweet.

3 Thus, when on Aaron's head
They pour'd the rich perfume,
The oil through all his raiment spread,
And pleasure fill'd the room.

4 Thus on the heav'nly hills
The saints are blest above,
Where joy, like morning dew, distils,
And all the air is love.

---

PSALM CXXXIII. Particular Metre. [※]

*The blessings of friendship.*

1 HOW pleasant 'tis to see
Kindred and friends agree,
Each in their proper station move,
And each fulfil their part,

With sympathising heart,
In all the cares of life and love!

2 'Tis like the ointment shed
On Aaron's sacred head,
Divinely rich, divinely sweet:
The oil through all the room
Diffus'd a choice perfume,
Ran through his robes, and blest his feet.

3 Like fruitful show'rs of rain
That water all the plain,
Descending from the neighb'ring hills;
Such streams of pleasure roll
Through ev'ry friendly soul,
Where love like heav'nly dew distils.

[*Repeat the first stanza, if necessary.*]

---

PSALM CXXXIV. Common Metre. [※]
*Daily and nightly devotion.*

1 YE that obey th' immortal King,
Attend his holy place;
Bow to the glories of his pow'r,
And bless his wondrous grace.

2 Lift up your hands by morning light,
And send your souls on high:
Raise your admiring thoughts by night
Above the starry sky.

3 The God of Zion cheers our hearts
With rays of quick'ning grace;
The God that spreads the heav'ns abroad
And rules the swelling seas.

---

PSALM CXXXV. *1st Part.* Long Metre. [※]
Ver. 1—4, 14, 19—21.
*The church is God's house and care.*

1 PRAISE ye the Lord: exalt his name,
While in his holy courts ye wait,
Ye saints that to his house belong,
Or stand attending at his gate.

2 Praise ye the Lord; the Lord is good:
To praise his name is sweet employ;
Israel he chose of old, and still
His church is his peculiar joy.

3 The Lord himself will judge his saints
He treats his servants as his friends:

And when he hears their sore complaints,
Repents the sorrows that he sends.

4 Through every age the Lord declares
His name, and breaks th' oppressor's rod;
He gives his suff'ring servants rest,
And will be known Th' Almighty God.

5 Bless ye the Lord, who taste his love,
People and priests, exalt his name:
Amongst his saints he ever dwells:
His church is his Jerusalem.

---

PSALM CXXXV. *2d Part.* Long Metre. [※]
Ver. 5—12.

*The works of creation, providence, redemption of Israel, and destruction of enemies.*

1 GREAT is the Lord, exalted high
Above all pow'rs, and ev'ry throne:
Whate'er he please, in earth or sea,
Or heav'n or hell, his hand hath done.

2 At his command the vapours rise,
The lightnings flash, the thunders roar;
He pours the rain, he brings the wind
And tempest from his airy store.

3 'Twas he those dreadful tokens sent,
O Egypt, through thy stubborn land;
When all thy first-born, beasts and men,
Fell dead by his avenging hand.

4 What mighty nations, mighty kings,
He slew, and their whole country gave
To Israel, whom his hand redeem'd,
No more to be proud Pharaoh's slave!

5 His pow'r the same, the same his grace,
That saves us from the hosts of hell;
And heav'n he gives us to possess,
Whence those apostate angels fell.

---

PSALM CXXXV. Common Metre. [※]

*Praise due to God, not to idols.*

1 AWAKE, ye saints, to praise your King,
Your sweetest passions raise,
Your pious pleasure, while you sing,
Increasing with the praise.

2 Great is the Lord; and works unknown
Are his divine employ:

But ſtill his ſaints are near his throne,
His treaſure and his joy.

3 Heav'n, earth and ſea confeſs his hand;
He bids the vapours riſe:
Lightning and ſtorm, at his command,
Sweep through the ſounding ſkies.

4 All pow'r, that gods or kings have claim'd,
Is found with him alone;
But heathen gods ſhould ne'er be nam'd,
Where our JEHOVAH's known.

5 Which of the ſtocks or ſtones they truſt
Can give them ſhow'rs of rain?
In vain they worſhip glitt'ring duſt,
And pray to gold in vain.

6 [Their gods have tongues that cannot talk,
Such as their makers gave:
Their feet were ne'er deſign'd to walk,
Nor hands have pow'r to ſave.

7 Blind are their eyes, their ears are deaf,
Nor hear when mortals pray:
Mortals that wait for their relief,
Are blind and deaf as they.]

8 Ye ſaints, adore the living God,
Serve him with faith and fear;
He makes the churches his abode,
And claims your honours there.

---

PSALM CXXXVI. Common Metre. [*]

*God's wonders of creation, providence, redemption of Iſrael, and ſalvation of his people.*

1 GIVE thanks to God, the ſov'reign Lord,
His mercies ſtill endure;
And be the King of kings ador'd,
His truth is ever ſure.

2 What wonders hath his wiſdom done;
How mighty is his hand!
Heav'n, earth and ſea he fram'd alone:
How wide is his command!

3 The ſun ſupplies the day with light:
How bright his counſels ſhine!
The moon and ſtars adorn the night:
His works are all divine.

4 [He ſtruck the ſons of Egypt dead ;
How dreadful is his rod !
And thence with joy his people led :
How gracious is our God !

5 He cleft the ſwelling ſea in two ;
His arm is great in might :
And gave the tribes a paſſage through ;
His pow'r and grace unite.

6 But Pharaoh's army there he drown'd ;
How glorious are his ways !
And brought his ſaints through deſert grounds ;
Eternal be his praiſe.

7 Great monarchs fell beneath his hand ;
Victorious is his ſword ;
While Iſr'el took the promis'd land :
And faithful is his word.]

8 He ſaw the nations dead in ſin ;
He felt his pity move ;
How ſad the ſtate the world was in ;
How boundleſs was his love !

9 He ſent to ſave us from our wo ;
His goodneſs never fails ;
From death, and hell, and ev'ry foe ;
And ſtill his grace prevails.

10 Give thanks to God, the heav'nly King ;
His mercies ſtill endure ;
Let the whole earth his praiſes ſing ;
His truth is ever ſure.

---

PSALM CXXXVI. Particular Metre. [※]

1 GIVE thanks to God moſt high,
The univerſal Lord ;
The ſov'reign King of kings ;
And be his grace ador'd.
His pow'r and grace
Are ſtill the ſame ;
And let his name
Have endleſs praiſe.

2 How mighty is his hand !
What wonders hath he done !
He form'd the earth and ſeas,
And ſpread the heav'ns alone.
Thy mercy, Lord,
Shall ſtill endure ;

And ever ſure
Abides thy word.

3 His wiſdom fram'd the ſun,
To crown the day with light;
The moon and twinkling ſtars,
To cheer the darkſome night.
His pow'r and grace
Are ſtill the ſame;
And let his name
Hav endleſs praiſe.

4 [He ſmote the firſt-born ſons,
The flow'r of Egypt, dead:
And thence his choſen tribes
With joy and glory led.
Thy mercy, Lord,
Shall ſtill endure;
And ever ſure
Abides thy word.

5 His pow'r and lifted rod
Cleft the Red Sea in two,
And for his people made
A wondrous paſſage through.
His pow'r and grace
Are ſtill the ſame;
And let his name
Have endleſs praiſe.

6 But cruel Pharaoh there
With all his hoſt he drown'd;
And brought his Iſr'el ſafe
Through a long deſert ground.
Thy mercy, Lord,
Shall ſtill endure;
And ever ſure
Abides thy word.

PAUSE.

7 The kings of Canaan fell
Beneath his dreadful hand;
While his own ſervants took
Poſſeſſion of their land.
His pow'r and grace
Are ſtill the ſame;
And let his name
Have endleſs praiſe.]

8 He saw the nations lie
All perishing in sin,
And pity'd the sad state
The ruin'd world was in.
Thy mercy, Lord,
Shall still endure;
And ever sure
Abides thy word.

9 He sent his only Son
To save us from our wo,
From Satan, sin, and death,
And ev'ry hurtful foe.
His pow'r and grace
Are still the same;
And let his name
Have endless praise.

10 Give thanks aloud to God,
To God the heav'nly King;
And let the spacious earth
His works and glories sing.
Thy mercy, Lord,
Shall still endure;
And ever sure
Abides thy word.

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PSALM CXXXVI. *Abridged.* Long Metre. [*]

1 GIVE to our God immortal praise!
Mercy and truth are all his ways;
Wonders of grace to God belong,
Repeat his mercies in your song.

2 Give to the Lord of lords renown,
The King of kings with glory crown;
His mercies ever shall endure,
When lords and kings are known no more.

3 He built the earth, he spread the sky,
And fix'd the starry lights on high:
Wonders of grace to God belong,
Repeat his mercies in your song.

4 He fills the sun with morning-light,
He bids the moon direct the night:
His mercies ever shall endure,
When suns and moons shall shine no more.

5 The Jews he freed from Pharaoh's hand,
And brought them to the promis'd land:

Wonders of grace to God belong,
Repeat his mercies in your ſong.

6 He ſaw the Gentiles dead in ſin,
And felt his pity work within:
His mercies ever ſhall endure,
When death and ſin ſhall reign no more.

7 He ſent his Son with pow'r to ſave
From guilt, and darkneſs, and the grave;
Wonders of grace to God belong,
Repeat his mercies in your ſong.

8 Through this vain world he guides our feet,
And leads us to his heav'nly ſeat;
His mercies ever ſhall endure,
When this vain world ſhall be no more.

## PSALM CXXXVIII. Long Metre. [※]

*Reſtoring and preſerving grace.*

1 [WITH all my pow'rs of heart and tongue,
I'll praiſe my Maker in my ſong:
Angels ſhall hear the notes I raiſe,
Approve the ſong, and join the praiſe.

2 Angels, that make thy church their care,
Shall witneſs my devotion there,
While holy zeal directs my eyes
To thy fair temple in the ſkies.]

3 I'll ſing thy truth and mercy, Lord;
I'll ſing the wonders of thy word;
Not all thy works and names below,
So much thy pow'r and glory ſhow.

4 To God I cry'd when troubles roſe;
He heard me, and ſubdu'd my foes;
He did my riſing fears control,
And ſtrength diffus'd through all my ſoul.

5 The God of heav'n maintains his ſtate,
Frowns on the proud and ſcorns the great;
But from his throne deſcends to ſee
The ſons of humble poverty.

6 Amidſt a thouſand ſnares I ſtand,
Upheld and guarded by thy hand;
Thy words my fainting ſoul revive,
And keep my dying faith alive.

7 Grace will complete what grace begins,
To ſave from ſorrows or from ſins;

The work that wisdom undertakes,
Eternal mercy ne'er forsakes.

PSALM CXXXIX. *1st Part.* Long Metre. [b]
*The all seeing God.*

1 LORD, thou hast search'd and seen me thro';
Thine eye commands with piercing view
My rising and my resting hours,
My heart and flesh, with all their pow'rs.

2 My thoughts before they are my own,
Are to my God distinctly known;
He knows the word I mean to speak,
Ere from my op'ning lips they break.

3 Within thy circling pow'r I stand;
On ev'ry side I find thy hand:
Awake, asleep, at home, abroad,
I am surrounded still with God.

4 Amazing knowledge, vast and great!
What large extent! what lofty height!
My soul, with all the pow'rs I boast,
Is in the boundless prospect lost.

5 "O may these thoughts possess my breast,
Where'er I rove, where'er I rest;
Nor let my weaker passions dare
Consent to sin, for God is there."

PAUSE I.

6 Could I so false, so faithless prove,
To quit thy service, and thy love,
Where, Lord, could I thy presence shun,
Or from thy dreadful glory run?

7 If up to heav'n I take my flight,
'Tis there thou dwell'st enthron'd in light;
Or dive to hell, there vengeance reigns,
And Satan groans beneath his chains.

8 If, mounted on a morning ray,
I fly beyond the western sea,
Thy swifter hand would first arrive,
And there arrest thy fugitive.

9 Or should I try to shun thy sight,
Beneath the spreading veil of night,
One glance of thine, one piercing ray,
Would kindle darkness into day,

The men that hear my ſacred ſong
Shall join their cheerful voice.

4 Fathers to ſons ſhall teach thy name,
And children learn thy ways;
Ages to come thy truth proclaim,
And nations ſound thy praiſe.

5 Thy glorious deeds of ancient date
Shall through the world be known:
Thine arm of pow'r, thy heav'nly ſtate,
With public ſplendour ſhown.

6 The world is manag'd by thy hands;
Thy ſaints are rul'd by love;
And thine eternal kingdom ſtands,
Though rocks and hills remove.

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PSALM CXLV. *2d Part.* Common Metre. [※]
Ver. 7, &c.
*The goodneſs of God.*

1 SWEET is the mem'ry of thy grace,
My God, my heav'nly King;
Let age to age thy righteouſneſs
In ſongs of glory ſing.

2 God reigns on high, but ne'er confines
His goodneſs to the ſkies;
Through the whole earth his bounty ſhines,
And ev'ry want ſupplies.

3 With longing eyes thy creatures wait
On thee for daily food:
Thy lib'ral hand provides their meat,
And fills their mouths with good.

4 How kind are thy compaſſions, Lord!
How ſlow thine anger moves!
But ſoon he ſends his pard'ning word
To cheer the ſouls he loves.

5 Creatures, with all their endleſs race,
Thy pow'r and praiſe proclaim;
But ſaints, that taſte thy richer grace,
Delight to bleſs thy name.

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PSALM CXLV. *3d Part.* Common Metre. [※]
Ver. 14, 17, &c.
*Mercy to ſufferers; or, God hearing prayer.*

1 LET ev'ry tongue thy goodneſs ſpeak,
Thou ſov'reign Lord of all;

Thy ſtrength'ning hands uphold the weak,
And raiſe the poor that fall.

2 When ſorrow bows the ſpirit down,
Or virtue lies diſtreſs'd
Beneath ſome proud oppreſſor's frown,
Thou giv'ſt the mourners reſt.

3 The Lord ſupports our tott'ring days,
And guides our giddy youth:
Holy and juſt are all his ways,
And all his words are truth.

4 He knows the pain his ſervants feel,
He hears his children cry,
And, their beſt wiſhes to fulfil,
His grace is ever nigh.

5 His mercy never ſhall remove
From men of heart ſincere:
He ſaves the ſouls, whoſe humble love
Is join'd with holy fear.

6 [His ſtubborn foes his ſword ſhall ſlay,
And pierce their hearts with pain;
But none that ſerve the Lord ſhall ſay,
"They ſought his aid in vain."]

7 [My lips ſhall dwell upon his praiſe,
And ſpread his fame abroad;
Let all the ſons of Adam raiſe
The honours of their God.]

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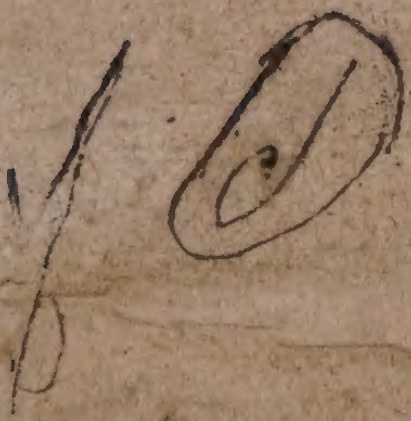
PSALM CXLVI. Long Metre. [※]
*Praiſe to God for his goodneſs and truth.*

1 PRAISE ye the Lord; my heart ſhall join
In works ſo pleaſant, ſo divine;
Now while the fleſh is mine abode,
And when my ſoul aſcends to God.

2 Praiſe ſhall employ my nobleſt powr's,
While immortality endures:
My days of praiſe ſhall ne'er be paſt,
While life and thought and being laſt.

3 Why ſhould I make a man my truſt?
Princes muſt die and turn to duſt;
Their breath departs, their pomp and pow'r,
And thoughts all vaniſh in an hour.

4 Happy the man, whoſe hopes rely
On Iſrael's God: he made the ſky,